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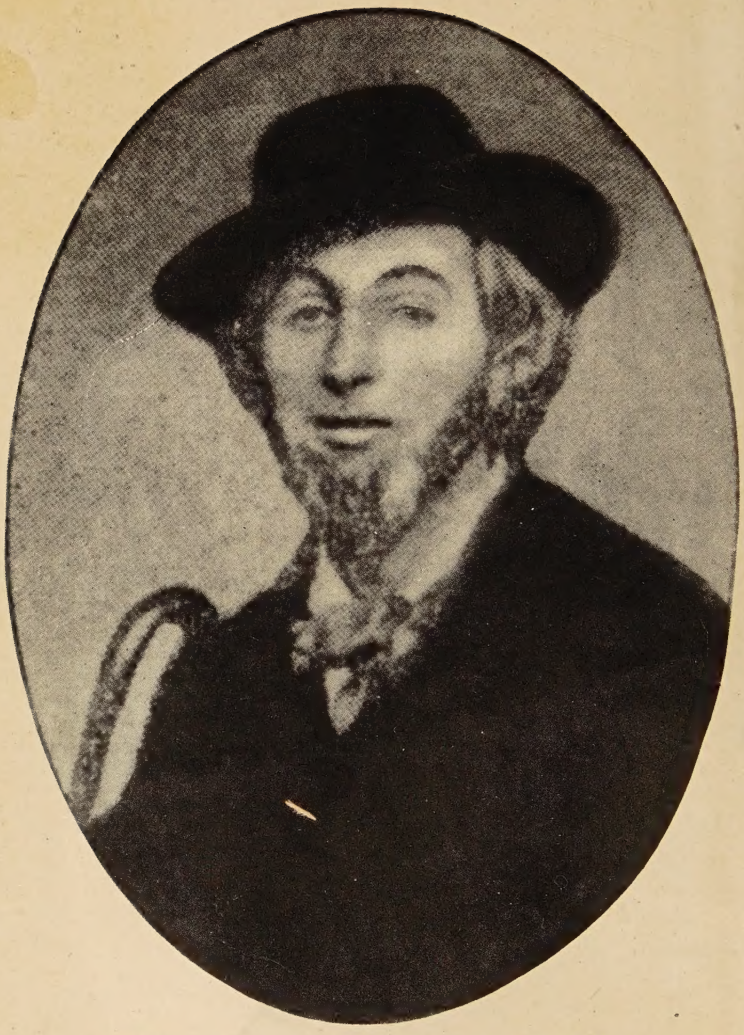

WHITMAN'S EARLIEST PHOTOGRAPH (1840)

Enlarged, through the courtesy of the Long Island Historical Society, from an old newspaper clipping, orig nal and plate being undiscoverable.

THE UNCOLLECTED POETRY AND PROSE OF WALT WHITMAN

MUCH OF WHICH HAS BEEN
BUT RECENTLY DISCOVERED
WITH
VARIOUS EARLY MANUSCRIPTS
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
EMORY HOLLOWAY
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN ADELPHI COLLEGE

ILLUSTRATED

—

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME
TWO

GARDEN CITY, N. Y., AND TORONTO
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1921

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First Edition

TO

MY MOTHER AND MY WIFE

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Taken in 1840, when he was teaching school at Woodbury, L. I.

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One, containing the date 1859, showing a photograph of an unidentified woman, and the other, belonging to the period of 1847-1848, containing the first lines of Whitman's free verse known to exist.

THE UNCOLLECTED POETRY AND PROSE OF WALT WHITMAN

SHORTER PROSE PUBLICATIONS

[REMINISCENCES OF BROOKLYN][1]

* * * * BROOKLYN knows Mr. Murphy hitherto merely as a successful party caucuser and manager—one of a class plenty north and south, who make of politics a fine game. But he has stuff in him that deserves a better field. In his line he is a superior man. While still a youth, not more than twenty years old, Henry Murphy was possessed of fine talent.

[1] From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, June 3, 1857.

The article bears the caption "Henry C. Murphy" in the original and was written to compliment the Democratic "boss" and now ex-Congressman on his appointment as ambassador to The Hague. Murphy was one of the party leaders with whom Whitman quarrelled in 1848, when he was forced to give up the *Eagle*. See also *infra*, I, 165; *post*, II, pp. 225, 295.

The precise date of the beginning of Whitman's editorial connection with the *Times* is not discoverable from the files of the newspaper itself nor from Whitman's own statements. He is known to have followed Charles W. Gaylor, a playwright, who left the *Times* after a few months in the editorial chair because he refused to read proofs for job work. And it is known, also, that Whitman had to go because of some rather bitter editorials which he directed at one of the Baptist churches of Williamsburg when it "churched" one Judge E. D. Culver by what the editor considered unfair methods. Judge Culver was, like Whitman, an ardent Free-soiler. The date of those editorials is, of course, easily determined from the files of the *Times* but just how soon thereafter Whitman was forced to resign is not clear. However, a close study of the *Times* makes it possible to say positively from internal evidence (such, for instance, as that of the present article) that Whitman began work on the paper at least as early as June 1, 1857, and that he had not left by January 1, 1859. Whitman himself placed his connection with the *Times* (presumably the beginning of that connection) about 1856 (see his letter to Charles M. Skinner in Stephen M. Ostrander, *loc. cit.*, II, p. 89), while W. A. Chandos-Fulton, in his articles on "The Local Press" (the Brooklyn *Standard*, November 5, 1864), places the connection in 1858. It would seem, taking all the evidence together, that Whitman could hardly have begun to edit the *Times* before the latter part of 1856, nor to have relinquished his chair later than the spring of 1859; for time must be allowed for the composition of the many new poems in the 1856 edition of the "Leaves of Grass" and for the still more numerous additions made in the 1860 edition.

It is worthy of note that though Whitman was earning his living and performing a useful public function by editing a newspaper, his mind was much occupied with the future of his volume of poems. F. Huene, a German poet who was for many years connected with the *Times*, states that at Whitman's request he attempted to translate the "Leaves of Grass" into German, though he had to give up the attempt from press of work and also because he could "not do justice to his [Whitman's] ideas and thoughts." (See the Sixtieth Anniversary Number of the *Times*, February 29, 1908.)

Brooklyn was then but a village. The writer of this remembers well the pleased surprise of young Murphy when he came into the *Long Island Patriot* office, and found himself to be adjudged the writer of the "prize story," for a leading Philadelphia magazine. Seeing, some time before, the offer of the magazine, Henry had written a tale, "The Reformed," and sent it on to compete with the rest. This was probably his first literary effort, at least of any consequence, and it met with flattering success for so young a person; for as we said, Murphy was at that time hardly more than a boy. Does he not recollect the "carrying-on," the cigar-smoking, the animated political discussions, and the canvassing pro and con of some manuscript article intended for the "Pat"? The writer of this was then a "devil,"[1] only twelve or thirteen years old himself—and Henry Murphy, though not very much older, treated him with great indulgence, good-humoredly overlooking a great many boyish capers.

The penning of these few sentences carries us back to other times—to events and days altogether unknown to the busy and swarming crowds of modern Brooklyn. We can almost see the "Old Ferry," and the rude houseboats crossing, the pilot steering by the ancient tiller.[2] We can almost think we see the rows of great elm trees shading Fulton street, and the unpaved sidewalks, with plenty of grass. We would walk down "Love Lane," and stand upon "Clover Hill," and view the bay and river. We cannot resist the inclination to indulge in a few reminiscences.

Brooklyn was, as we have said, but a village, whose affairs were managed by the "Trustees." For a long time Gen. Jeremiah Johnson was President of these Trustees—another frequent President was Joseph Sprague. The officials used to meet in a chamber in the "Apprentices Library," corner of Cranberry and Henry streets. The cornerstone of this building had been laid by Lafayette. His celebrated visit to America happened just as the foundation of the "Apprentices Library" commenced. Lafayette being at that time invited to Brooklyn, among other places, it was resolved to request him to "lay the cornerstone," as it is called. The hero politely acquiesced, and all the school children of Brooklyn marching to the ground (among them the writer of this, at that period six or seven years old,) were helped into places, part of them in

[1] *Cf. post*, p. 248. [2] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 168–171.

the lately excavated cellar. Among those who aided extempore in handing down the children was Lafayette himself, and the writer recollects well the childish pride he experienced in being one of those who were taken in the arms of Lafayette, and reached down by him to a standing place. All this was done that the children could have a good sight of that mysterious something of "laying the cornerstone."[1] Doubtless it was thought then that the "Apprentices Library" would go down to future generations as an unequalled specimen of architecture.

The years made rapid changes not only in those very children, but in every aspect of Brooklyn. Shortly it became an incorporated city; then the Common Council met in an immense room forming the upper story of "Hall's Buildings," corner Fulton street and Cranberry. The building was burnt down at the great fire about ten years ago.[2]

While still a village Brooklyn had, for newspapers, two weeklies—one, the *Long Island Star*,[3] by Col. Alden Spooner, father of E. B. Spooner, the proprietor of the now daily *Evening Star*—the other was called the *Long Island Patriot*,[4] and was for many years conducted by Mr. Birch. After him the paper was owned and edited by Samuel E. Clements,[5] a protegé of John F. Bergen, Coe, Downing, Mr. Brasher, and other local magnates of those days—and of him young Murphy was quite a favorite, and was always welcome to the editorial columns. Clements, a "good fellow" personally, was a great lank, lean, eccentric, hawk-nosed Quaker and Southerner (he often boasted of his Southern blood), and by the influence of his friends got the appointment of Postmaster. One of his performances, when about Brooklyn, created a great excitement—as the reader will understand when we narrate it.

Several gentlemen were very anxious to have the sculptured counterfeit presentment of Elias Hicks, the renowned preacher of "inner light," who had then lately died, at Jericho, Long Island.[6] There was a good portrait of Hicks, painted by

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. xxv, note 9.

[2] Whitman had good reason to remember the great fire of 1848, for it destroyed the building from which had gone, on the previous day, the first number of the Brooklyn *Weekly Freeman*, of which he was the enterprising and ambitious editor. Everything was lost, with no insurance, but the *Freeman* made a new and more auspicious start two months later.

[3] *Cf. post*, pp. 86, 246. [4] *Cf. post*, pp. 248–249, 294.

[5] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 234, note; *post*, pp. 9, note 3, 86, 248–249, 294, 296, note.

[6] *Cf. post*, p. 311.

Henry Inman, (that wonderful likeness, we can see it now![1])—but the venerable old man was averse to such things, and would never allow a figure to be taken of himself, for a bust. So immediately coincident with the death of Elias, three persons,[2] (our Brooklyn editor was one,) agreed to go down to Jericho, and, by fair or clandestine means, disinter their subject, and take a mould or cast from the face and head! *They did so.* From this mould a permanent one was made and several busts of Elias were formed, quite perfect, it is said. But soon a quarrel arose, in reference to the division of the anticipated profits from the sale of the bust—for the whole thing was as much intended for a speculation as to rescue the likeness of Elias, and transmit it to posterity. The quarrel became at length so much exasperated that, either from sullen agreement, or in some crisis of excitement, the moulds and the few busts made from them were all smashed to pieces! Thus ended this singular and in some of its particulars revolting affair.

As we have said, Clements was very tall, (six feet, two), very thin, with a slow and peculiar gait in walking, long-tailed blue coat with gilt buttons, and on his head in summer an enormous broad-brimmed, low-crowned leghorn hat. Imagine him promenading the streets (then lanes, with trees,) of Brooklyn—or riding out in his skeleton sulkey. He always kept a horse, generally a pretty fast one; to his country subscribers out in Bushwick, New Lots, Flatlands, &c., carrying round his papers himself. Of a Sunday he used to go to the old Dutch Reformed Church (now in Joralemon street,) to which a narrow lane led up from Fulton street. Then it was an edifice of undressed gray stone, massive, homely, and grand: *now* it is a building patterned from the temple of Minerva, at Athens![3]

After a short reign, however, Clements got into difficulties, and disappeared west. William Rockwell, (the Judge, who died last summer) followed as editor of the *Patriot*—which

[1] In old age Whitman wrote a brief memoir of Hicks and published it in "November Boughs" (1888); to it was added a reproduction of this Inman portrait.

[2] According to Chandos-Fulton, there were but two persons engaged in this enterprise, the second being one "Browen," a New York sculptor. (See the "Local Press," VI.) Perhaps this was Henry Kirke Brown (1814–1886), whose "DeWitt Clinton" in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, was the first bronze statue cast in America.

[3] *Cf.* "Complete Prose," p. 10: "I used occasionally to go out riding with the boss, who was very kind to us boys; Sundays he took us all to a great old rough, fortress-looking stone church, on Joralemon Street," etc.

continued on with various ups and downs—and a change of name to the *Advocate*. At one time Mr. Arnold was its editor.

* * * * *

Henry, when young, was also a well-known member of the best scholastic societies of Brooklyn, especially the Hamilton Literary Association. He was never much of a ready debater.

Some twenty-five years have passed away since then. Twenty-five years! Brooklyn, from a mere village of a few hundred inhabitants, has grown up to be a mighty, rich, and populous city—the third in the United States, and evidently destined to be one of the greatest in the world. * * *

It is rumored that Mr. Murphy has [had] for some time in view an elaborate literary work, of Historical nature, which perhaps will be aided by his appointment. * * * We believe that Henry Murphy could write full as good a History as any of Washington Irving's; and we believe moreover that all relating to the Dutch settlements of New York and Long Island, and the earlier growth of these parts of the State to be [are?] among the most important themes in American lore[1]—and that they have not yet been treated in any large, profound, or vital spirit, by a writer competent to grasp them. . . . The Dutch, their mark here in America, their literature, grandeur, conscientiousness, immortal spirit of determination—their bloody wars with Spanish tyrants—their maritime daring—and their original knowledge of political equality and confederation.—These, as descending to America, have yet had no historian, no sayer, or recorder.[2] A grand race, those Dutch! those forefathers of this Island, and of Manhattan Island! full as grand as any of the antique races. Yet, so far, known only through some shallow burlesque, full of clown's wit like Irving's Knickerbocker "history."

[ON VICE][3]

After dark, in the great City of New York, any man passing along Broadway, between Houston and Fulton streets, finds

[1]Whitman perhaps was already turning over in his mind the material which was, four years later, to go into the "Brooklyniana."

[2]Motley's "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" had appeared in 1855 (New York, 1856).

[3]From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, June 20, 1857.

This *Times* editorial affords a possible explanation of Whitman's motive for his outspoken treatment of sex matters in the 1856 edition of "Leaves of Grass" and especially in the 1860 edition, which was, presumably, now in preparation. *Cf. post*, p. 90.

the western sidewalk full of prostitutes, jaunting up and down there, by ones, twos, or threes—on the look-out for customers. Many of these girls are quite handsome, have a good-hearted appearance and, in encouraging circumstances, might make respectable and happy women.

Some of these prostitutes have their own rooms, and "keep house" by themselves; others live in the usual establishments on a larger scale, owned by some old or middle-aged women, and tenanted by six, eight, or a dozen prostitutes. Of late, there are a great many cellars,—dancing places, a number of them German—where the principal business is prostitution. There are not a few in Canal street, and in Greenwich street; and indeed, they are to be found in all parts of the city.

The hardest houses of all are those in Cherry, Water, and Walnut streets, and around the Five Points. Here the prostitutes are generally drunkards. Sailors, canal-boatmen, young fellows from the country, &c., go regularly there.[1] You see the women half exposed at the cellar doors as you pass. Their faces are flushed and pimpled. The great doings in these quarters are at night. Then, besides the prostitution, there are dances, rum drinking, fights, quarrels, and so on.

Though of course not acknowledged or talked about, or even alluded to, in "respectable society," the plain truth is that nineteen out of twenty of the mass of American young men, who live in or visit the great cities, are more or less familiar with houses of prostitution and are customers to them.—A large proportion of the young men become acquainted with all the best known ones in the city.

Especially of the best classes of men under forty years of age, living in New York and Brooklyn, the mechanics, apprentices, sea-faring men, drivers of horses, butchers, machinists, &c., &c., the custom is to go among prostitutes as an ordinary thing. Nothing is thought of it—or rather the wonder is, how there can be any "fun" without it.

Of the classes we have mentioned, now in these cities, how many are there who have not been diseased? Of all these young men, who of them is not familiar with "the bad disorder"? Sometimes they do not dare to mention it—nobody dares to mention it. Yet what block of houses in New York and Brooklyn might not bear witness to its existence? What

[1] *Cf. post*, pp. 170, 187.

shame, what concealment, what degradation, what long suffering might they not expose—every one of them!

There is so little intercommunion, for the young men, between themselves and the select classes of pious, orderly, fatherly persons!

All these things go forward meanwhile, not permitted to be brought to light. In offices, in by places, hundreds of quacks are to-day dosing thousands of the best bodies in the land, with strong and never-erased drugs, mercury, bitter extracts, powerful salts and precipitates—exhausting the last dime of their victims—not even casting out the devils except by leaving in their place Beelzebub, the prince of devils.

If prostitution continues so, and the main classes of young men merge themselves more and more in it, as they appear to be doing, what will be the result? A generation hence, what a scrofulous growth of children! What dropsies, feebleness, premature deaths, suffering infancy to come![1]

[1]It will be noted that the objection here most strongly urged by Whitman against prostitution is a hygienic rather than a moral one. A few months later (November 13) he discusses very cautiously the theory that prostitution should be placed under such supervision by the state as will regulate it in the interest of health. The essential part of the later editorial follows:

"There are certain propensities and passions inherent in our nature which will have vent in one shape or another, despite all the combined legislative wisdom of communities. It has always been so, it is now so and until some radical change takes place in frail human nature, it will always be so. All laws against these master-vices are found to be comparatively inoperative, and it is a question with many minds whether instead of allowing harsh laws against them, which are a dead letter, to remain on the statute-books, it were not better to publickly recognize them and in legal restraints and regulations find a safety valve for the escape of the excesses which would otherwise prey upon the vitals of the community with a far more destructive effect.

"The vice of licentiousness, in our large cities, has grown, of late years, to be such a terrible evil that the plan has been again mooted of placing it under legal supervision as in most of the large continental cities. * * *

"These are questions for the serious consideration of publicists, philanthropists and of all reasonable and unprejudiced minds. It may be long before we can look upon these topics in the business-like, matter-of-fact manner in which our European friends regard them, but while we should jealously guard against the contagion of their laxity of morals and latitudinarian views, we should be careful at the same time not to allow a blind prejudice to stand in the way of a tangible benefit."

In this connection it will be well to present what light is thrown by the *Times* upon the subject of Whitman's attitude toward free-love, inasmuch as he has, in the absence of very definite knowledge, been suspected by some writers of giving it the sanction of his practice if not of his pen. In 1858 the subject was rather prominent in the press because the campaign for woman's rights then had a marital as well as a political objective. On May 14 Whitman merely smiles at the matter, in passing, very much as he had smiled at Fourierism in 1848 (*infra*, I, p. 229). On July 3, however, he treats the matter in a more serious, if still a very theoretical and detached, manner:

"Woman in the 19th century seems to be in a lamentably unsettled condition. * * *

We throw out these paragraphs to arouse attention, and to help to encourage the open mention of such things—and close with the following interrogatories:

Why is marriage getting less and less in repute—a weaker and weaker tie?—And why is the sneaking and filthy practice of men of means supporting kept-women for themselves becoming more and more common?

For what earthly good are all the facts, physiological, &c., that should most thoroughly be understood by young persons, and that are most vital to every healthy human being?—Why are these so resolutely taboo'd by "respectable people"?

Why not a candid and courageous course pursued by writers and speakers, upon the subject of sexuality? How shall we escape coming to that at last?

Is not every young man, every girl—every person of any age—desirous of having a powerful, agreeable, clear-fleshed, sweet-blooded body? And through this universal wish, could not human pollution in all its forms be best attacked, and put down?

[SLAVERY][1]

In their own country degraded, cruel, almost bestial, the victims of cruel chiefs, and of bloody religious rites—their

---

[Here he states that the Woman's Rights Convention at Rutland had declared for freedom in sex relations.]

"Most women, it is believed, are satisfied with the results of the marriage relation; but it is evident that it bears upon Mrs. Branch with a crushing weight. Women, in general, do not feel degraded by the bestowal of their love upon one man; Mrs. Branch prefers a wider field for the play of woman's affections. Most wives would rather their children should rightfully be called by the name of their husbands, but Mrs. Branch has no objection to her children claiming a plurality of fathers. * * *

"If the Free Love principle is to prevail at all, it must be prospective in its operation, and not inure to the benefit of any woman who has voluntarily taken upon herself this yoke of bondage.

"We are afraid that in the present state of society nothing can be done for Mrs. Branch. She is one of the unfortunate ones who are in advance of her age. Like her great namesake 'Alligator' Branch in New York, she must wait for a time, for it seems the world is not far enough advanced for either of them."

On September 14 Whitman notes the closing of the Free-love Convention at Utica. If the editorial just quoted seems rather ambiguous in its sympathy, not so is the present one, for Whitman expresses the opinion that good is accomplished by giving publicity to the proceedings of the convention, for they, "as evidences of the fanaticism and folly of irreligion, go far to correct one's tendency toward skepticism." And ten days later he says his last word on the subject when he refers very curtly to the "contemptible lucubrations of the Free Love Convention" held at Utica.

[1]From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, July 17, 1857.

lives never secure—no education, no refinement, no elevation, no political knowledge,—such is the general condition of the African tribes. From these things they are sold to the American plantations.

Would we then defend the slave-trade? No; we would merely remind the reader that, in a large view of the case, the change is not one for the worse, to the victims of that trade. The blacks, mulattoes, &c., either in the Northern or Southern States, might bear in mind that had their forefathers remained in Africa, and their birth occurred there, they would now be roaming Krumen[1] or Ashanteemen,[2] wild, filthy, paganistic—not residents of a land of light, and bearing their share, to some extent, in all its civilizations.

It is also to be remembered that no race ever can remain slaves if they have it in them to become free. Why do the slave ships go to Africa only?

The worst results of the slave trade are those mainly caused by attempts of the government to outlaw it. We speak of the horrors of the "middle passage,"—the wretched, suffocating, steaming, thirsty, dying crowds of black men, women and children, packed between decks in cutter-built ships, modelled not for space, but speed. This, we repeat, is not an inherent attribute of the slave trade, but of declaring it piracy.[3]

The establishment of Liberia, and the deep interest felt in its welfare—the modern travellers in the old continent of the Nile and of the Desert—the almost morbid philanthropy of Eu-

[1] Kroomen, an African tribe dwelling chiefly on the Pepper Coast of Guinea. Whitman's spelling is now obsolete.

[2] Ashanti, natives of West Africa, now included in the Gold Coast Colony.

[3] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 106–108, 160–161, 171–174; *post*, pp. 183–184.

Whether because his own ancestors had held slaves, or because of his early association with Editor Clements (see *infra*, II, p. 3, note 5), or because of his Southern journeys and his possible Southern connections, or because of his habit of looking at both sides of a proposition, Whitman was, though a radical Free-soiler, never an Abolitionist. In this he was following pretty closely in the path of Emerson. *Cf.* the following utterance on the subject:

"The worst part of this discussion in regard to slavery comes from the odium which a few foolish and red-hot fanatics—the 'abolitionists'—have drawn on the side of the argument which espouses freedom. Indeed, we think that if it had not been for this angry-voiced and silly set, two or three of what are now called slave states would have been free states at the present moment. We have wonderful faith in the quiet progress of wholesome principles in this country." (Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, February 23, 1847.) See also, *infra*, I, p. 162.

Such deliverances as this make it clearer why Whitman, though willing enough to spend himself in service as a hospital missionary, was not quick, as was his brother George, to take up arms against the South. However, that was already sufficiently accounted for, perhaps, by his age and his temperament.

rope and America—the opposition to slavery, so stern, so rapidly growing, more resolute in its defeat than in its triumph—these will before long tell fatally on the slave trade * * * [by which slaves are imported to Cuba, the West Indies, and Brazil].

For the Brazils, for Cuba, and it may be for some of the Southern States of this Confederacy,[1] the infusion of slaves and the prevalent use of their labor are not objectionable on politico-economic grounds. Slaves are there because they must be—when the time arrives for them not to be proper there, they will leave.

For all that, America is not the land for slaves, on any grounds. The recorded theory of America denies slavery any existence in justice, law, or as a moral fact. The geography of the country, its interests, enterprize, labor, farmers, mechanics, commerce, agriculture, railroads, steamers—these with the rest disfavor slavery, and therefore the slave trade. The great heart and trunk of America is the West[2]—and the West would be paralyzed by slavery. But Cuba and the Brazils are not the West.

SCENES IN A POLICE JUSTICE'S COURT ROOM[3]

It was Dickens, we think, who first became known as an author by his graphic delineations of life in the police-courts. And truly there is "ample room and verge enough" in these places for the exercise of the largest powers of wit and pathos and the rarest descriptive talent. Life's drama is played there, on a miniature scale, and tears and laughter succeed each other just as they do on the larger stage. A morning spent in "looking on" at Clarry's, or Feek's, or Cornwell's, or Blachley's, or any of the city police-courts is time well bestowed, even though nothing were sought beyond the amusement of an idle hour.

Justice Cornwell, we believe, disposes of more business in this line than any of his brethren. Let us then look in, for a

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 156. [2] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 151–152.

[3] From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, September 9, 1857.

Whitman probably did a good deal of police reporting for the New Orleans *Crescent* also, but as he was not in charge of the city news chiefly, it is difficult positively to identify his reports. The tenderness and the satire of the present sketch may no doubt be taken as typical of them all. *Cf.* also the satirical "Sketches of the Sidewalks and Levees," *infra*, I, pp. 199–218.

moment, at his quarters at the City Hall, and see what is going on. It is Monday morning, and there is an unusual number of cases to be gone through with. The room is crowded with spectators, some of them witnesses, some friends of the prisoners; and the atmosphere is close and anything but fragrant. Passing within the railing, we come to a large space where the unlucky "arrests" are seated in a melancholy array, facing the Justice and the Clerk. Strolling about, or lolling in arm-chairs, are the policemen detailed for the court, and hovering about like birds of prey are the regular legal *habitues* of the place, always on the lookout, with the sharpest kind of a scent, for anything in the shape of a fee, from a second-hand silver watch to a $25 "mint-drop." This class answers to the "Tomb Shysters" of Gotham, but we will do them the justice to say that they are on the whole much more respectable and not half so unscrupulous. They are uniformly fluent in speech and make up in glibness what they lack in legal acquirements. However, no very complicated cases come up in these precincts, so that it doesn't matter greatly. One thing is certain, the business is a paying one for those who "know the ropes" and keep on the right side of the officials.

The prisoners, as they sit ranged in order before the Rhadamanthus on the bench, present every possible variety of size and complexion. There are some half-dozen bull-necked, low-browed rowdies who have been arrested for participating in a "free fight" in a porter house. These have evidently been up before, and care nothing for it. Next them sits a poor, brutalized Irishman, an habitual drunkard, who has been fetched up for beating his wife. The sodden wretch, with blinking, blood-shot eyes and matted hair, sits shaking and shivering with suffering at the unwonted deprivation of his morning dram. Next him sits an old woman denominated in the classic language of the police courts, a "Bummer," who has just gone off, probably from the same cause, into a fit of what may be either hysterics or incipient delirium. The officer runs and brings a cup of water, and it is good to see that even here the spirit of womanly sympathy and kindness is not quite extinct, for two females who sit immediately behind the poor creature support her head and bathe it with a pitying care—true women and Good Samaritans they! Beside her a spruce and flashy youth is seated. He has been arrested for passing counterfeit money, and by his cool and self-satisfied air and

the grin into which he occasionally breaks, in his whispered conversation with his counsel, it is easy to see that the proof against him is small and that he fully expects to get off, this time, to renew his depredations. Next to this chap, on whose sallow visage "thief" is written in legible characters, are perched two little boys whose ragged shoes, low as the bench is, do not touch the floor. These are fair specimens of the thousands who run the streets, destitute, uncared for, and who are training for the State Prison and the gallows. The juveniles in question have been brought up for stealing brass and iron fixings from unoccupied houses, a very common theft among the youngsters who figure at these places, and who are encouraged in it by junk-shop keepers. These are the staple of the cases brought up for disposal—assaults and batteries, wife-beatings and small thefts. Most of the business is done in a routine manner and disposed of in double quick time —and the rapidity with which $10 fines are inflicted upon unfortunate "drunks" is only equalled by the rapidity with which they are *not* paid. But sometimes through this dreary, monotonous course of sin and crime, a ray of merriment will break, "something rich" will turn up, and Court and spectators will grin as delightedly as did ever audience in Burton's parquette.[1] Of such a nature, invariably, are the rows among the women, in which scratching and hair-pulling are the most prominent features. Most of these feminine rows occur in "tenant houses" and cheap boarding establishments, and more merriment is sometimes to be extracted from these real-life affairs than from the most screaming farce.

Police Justices ought to be capital judges of human nature, for they certainly see it in all its imaginable varieties. We believe, in fact, that they are so. Whether the constant contemplation of such misery, degradation and wickedness tends to humanize and soften the [man], is another question. But however that may be, a visit to one of these places is not without its lessons, and one will be apt to depart, not thanking God that he is "not as these Publicans," but cherishing a wider charity and a deeper sympathy with the short-comings and frailties of our common humanity.

[1] An allusion, no doubt, to William Evans Burton, whose highly popular farce of domestic life, "The Toodles," had been produced at the Bowery Theatre, in New York, in 1853, and in Laura Keene's Theatre in 1857.

LONG ISLAND SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLING[1]

THERE are still left some old-fashioned country school-houses down through Long Island, especially in Suffolk County. The representative building is generally a primitive, unpainted edifice with a batten door, fastened by a padlock, and up above, a small chimney peering out at one end of the eaves. The "studies" pursued in this temple, are spelling, reading, writing, and the commoner rules of arithmetic, with now and then geography and "speaking,"[2] and perhaps in more ambitious cases, in addition to these branches, a little grammar, surveying, algebra, and even Latin or French.

The compensation of the teachers is certain to be quite moderate—from forty to fifty dollars a quarter, and board. Sometimes the teachers "board round"; that is they distribute and average themselves among the parents of the children that attend school—they stop two or three days in one place, a week in another, and so on.

This "boarding round" gives a first-rate opportunity for the study of human nature.[3] You go from place to place, from the rich to the poor, from the pious to the atheistical, from where there are good kind-hearted women to places where there are—— But, good heavens! what were we going to say!

The teachers of these Long Island country schools are often poor young students from some of the colleges or universities, who desire to become future ministers, doctors or lawyers, —but, getting hard up, or fagged out with study, they "take a school," to recuperate, and earn a little cash, for future efforts. They are apt to be eccentric specimens of the masculine race—marked by some of the "isms" or "ologies"—offering quite a puzzle to the plain old farmers and their families.[4]

[1] From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, April 27, 1858.

[2] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 17, note.

[3] There can be little doubt that Whitman is here writing of the sort of old-fashioned schools he had himself taught. *Cf.* this passage from "Complete Prose" (p. 10): "Then, when little more than eighteen, and for a while afterwards went to teaching country schools down in Queens and Suffolk counties, Long Island, and 'boarded round.' (This latter I consider one of my best experiences and deepest lessons in human nature behind the scenes, and in the masses.)"

[4] Mr. Charles A. Roe, in his interview concerning Whitman (*loc. cit.*), says of the latter's religious habits when a school-teacher: "He was not religious in any way. His

Still there are teachers who become great favorites in the neighborhoods where they reach. The girls fall in love with them; perhaps the teacher makes a rich marriage, and becomes set for life.

But what is to be stated as the grade of education through the country districts of Long Island? Answer—the grade is a low one. The "public money" goes far to the support of the Long Island district School, and to keep up the skeleton of education; but, to confess the truth, it is not much more than a skeleton. The melancholy fact is, that, while so much might easily be done, through the bountiful means provided by the state, for public schools, the whole system of tuition in the country districts is bare and superficial. But beyond that, and nearer home, with regard to city schools, even those in Brooklyn and New York, how much higher the standard ought to be than it is![1]

There runs through the country regions of Long Island, in our opinion, a marked vein of native common sense and shrewdness. The people are not so quick and showy as city people; but the opinions of the latter are generally surface opinions, while the man of the country is more apt to be profound, in his way, in what he thinks and says.[2] From all this, we suspect that schools in country districts could easily attain a high average. But the only way to attain this is giving them more permanency, raising the wages of teachers, arousing more interest in education, and by being more particular about the qualifications of teachers, and not accepting any and every body that offers (so long as he is cheap) as is the case now.[3]

Rightly viewed, there is no subject more interesting to country or city—none that comes closer home to every one, young and old, male and female, married or celibate—than this very subject of improving the public schools—taking them out from the mere half-dead formulas they are now, and elevating

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views were not of a religious turn. It was remarked by the lady he boarded with that he was rather off from anything like church. This fact produced no feeling that I saw except with this one old lady. She had four young daughters. I heard her speak of his views on religion as being rather atheistic. Very friendly to him otherwise—just a trifle suspicious, or sorry, that was all." Rather a mild criticism for a Hicksite Quaker to provoke from a conventional and orthodox countrywoman of the period.

Cf. also *infra*, I, p. 46, note 1, and *post*, p. 124.

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 144–146, 220–221. [2] *Cf. infra*, p. 232. [3] *Cf.* I, p. 46, note 1.

them to live schools, forming American youth to become model men and women.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT[1]

PROBABLY most of our readers will remember the ardor with which the question of Capital Punishment was discussed, some years since. Every city and large town had its association, respectable for numbers and ability, holding frequent meetings, to put before the people the arguments to abolish hanging. Speakers were invited—the Legislatures were memorialized—books and pamphlets were issued in great plenty.

It was about that time that the *Democratic Review*, a monthly magazine of a profounder quality of talent than any since, was largely impressing the public, especially the young men. This review was among the most eager of the opponents of the gallows. Its corps of writers[2] were all enthusiasts—believers in "a good time coming." They made some of the most powerful attacks yet seen, against the orthodox theory of punishment.

We recollect the meetings for discussing this Capital Punishment question, which used to be held in New York in a moderate sized room in Broadway, near Lispenard street. A visitor there would have found a remarkable collection of "heads." The *Democratic Review* writers were frequently quoted—some were present to speak for themselves, or as listeners. We allude to Bryant, Judge Edmonds, O'Sullivan, Whittier, Hawthorne, old Major D'Aveza, and others.

The result of this agitation and discussion told very largely —and is telling to this day, in the benevolent reforms, and in an increased sensitiveness on the part of the public, toward any useless harshness in the treatment of criminals.

* * * * *

We have often thought that the real good resulting out of the opposition-talent against the theory of hanging for murder was * * * [in] diffusing more benevolence and sympathy through the public mind, elevating the range of temper

[1] From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, May 22, 1858.

[2] Whitman himself was a frequent contributor to this excellent magazine, and took part in the campaign for the abolition of capital punishment. See particularly "A Dialogue," *infra*, I, pp. 97–103, which was contributed to the *Democratic Review*.

and feeling, and reacting in a hundred different modes, indirectly upon the popular taste, and upon criminal law, the doings of Courts and Juries, and the management of Prisons. These, with other considerations—among which we may mention the mere fact of a general interest being taken in such a question as Capital Punishment—will amply repay the enthusiasts of the *Democratic Review*, and those who labored with them, for all they have done.

WHO WAS SWEDENBORG?[1]

* * * * He was past middle age when he suddenly underwent a total change—a revolution, probably one of the most curious in human experience.

At that time was opened to him, in the twinkling of an eye, the "spiritual world," and he saw it (or was it that he fancied he saw it?). The inference is that this spiritual world exists at all times with us and around us, but that few, indeed hardly any, come into rapport with it. But Emanuel Swedenborg was one of the few.

And how does the reader suppose this ineffable privilege commenced—and what occasion great enough and appropriate enough to start it? Alas! a most unromantic and vulgar occasion—nothing less than eating dinner. And more than that, the meaning of the heavenly visit, the "first lesson," was summed up in the plain, practical phrase—"Don't eat so much." As Swedenborg himself relates it, he was just finishing his dinner at an inn in London, when a mist surrounded him, amid which he distinguished reptiles crawling on the floor; and when the mist cleared away, a man radiant with light sitting in the corner of the room uttered the less-eating direction as above.[2]

[1] From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, June 15, 1858.

The first part of this rather long account deals with the well-known facts of Swedenborg's early life, and mentions the fact that Whitman had himself attended Swedenborg meetings. The occasion of the present editorial was the annual Swedenborgian celebration in New York.

Whitman's half-skeptical description of the Swedish mystic's experience is very interesting in view of the fact that he was a mystic of a pronounced type himself. His most famous description of his own chief mystical experience is to be found in the poem "Song of Myself," Section 5; though it is certain that he had other such experiences and it is probable that evidences of some very early ones are to be found in the "Sun-Down Papers," *infra*, I, pp. 37–38, 39–44. There can be little doubt that Swedenborg had a strong influence on Whitman, as likewise he had on Emerson.

[2] *Cf. post*, p. 67.

Out of this somewhat comical beginning, however, soon rose more serious matter—for the radiant man, at his next appearance, informed Swedenborg to the following effect: "I, the Redeemer, the Creator and Lord, have chosen thee to explain to mankind the inward and real sense of the Holy Scriptures, and I shall dictate what thou shalt write." Thus the thing at once assumed formidable proportions. * * *

In the numerous books Swedenborg has left of his experience, and of the things exhibited to him alone among men, there is a curious naïveté and literalness. He escaped the ties of the body, and had the entrée to "the spheres" at pleasure. * * *

Most of the ensuing time, Swedenborg lived in a moderate-sized house in the midst of a large garden, in Stockholm. He was never married. (We have not heard the point alluded to among his followers, but our private opinion is that he was, through his life, a stranger to women.[1]) He was in easy circumstances; his life was irreproachable, and his habits simple. And it must be carefully noted of him that he never turned what he evidently thought his divine mission, toward becoming a source of any worldly profit to himself.[2]

But the statement of Swedenborg's religion, in plain terms —what is that statement? We confess we cannot give it; we have never even felt satisfied with the presentation of it by the leading Swedenborgians themselves, or by their preachers. There is something in it that eludes being stated. * * * He is no poet,[3] and, amid all his wonderful experiences, he does nor once lose his balance—he never faints, or goes into literary or other hysterics.

* * * * *

Though now looming up before the civilized world, and especially in America, as one who, whatever may be said about him, will probably make the deepest and broadest mark upon the religions of future ages here, of any man that ever walked

[1]Can it be that this "private opinion" concerning the connection between mystical experiences and sexual innocence had anything to do with Whitman's own celibacy? If so, he did not always rate such mystical experiences as most desirable, for he seems to have had more than one *affaire de cœur*.

[2]It is well known that Whitman reaped practically no financial benefit from the first editions of "Leaves of Grass."

[3]An idea emphasized in Emerson's chapter on "Swedenborg, the Mystic" in "Representative Men" (1850), a chapter which, by the way, throws much light on the essential differences between the religious mysticism in Whitman and that in religious mystics who are not, at the same time, literary artists.

the earth, yet in his own time Swedenborg was neglected and comparatively unknown. * * *

Viewing him in something like his own spirit, he appears as the precursor of the great religious difference between past centuries and future centuries. Indeed his followers, among whom are some of the leading minds of our nation, boldly claim that no man, of any age, is now making more significant marks upon American thought, theology, and literature, than Emanuel Swedenborg.

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF GREAT MEN[1]

They are almost always unfortunate. It seems to be a part of the compensating provisions of nature that those men and women whose names are upon every lip, whose praises are upon every tongue, who bask in the sunlight of popular favor and who are envied, fêted, and courted, should be singularly unfortunate in their more private and intimate relations.

The recent exposures of the private life of Chas. Dickens, whose name is of world-wide celebrity, and the offspring of whose imagination are household words throughout the intelligent portion of the community, present a case in point. The veil of sacred privacy that should have guarded the household affairs of the great novelist has been rudely swept away, and the "skeleton in the closet," "the dweller on the threshold," remorselessly exposed. These revelations must seem passing strange to Dickens' readers and admirers—and he numbers them by tens of thousands—who doubtless imagined that their favorite author enjoyed some such domestic bliss as he has himself pictured in his "Copperfield." It will strike many as strange that any man could have written such tender and pathetic lines as close that semi-autobiographical work, in which the author alludes to his dream-wife in terms of the utmost affection, while, at the time, his own household was in reality made miserable by the incompatibility of temper existing between him and his real partner. But it is the case, nevertheless. Not always do the happy sentiment, genial philosophy, the felicitous diction of the novelist spring from an inward perennial fountain of peace—not always are the trage-

[1]From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, June 23, 1858.

This essay acquires a peculiar pathos from the fact that Whitman had his own private tragedies.

dies of the fictionist drawn from the vivid imagination alone. * * * [Here the cases of Dickens, Disraeli, Thackeray, and Bulwer are cited.] Of all the calamities of authors—of all the infelicities of genius—it strikes us that their domestic difficulties are the worst. Take all else from a man and leave him a good and faithful wife and he can never be called unhappy no matter what may be the fluctuations of fortune. But take that comfort, consolation and safeguard away and he becomes "poor" indeed—a vessel without a rudder, beaten here and there, at the mercy of the wind and waves.[1]

[SENSATION STORIES IN SUNDAY PAPERS][2]

. . . THEY [the Sunday *Times*, *Dispatch*, *Mercury*, *Atlas*, and *Courier*, whose editorial and critical departments Whitman begins by praising] are immense on blood and thunder romances with alliterative titles and plots of startling interest.—These stories are curious productions in their way, and the cultivated reader on the lookout for amusement may enjoy a hearty laugh at any time over such sanguinary tales as the "Bloody Burglar of Babylon"; the "Maniac Maiden's Fate"; or the "Red-Headed Ragamuffin's Revenge." All these unique publications have second and often third titles of the most mysterious, thrilling, harrowing and altogether insane description—calculated to impress the uninitiated reader with awe and to inflame his curiosity for the "coming events" that cast such portentous shadows before. These things are to literature what the Bowery melodramas are to the stage, and are read by the same class that would hang with rapture over the latter. When the pirate chief drinks the blood of his vic-

[1]If this be written with Whitman's accustomed sincerity, and I see no reason to suppose that it is not, it indicates that, in 1858 at least, he desired to put forth in defense of men of genius no such arguments as have been used in his own defense, claiming for such men exemption alike from the desire for, and the obligations of, monogamistic bliss. *Cf.*, for example, the following from M. Léon Bazalgette's "Walt Whitman; L'Homme et son Œuvre," 1908, p. 98: "*Comme la plupart des hommes puissants, exceptionnels et libres, de tous les temps et de toutes les races, Walt Whitman a eu des enfants naturels qu'il a semes, comme l'arbre jette sa graine, avec une indifférence magnifique et souveraine. Tel est le fait dans sa nudiét et qu'il n'est en rien nécessaire d'atténuer. L'étalon des morales courantes n'est pas applicable à un tel individu.*"

[2]From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, December 13, 1858.

This bit of good-humoured satire on the stories published by his New York contemporaries shows how complete has been Whitman's reaction from the mood which had perpetrated "Franklin Evans" sixteen years before.

tims in the largest of gory goblets, and with a burst of savage laughter flings the cup at the head of his trembling prisoner, the appreciative newsboy who reads the eloquent account is impelled to shout "Hi! hi!" in a transport of enthusiasm. When the virtuous young mechanic rescues the lovely but unhappy milliner's apprentice from the base violence of the fast young aristocrat, what delight thrills the reader's breast! When the heroine has been stolen in infancy from her Fifth avenue father, who is possessed of princely wealth, and when in chapter the last, after years of unheard-of privations, she is at length restored to the paternal arms, what Sunday-paper lover of any sensibility but must feel a sympathetic throb when that venerable man falls upon her breast in a burst of confidence and a shower of tears, and ejaculates:—"Ke-ind Heaven, I thank thee!—it is—it is indeed my long-lost che-ild!"

To say the truth, these productions, which obtained the *acme* of their popularity in the *Ledger* are not the choicest in composition or conception of plot and character, but after all, we doubt very much whether the outcry raised against them in some quarters is sustained by common sense. It may be said with tolerable safety that a large proportion of the admirers of this kind of literature might do worse if debarred from the enjoyment of their favorite mental *pabulum*. No doubt the reverend editors of *Zion's Trumpet* or of the *Barraboola Banner* would prefer that those excellent publications should be perused in their stead, but with all respect to these well-intentioned gentlemen, we doubt if such a substitution would be altogether successful. The public for whom these tales are written require strong contrasts, broad effects and the fiercest kind of "intense" writing generally.

Not that we would insinuate any lack of higher ability displayed by the Sunday press than is displayed in their miscellaneous love stories and "sensation" tales. * * * There is always plenty of talent, "lying around loose," in a great city like New York, and this is sure to gravitate, especially if it be of the brilliant but irregular sort, to the Sunday papers. The genuine literary "Bohemian"[1] is here in his element. Politics, social science, music, the drama—anything and everything that will bear discussion—flows freely from his facile pen

[1] This was the period of Whitman's association with the Bohemian group at Pfaff's restaurant in New York. In his earlier days he had done some writing for the Sunday papers himself.

through these, his favorite organs. The Sunday press, with not a few absurdities and with all its license, is a power in the land, not without great significance in its way, and very deserving of more careful consideration than has hitherto been accorded it.

A WAR-TIME LETTER[1]

Washington, March 19, 1863.

DEAR NAT AND FRED GRAY:

SINCE I left New York I was down in the Army of the Potomac[2] in front with my brother a good part of the winter, commencing time of the battle of Fredericksburgh—have seen *war-life*, the real article—folded myself in a blanket, lying down in the mud with composure—relished salt pork and hard tack—have been on the battlefield among the wounded, the faint and the bleeding, to give them nourishment—have gone over with a flag of truce the next day to help direct the burial of the dead—have struck up a tremendous friendship with a young Mississippi captain (about 19) that we took prisoner badly wounded at Fredericksburgh (he has followed me here, is in the Emory hospital here minus a leg—he wears his confederate uniform, proud as the devil—I met him first at Falmouth, in the Lacy house middle of December last, his leg just cut off, and cheered him up—poor boy, he has suffered a great deal, and still suffers—has eyes bright as a hawk, but face pale—our affection is an affair quite romantic[3]—sometimes when I lean over to say I am going, he puts his arms around my neck, draws my face down, etc., quite a scene for the New Bowery). I spent the Christmas holidays on the Rappahannock.—During January came up hither, took a lodging room here. Did the 37th Congress, especially the night sessions the last three weeks, explored the Capitol, meandering the gorgeous painted interminable Senate corridors, getting lost in them (a new sensation, rich and strong, that endless painted interior at night)—got very much interested in some particular cases in Hospitals here—go now steadily to

[1] From the *Evening Post*, New York, September 7, 1918, where it was published for the first time. It is reproduced here, for the benefit of readers to whom the *Evening Post* is inaccessible, by the kind permission of that journal and of Mr. Louis I. Haber, of New York, who owns the manuscript.

[2] *Cf. post*, pp. 37-41. [3] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. xlix–l; *post*, p. 96, note 4.

more or less of said Hospitals by day or night—find always the sick and dying soldiers forthwith begin to cling to me in a way that makes a fellow feel funny enough. These Hospitals, so different from all others—these thousands, and tens and twenties of thousands of American young men, badly wounded, all sorts of wounds, operated on, pallid with diarrhoea, languishing, dying with fever, pneumonia, etc., open a new world somehow to me, giving closer insights, new things, exploring deeper mines, than any yet, showing our humanity (I sometimes put myself in fancy in the cot, with typhoid, or under the knife) tried by terrible, fearfullest tests, probed deepest, the living soul's, the body's tragedies, bursting the petty bonds of art. To these, what are your dramas and poems, even the oldest and the fearfullest? Not old Greek mighty ones; where man contends with fate (and always yields)—not Virgil showing Dante on and on among the agonized and damned, approach what here I see and take part in. For here I see, not at intervals, but quite always, how certain man, our American man—how he holds himself cool and unquestioned master above all pains and bloody mutilations. It is immense, the best thing of all—nourishes me of all men. This then, what frightened us all so long. Why, it is put to flight with ignominy—a mere stuffed scarecrow of the fields. Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?

In the Patent Office, as I stood there one night, just off the cot-side of a dying soldier, in a large ward that had received the worst cases of Second Bull Run, Antietam, and Fredericksburgh, the surgeon, Dr. Stone (Horatio Stone the Sculptor) told me, of all who had died in that crowded ward the past six months, he had still to find the *first man* or *boy* who had met the approach of death with a single tremor or unmanly fear. But let me change the subject—I have given you screed enough about Death and the Hospitals—and too much—since I got started. Only I have some curious yarns I promise you my darlings and gossips, by word of mouth whene'er we meet.

Washington and its points I find bear a second and a third perusal, and doubtless many. My first impressions, architectural, etc., were not favorable; but upon the whole, the city, the spaces, buildings, etc., make no unfit emblem of our country, so far, so broadly planned, everything in plenty, money and materials staggering with plenty, but the fruit of the plans, the knit, the combination yet wanting—Determined to express

ourselves greatly in a Capitol but no fit Capitol yet here (time, associations, wanting I suppose) many a hiatus yet—many a thing to be taken down and done over again yet—perhaps an entire change of base—maybe a succession of changes.

Congress does not seize very hard upon me; I studied it and its members with curiosity, and long—much gab, great fear of public opinion, plenty of low business talent, but no masterful man in Congress (probably best so). I think well of the President. He has a face like a Hoosier Michael Angelo, so awful ugly it becomes beautiful, with its strange mouth, its deep cut, criss-cross lines, and its doughnut complexion.—My notion is too, that underneath his outside smutched mannerism, and stories from third-class county bar-rooms (it is his humor), Mr. Lincoln keeps a fountain of first-class practical telling wisdom. I do not dwell on the supposed failures of his government; he has shown, I sometimes think an almost supernatural tact in keeping the ship afloat at all, with head steady, not only not going down, and now certain not to, but with proud and resolute spirit, and flag flying in sight of the world, menacing and high as ever. I say never yet captain,[1] never ruler, had such a perplexing dangerous task as his, the past two years. I more and more rely upon his idiomatic western genius, careless of court dress or court decorum.

I am living here without much definite aim (except going to the hospitals)—yet I have quite a good time—I make some money by scribbling for the papers, and as copyist.[2] I have had (and have) thoughts of trying to get a clerkship or something, but I only try in a listless sort of a way, and of course do not succeed. I have strong letters of introduction from Mr. Emerson to Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase, but I have not presented them. I have seen Mr. Sumner several times anent my office hunting—he promised fair once—but he does not seem to be finally fascinated. I hire a bright little 3rd story front room, with service, etc., for $7 a month, dine in the same house (394 L St. a private house)—and remain yet much of the old vagabond that so gracefully becomes me. I miss you all, my darlings and gossips, Fred Gray, and Bloom and Rus-

[1] *Cf.* "O Captain, My Captain." It would seem that the poem was germinating in the mind of the poet for two years or more, requiring only Lincoln's tragic death to shock it into final form and utterance.

[2] Whitman had done copying before. Lain's Brooklyn Directory for 1860 gives: "Whitman, Walt, copyist."

sell and everybody. I wish you would all come here in a body —that would be divine (we would drink ale, which is here the best). My health, strength, personal beauty, etc., are, I am happy to inform you, without diminution, but on the contrary quite the reverse. I weigh full 220 pounds avoirdupois, yet still retain my usual perfect shape—a regular model. My beard, neck, etc., are woolier, fleecier,[1] whiteyer than ever. I wear army boots, with magnificent black morocco tops, the trousers put in, wherein shod and legged, confront I Virginia's deepest mud with supercilious eyes. The scenery around Washington is really fine, the Potomac a lordly river, the hills, woods, etc., all attractive. I poke about quite a good deal. Much of the weather here is from heaven—of late though, a stretch decidedly from the other point. To-night (for it is night about 10) I sit alone writing this epistle (which will doubtless devour you all with envy and admiration) in a room adjoining my own particular. A gentleman and his wife who occupy the two other apartments on this floor have gone to see Heron in "Medea"—have put their little child in bed and left me in charge. The little one is sleeping soundly there in the back room, and I (plagued with a cold in the head) sit here in the front by a good fire writing as aforesaid to my gossips and darlings. The evening is lonesome and still, I am entirely alone "Oh, Solitude where are the charms, etc."

Now you write to me good long letters, my own boys.

[1] *Cf.* the following anecdote, from the Brooklyn *Standard*, February 28, 1863:

WALT WHITMAN IN WASHINGTON.—A Washington correspondent of the *Times* thus speaks of an old acquaintance of the readers of the *Standard*, who it seems has roamed from Brooklyn to the "city of magnificent distances":

"Walter Whitman is here. He was robbed of $50 on his journey hither, and arrived in Washington, not aware that there was a man in town who knew him, without a five-cent note in his pocket. He soon found friends, however, and says, was made to forget his loss. But a funnier thing happened to him, too good to keep. You know there are Catholics enough down here this way to make quite an observance of Carnival season, in which people get up masked balls, and feel a little more at liberty to do any comical thing outside of a ball room. Friend Whitman has a very high color in his face, and his gray beard, which he never profanes with a razor, and does not strive to keep very smooth, stands out in a bunchy form over his face, not very unlike a layer of wool. Going along the street one evening, he had just passed two watchmen, when one of them called out to hold up. He stopped. The watchman came up and peered into his face, and changing his countenance into a satisfied expression, said, 'Excuse me. My comrade said *you had a mask on*. Excuse me. You know it's our business to look after such things.'

"'All right,' replied Walt, 'there are various kinds of masks worn now-a-days,' and moved on.

"Mr. Whitman is much engaged in the hospitals. He tells some interesting incidents of his attention to the invalid soldiers."

You, Bloom, give me your address particular, dear friend. Tell me Charles Russell's address, particular—also write me about Charles Chauncey. Tell me about everybody. For, dearest gossips, as the heart panteth, etc., so my soul after any and all sorts of items about you all. My darling, dearest boys, if I could be with you this hour, long enough to take only just three mild hot rums, before cool weather closes.

Friday Morning, 20th—I finish my letter in the office of Major Hapgood,[1] a paymaster, and a friend of mine. This is a large building filled with paymasters' offices, some thirty or forty or more. This room is up on the fifth floor (a most noble and broad view from my window) curious scenes around here—a continual stream of soldiers, officers, cripples, etc., some climbing wearily up the stairs. They seek their pay—and every hour, almost every minute, has its incident, its hitch, its romance, farce or tragedy. There are two paymasters in this room. A sentry at the street door, another halfway up the stairs, another at the chief clerk's door, all with muskets and bayonets—sometimes a great swarm, hundreds around the side walk in front waiting (everybody is waiting for something here). I take a pause, look up a couple of minutes from my pen and paper—see spread, off there the Potomac, very fine, nothing petty about it—the Washington monument, not half finished—the public grounds around it filled with ten thousand beeves on the hoof—to the left the Smithsonian with its brown turrets—to the right far across, Arlington Heights, the forts, eight or ten of them—then the long bridge, and down a ways but quite plain, the shipping of Alexandria. Opposite me, and in a stone throw is the Treasury Building, and below the bustle and life of Pennsylvania Avenue. I shall hasten with my letter, and then go forth and take a stroll down "the avenue" as they call it here.

Now you boys, don't you think I have done the handsome thing by writing this astoundingly magnificent letter—certainly the longest I ever wrote in my life. Fred, I wish you to present my best respects to your father, Bloom and all; one of these days we will meet, and make up for lost time, my dearest boys.

WALT.

Address me, care Major Hapgood, paymaster U. S. Army, Cor. 15th & F. St., Washington. How is Mullen? Give him

[1] It was for Major Hapgood that Whitman did the copying referred to (*infra*, II, p. 23).

my respects—How is Ben Knower? How the twinkling and temperate Towle? Remember me to them.

FROM WASHINGTON[1]

Military Anxieties—The Army of the Potomac—The Coming Session—The Wounded and the Hospitals—Our Armies Young—A Brooklyn Soldier's Death—A Sad Specimen Case—The Fifty-first New York.

Washington,
Monday Evening, Sept. 21, 1863.

WAITING AND SPECULATING

The result of the late perhaps still pending battle between Rosecrans and Bragg for the possession of Chattanooga keeps us on the anxious seat here just at present. Then besides, the great and rapid culminating drama around sea-beleagured Charlestown. And again besides, the movements of Meade at and below Culpepper and what his designs may be, and what the Army of the Potomac may have for its fortune next.

The Army of the Potomac! To me nobler and more heroic from its never-vanquished, unquenchable spirit, from its (I say) unequalled military vitality, though never once fed with a genuine victory to counterbalance its many sad losses—prouder army to-day, and somehow dearer to me, as, with gay heart and courage twenty times tried to the utmost, it pursues its course without the first palpitation of disheartenment, and through all its changes of commanders, (yet the same brave army still,) than armies of greatest *éclat*, and—better luck.

THE WEATHER—THE PRESIDENT

We are having magnificent weather here, now. To-day is brilliant, dry, cool, transparent, and the sky and clouds passing fine. The Potomac has a yellow cast, flowing down, from the late heavy rains. Rich green, and plenty of it, with the full verdure of our many trees, through all the streets and in the well-kept public grounds, and through this green the milky white of the national architecture.

As usual, I saw the President this morning where he dashed

[1]From the Brooklyn *Daily Union*, September 22, 1863.

along in his open barouche, coming in from his lodgings out of town. He rode in haste, and as the cavalry flew swiftly after him with their bare sabres upright, and the clank of accoutrements and noise of horses' hoofs, it made quite a show.

SIGNS OF NEXT SESSION

The coming session of Congress is already beginning to be indicated. Quite a good deal of house-building is in progress in one part of Washington and another. (And well they may build houses, considering the rents here now, the price of board, &c.)

Pennsylvania avenue looks unusually fine to-day. Of course it has not the character of Broadway, nor even your Fulton street, but it has a style of its own. Shoulder-straps, the crowds at hotels, strings of army wagons, the frequent patrols, &c., contribute their elements.

THE WOUNDED IN THE HOSPITALS

Again, and most copiously, the wounded and sick are arriving here—long trains of them, many from Pleasanton's cavalry fight of last Sunday week;[1] more from the general breaking up of the brigade and regimental hospitals down in front. Meade is indeed moving southward, somewhere, and moving light, leaving nothing behind him to need guard or detail. So, we get these sad consignments. One came in just after midnight, middle of last week, when I was present; some of the men with frightful wounds. Another came in yesterday; another last night. The hospitals here are crowding fast. Every day and every night I go among them; but the job is appalling! The routine demanded at these huge hospitals from the duties of surgeon, nurse, &c., is generally fulfilled up to the measure that might fairly be expected; then there remains ever a yawning and vacant chasm for these crowds of sick and dying young soldiers (for they are almost always young and far more American than is thought) of something still helplessly unsupplied. Sympathy, love, cheerfulness, friendship, &c., are the printable words that must be used; yet, O! how much deeper than words, even such words, lies the mysterious, the convulsive want I see every day or night in the expressions, the silent yet eloquent

[1] A fight between most of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, near Fredericksburg, Va., with Stuart's cavalry, who lost two guns, September 16, 1863.

faces, even the attitudes of the maimed forms of these thousands of brave and loving youngsters who lie on hospital cots, or hobble on crutches here around Washington!

THE ARMY YOUNG AND AMERICAN

I must give one short paragraph to that heading. Everywhere, as you visit camp, fort, hospital, wherever our military are collected, you see the truth of that sentence. Boys of 15, 16, 17, 18, are very common, middle-aged men rare. I had an idea before I left Brooklyn that our army had at least a large proportion of foreign born soldiers. What it has of that kind seems to me to amount to little or nothing.

BENJAMIN D. HOWELL, COMPANY D, 87TH NEW YORK, AGED 18

This is the name of one of Brooklyn's lost and dead. Like many others, his young life given for his country, his death unknown at the time, and his corpse never recovered. Folks in Brooklyn will recollect Colonel Abel Smith's raising the Eighty-seventh Volunteers in the fall of '61; and how he himself was prematurely killed by accident on a Western railroad. But the Eighty-seventh went out, and among the rest was the youth above-named, a son of Henry D. Howell, of the Navy Yard. Ben was a mere lad; was in Company D; was all through the McClellan campaign on the Peninsula (was in Kearney's Division); liked soldiering very well; wrote frequently home to his father and mother, till on the retreat his letters suddenly ceased and they have never had a word from him since.

As is now known he was taken sick, and from one place to another, finally to hospital at Yorktown, where the poor boy died in June, '62. But his parents home continued to hear all sorts of stories, and had all sorts of hopes and fears; thought he might be living, a prisoner in Richmond, &c.

Before long the Eighty-seventh was disbanded; part of it, men and officers, went into the Sixteenth Virginia, and are now in that regiment. Six months of uncertainty passed away, and Mr. Howell, the father, came on to Washington last spring, to see if he could get any certainty about the boy. He found that certainty; he found a soldier who saw the young man die at Yorktown.

I give this as a specimen of hundreds, nay, thousands of cases, all over the land. How many there are, even in Brooklyn; cases

of our young men who have died a soldier's death on the field, or elsewhere, and their corpses left forever undistinguished and unrecovered.

FIFTY-FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

I see that a couple of Brooklyn men, officers of this regiment, are now in your city, after conscripts to fill up the old war-worn 51st. I want to say a word about Capt. Sims and Lieut. McReady. I was down at camp at Fredericksburg last Winter, in Burnside's time, and was with these men. To Capt. Sims I am already under obligations for true soldierly courtesies. Fred. McReady I know to be as good a man as the war has received out of Brooklyn city. I will say more about the old 51st and its varied history, and its Brooklyn elements, another time.[1]

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON[2]

Our National City, After all, Has Some Big Points of Its Own—Its Suggestiveness To-day—The Figure of Liberty Over the Capitol—Scenes, Both Fixed and Panoramic—A Thought on Our Future Capital.

Washington, Thursday, Oct. 1, 1863.

It is doubtful whether justice has been done to Washington, D. C.; or rather, I should say, it is certain there are layers of originality, attraction, and even local grandeur and beauty here, quite unwritten, and even to the inhabitants unsuspected and unknown. Some are in the spot, soil, air and the magnificent amplitude in the laying out of the City. I continually enjoy these streets, planned on such a generous scale, stretching far, without stop or turn, giving the eye vistas. I feel freer, larger in them. Not the squeezed limits of Boston, New-York, or even Philadelphia; but royal plenty and nature's own bounty —American, prairie-like. It is worth writing a book about, this point alone. I often find it silently, curiously making up to me the absence of the ocean tumult of humanity I always enjoyed in New-York. Here, too, is largeness, in another more impalpable form; and I never walk Washington, day or night, without feeling its satisfaction.

[1] *Cf. post*, pp. 37–41.

[2] From the New York *Times*, Sunday, October 4, 1863.

Like all our cities, so far, this also, in its inner and outer channels, gives obedient reflex of European customs, standards, costumes, &c. There is the immortal black broadcloth coat, and there is the waiter standing behind the chair. But inside the costume, America can be traced in glimpses. Item, here an indolent largeness of spirit, quite native. No man minds his exact change. The vices here, the extravagancies, (and worse), are not without something redeeming; there is such a flowing hem, such a margin.

We all know the chorus: Washington, dusty, muddy, tiresome Washington is the most awful place, political and other; it is the rendezvous of the national universal axe-grinding, caucusing, and of our never-ending ballot-chosen shysters, and perennial smouchers, and windy bawlers from every quarter far and near. We learn, also, that there is no society, no art, in Washington; nothing of the elaborated high-life attractions of the charming capitals (for rich and morbid idlers) over sea. Truly this particular sort of charm is not in full blossom here; *n'importe*. Let those miss it who miss it (we have a sad set among our rich young men,[1]) and, if they will, go voyage over sea to find it. But there are man's studies, objects here, never more exhilirating ones. What themes, what fields this national city affords, this hour, for eyes of live heads, and for souls fit to feed upon them!

This city, this hour, in its material sights, and what they and it stand for, the point of the physical and moral America, the visible fact of this war, (how at last, after sleeping long as it may, one finds war ever-dearest fact to man, though most terrible, and only arbiter, after all said about the pen being mightier, &c.) This city, concentre to-day of the innauguration of the new adjustment of the civilized world's political power and geography, with vastest consequences of Presidential and Congressional action; things done here, these days, bearing on the status of man, long centuries; the spot and the hour here making history's basic materials and widest ramifications; the city of the armies of the good old cause, full of significant signs, surrounded with weapons and armaments on every hill as I look forth, and THE FLAG flying over all. The city that launches the direct laws, the imperial laws of American Union and Democracy, to be henceforth compelled, when needed, at the point of the bayonet and the muzzle of cannon—launched over

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 185.

continental areas, three millions of square miles, an empire large as Europe. The city of wounded and sick, city of hospitals, full of the sweetest, bravest children of time or lands; tens of thousands, wounded, bloody, amputated, burning with fever, blue with diarrhœa. The city of the wide Potomac, the queenly river, lined with softest, greenest hills and uplands. The city of Congress, with debates, agitations, (petty, if you please, but full of future fruit,) of chaotic formings; of Congress knowing not itself, as it sits there in its rooms of gold, knowing not the depths of consequence belonging to it, that lie below the scum and eructations of its surface.

But where am I running to? I meant to make a few observations of Washington on the surface.

THE DOME AND THE GENIUS

We are soon to see a thing accomplished here which I have often exercised my mind about, namely, the putting of the Genius of America away up there on the top of the dome of the Capitol. A few days ago, poking about there, eastern side, I found the Genius, all dismembered, scat ered on the ground, by the basement front—I suppose preparatory to being hoisted. This, however, cannot be done forthwith, as I know that an immense pedestal surmounting the dome, has yet to be finished—about eighty feet high—on which the Genius is to stand, (with her back to the city).

But I must say something about the dome. All the great effects of the Capitol reside in it. The effects of the Capitol are worth study, frequent and varied I find they grow upon one. I shall always identify Washington with that huge and delicate towering bulge of pure white, where it emerges calm and lofty from the hill, out of a dense mass of trees. There is no place in the city, or for miles and miles off, or down or up the river, but what you see this tiara-like dome quietly rising out of the foliage (one of the effects of first-class architecture is its serenity, its *aplomb*).

A vast eggshell, built of iron and glass, this dome—a beauteous bubble, caught and put in permanent form. I say a beauty and genuine success. I have to say the same, upon the whole, (after some qualms, may be,) with respect to the entire edifice. I mean the entire Capitol is a sufficient success, if we accept what is called architecture [of] the orthodox styles, (a

little mixed here,) and indulge them for our purposes until further notice.

The dome I praise with the aforesaid Genius, (when she gets up, which she probably will by the time next Congress meets,) will then aspire about three hundred feet above the surface. And then, remember that our National House is set upon a hill. I have stood over on the Virginia hills, west of the Potomac, or on the Maryland hills, east, and viewed the structure from all positions and distances; but I find myself, after all, very fond of getting somewhere near, somewhere within fifty or a hundred rods, and gazing long and long at the dome rising out of the mass of green umbrage, as aforementioned.

The dome is tiara or triple. The lower division is surrounded with a ring of columns, pretty close together. There is much ornament everywhere, but it is kept down by the uniform white; then lots of slender oval-topt windows. Ever as I look, especially when near, (I repeat it,) the dome is a beauty, large and bold. From the east side it shows immensely. I hear folks say it is too large. Not at all, to my eye. Some say, too, the columns front and rear of the Old Capitol part, there in the centre, are now so disproportionably slender by the enlargement, that they must be removed. I say no; let them stand. They have a pleasant beauty as they are; the eye will get accustomed to them, and approve them.

Of our Genius of America, a sort of compound of handsome Choctaw squaw with the well-known Liberty of Rome, (and the French revolution,) and a touch perhaps of Athenian Pallas, (but very faint,) it is to be further described as an extensive female, cast in bronze, with much drapery, especially ruffles. The Genius has for a year or two past been standing in the mud, west of the Capitol; I saw her there all Winter, looking very harmless and innocent, although holding a huge sword. For pictorial representation of the Genius, see any five-dollar United States greenback; for there she is at the left hand. But the artist has made her twenty times brighter in expression, &c., than the bronze Genius is.

I have curiosity to know the effect of this figure crowning the dome. The pieces, as I have said, are at present all separated, ready to be hoisted to their place. On the Capitol generally, much work remains to be done. I nearly forgot to say that I have grown so used to the sight, over the Capitol, of a certain huge derrick which has long surmounted the dome, swinging its

huge one-arm now south, now north, &c., that I believe I shall have a sneaking sorrow when they remove it and substitute the Genius. (I would not dare to say that there is something about this powerful, simple and obedient piece of machinery, so modern, so significant in many respects of our constructive nation and age, and even so poetical, that I have even balanced in my mind, how it would do to leave the rude and mighty derrick atop o' the Capitol there, as fitter emblem, may be, than Choctaw girl and Pallas.)

ARMY WAGONS AND AMBULANCES

Washington may be described as the city of army wagons also. These are on the go at all times, in all streets, and everywhere around here for many a mile. You see long trains of thirty, fifty, a hundred, and even two hundred. It seems as if they never would come to an end. The main thing is the transportation of food, forage, &c. Then the ambulances for wounded and sick, nearly as numerous. Then other varieties; there will be a procession of wagons, bright painted and white-topped, marked "Signal Train," each with a specific number, and over all a Captain or Director on horseback overseeing. When a train comes to a bad spot in the road this Captain reins in his horse and stands there till they all get safely by. If there is some laggard left behind, he will turn and gallop back to see what the matter is. He has a good riding horse, and you see him flying around busy enough.

Then there are the ambulances. These, indeed, are always going. Sometimes from the river, coming up through Seventh street, you can see a long, long string of them, slowly wending, each vehicle filled with sick or wounded soldiers, just brought up from the front from the region once down toward Falmouth, now out toward Warrenton. Again, from a boat that has just arrived, a load of our paroled men from the Southern prisons, *via* Fortress Monroe. Many of these will be fearfully sick and ghastly from their treatment at Richmond, &c. Hundreds, though originally young and strong men, never recuperate again from their experience in these Southern prisons.

The ambulances are, of course, the most melancholy part of the army-wagon panorama that one sees everywhere here. You mark the forms huddled on the bottom of these wagons; you mark yellow and emaciated faces. Some are supporting

others. I constantly see instances of tenderness in this way from the wounded to those worse wounded.

Then some smaller train of military wagons will be labeled "Officers' supplies." The magic initials U.S.A. are, of course, common. The regimental wagons have their regiment's number also lettered on them. There are generally four horses or mules, and the wagons are mostly covered with strong canvas. The drivers and teamsters sleep in them. They live a wild, hard life. Some of these teamsters are very handsome, vagabondish and picturesque. I go among them in their camps occasionally, and to their hospitals, for there are two or three here. In some respects I have found them the most interesting of the hospitals. Many of the teamsters are invalid soldiers.

The Transportation Department of the War-office is an immense branch. Few outsiders realize the countless wagons of all kinds, with more countless horse and mules, now owned and in the service of the Government for our campaigns. Few realize the great army of drivers and teamsters. These number tens of thousands. As a general thing they are left much to themselves, although ostensibly under military discipline. As to the ambulance and the driver thereof, they have become an institution. In Washington and all the war region you see them everywhere, and, indeed, gradually through other places. Every army has its hundreds; every post, every officer of rank here, every hospital, every headquarters and every State agency is continually employing them and wanting more. To-day here they far outnumber all the other vehicles in the city.

FIRST-CLASS DAYLIGHT

As an item I feel to note something peculiarly intense and beautiful here in the quality of the daylight. The forenoon I indite this particular paragraph, (Aug. 31,) I have been wandering all around, quite smitten with the superb clearness, luxuriance, brilliancy, yet perfect softness, of the atmosphere and light. I have noticed it generally for months, but this forenoon set myself to give it particular attention. I know the effects of atmosphere and sky very well at New-York and Long Island, but there is something here that outvies them. It is very pure and very gorgeous. Somehow richer, more liberal, more copious of strength than in the North.

Then the trees and their dark and glistening verdure play their part. Washington, being full of great white architecture, takes through the Summer a prevailing color-effect of white and green. I find this everywhere, and very pleasing to my sight. So, seen freed from dust, as of late, and with let up from that unprecedented August heat, I say I find atmospheric results of marked individuality and perfection here, beyond Northern, Western, and farther Southern cities. (Our writers, writing, may pen as much as they please of Italian light, and of Rome and Athens. But this city, even in the crude state it is to-day, with its buildings of to-day, with its ample river and its streets, with the effects above noted, to say nothing of what it all represents, is of course greater, materially and morally, to-day than ever Rome or Athens.)

OUR COUNTRY'S PERMANENT CAPITAL

Yet, a gloomy and ominous shape sits back there in the shade. It seems strange that one never meets here, in the people's talk of deeds, any consciousness of Washington's one day necessarily ceasing to be the Capital of the Union. None sees that the locale of America's Government must be permanently founded far West before many years. I say I never hear this alluded to here. Everything proceeds irrespective of it. Costly and large additions are this day being made to most of the public buildings—especially the Treasury—and the prices of real estate are kept up at high and advancing rates. So much architecture and outlay—and must all indeed be lost? A handsome and stately city, designed for a future it may never see; admirable in plan, only time and filling up needed. Yet, its fate would seem stern, certain, relentless. How can the prairie America, the boundless and teeming West, the region of the Mississippi, the California, Idaho and Colorado regions (two-thirds of our territory lies west of the Mississippi River) be content to have its Government lop-sided over on the Atlantic, far, far from itself—the trunk, the real genuine America? How long before the change, the abandonment, will be proposed, nay, demanded? When demanded in earnest who can gainsay it? Will that territorial, productive and populous two-thirds west of the Great River, with half the remaining one-third along its eastern line, not prove certainly potential over the Atlantic thin strip—commercial, financial, with European proclivities—

whose nerves concentrate in Washington? There are questions necessarily affecting this question deeper still; after the war what new combinations? Given the changes of Capital twenty, forty years hence, where the new one located? In the tongue formed by the Missouri and Mississippi? In Kansas? Nebraska? Illinois? Missouri?

A SUNSET VIEW OF THE CITY

In my walks I never cease finding new effects and pictures, and I believe it would continue so if I went rambling around here for fifty years. The city being on a great V, and the shores back with large and small hills up and down without end, and Georgetown with elevated grounds that overtop all from the upper end. You can go on looking forever, and never hit the same combination in two places.

I often watch the city and environs from the roof of an elevated building near the Treasury. Perhaps it is sunset. Sweep the eye around now on the scene. The dazzle of red and gold from over Virginia heights there, west, is thrown across full upon us. Turning, we see the dome of the Capitol lifting itself so calmly, southeast, there, with windows yellow-red. Not far below, the sombre-brown Smithsonian stands in the midst of shadows. Due east of us the severe and noble architecture of the Patent Office takes the last rich flood of the sun. The mist grows murky over in distance on the Maryland side. Northward the white barracks of the hospitals, and on a hill the Soldiers' Home; southward the queenly Patomac, and the trailing smoke of a single steamer moving up this side the Long Bridge. Further down, the dim masts of Alexandria. Quite near again, the half-monument of the first President. Off far again, just visible, southeast, the low turrets of the United States Insane Asylum, on the Maryland side. But the day is fading fast.

In the street below me a long string of army wagons defiling along Fifteenth-street, and around into Pennsylvania-avenue. White canvas coverings arch them over, and each wagon has its six-mule team. The teamsters are some of them walking along the sides of the mules, with gads in their hands. Then I notice in the half-light squads of the Provost Guard. Then a galloping cavalry company, in their yellow-braided jackets.

FIFTY-FIRST NEW-YORK CITY VETERANS[1]

Our Old Companions—Three Years of Genuine Service—Twelve Thousand Miles Traveled, Fifteen States Marched Over—Battles Everywhere—Roanoke, Newbern, Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburgh, Vicksburgh, Jackson, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburgh.

THIS war-worn old city regiment, whose first three years have expired, is now just entering a new term, under peculiar circumstances, with most of its command in captivity, and the remnant in camp south of Petersburgh, near Poplar Grove Church. Our readers will remember that the main body of the Fifty-first, officers and men, had the misfortune to be taken by the rebels, Sept. 30, on the extreme left, on or very near the very ground we now hold. Casual mention of them has been made in the correspondence from the front the last few days; but their career has been too marked a one, and must be run over from the beginning.

The Fifty-first New-York Volunteers are a part of the Second Division of the Ninth Corps, were recruited in New-York and Brooklyn cities in the Summer of 1861; were known as the "Shepard Rifles," (from ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, a valued friend of the regiment,[2]) and started from here in October, '61, under Colonel, now Gen. FERRERO, as part of BURNSIDE's North Carolina Expedition. After a dangerous sea-voyage, they were first under fire at Roanoke, February, 1862; fought with spirit and coolness from the first, and the next month were in the battle of Newbern; in these engagements losing, in killed and wounded, some twelve officers and one hundred and fifty men. (The Fifty-first has always lost heavily in officers.)

Ordered North in July, the regiment (we skip rapidly over many of its journeys, stoppages, and even some of its fights,

[1] From the New York *Times*, October 29, 1864.

Cf. "Complete Prose," p. 71, and "With Walt Whitman in Camden," III, p. 292.

Although this letter is without his signature (probably because of the laudatory mention it contains of George Whitman), it is certainly Whitman's. The article in the *Union* (see *infra*, II, p. 29) had promised just such a letter; the references at the end of the present communication show that it was written by some one close to, if not a member of, the Whitman family; the article, cut from the *Times*, was found, after Whitman's death, in a collection of his news letters with the date of publication marked on it in his own handwriting; and, finally, parts of the material used here are to be found in one of his notebooks dating back to the period.

[2] He was instrumental in organizing, equipping, and transporting to the field nearly 50,000 troops.

as space forbids describing them,) took active part in the second Bull Run. In the battle the second day, Aug. 30, they rendered important service in defending our artillery and trains on the retreat, and saving them. The regiment lost ninety-two men in this fight. Col. FERRERO having been promoted, Lieut.-Col. R. B. POTTER was now commissioned as Colonel.

Pretty soon followed the battle of Chantilly, which was fought in a heavy rain. Soon again the night engagement at South Mountain. In these they lost 35 men. A few days subsequently found them in the thickest at Antietam, (Sept. 17, 1862,) charging the well-known and hard-contested stone bridge. Several efforts to get the bridge had proved futile, when about 1 o'clock, according to orders, Col. POTTER led the attack, with the cry of "Charge the bridge." It was taken after a sharp conflict. The regiment lost 100 men here. The Fifty-first Pennsylvania, same brigade, deserve equal mention in taking the bridge.

Their campaign in all the latter [part] of this Summer, and during the Fall and early Winter, made the regiment hardened soldiers. They were on the march, fighting, advancing or retreating, for nearly four months, with seldom any intermission. It was life on the bivouac in earnest, sleeping on the ground where night overtook them, and up and on again the next day, with battle or pursuit every week, and often men falling by the road from utter exhaustion. Thus they promenaded, by rapid marches, amid heat, dust, rain or snow, crossing mountains, fording rivers, &c., often without food to eat or water to drink, all those parts of Stafford, Culpepper, Prince William, Fairfax, Fauquier, Loudon [Loudoun], and the other counties in Virginia; and of Frederick and Washington counties in Northwestern Maryland, which formed the field of the eventful contest of that period.

Bringing up again on the Rappahannock, near Falmouth, next follows the sanguinary engagement of first Fredericksburgh, (Dec. 13, 1862,) where the regiment lost heavily. By this time, indeed, their 1,100 to 1,200 men, (counting recruits since they came out,) had been pretty well exhausted; only about 150 to 200 remaining for duty.

Breaking camp on the Rappahannock during the Winter, the latter part of February, 1863, found the regiment encamped at Newport's News, and the next month moving by way

of Baltimore, and thence to Pittsburgh, Penn., (where the ladies gave them a first-rate dinner,) and so through Columbus, Cincinnati, &c., down into Kentucky, which at that time, and during April and May, 1863, was threatened by rebel invasion.

June and July, 1863, found the Fifty-first in the forces under Gen. GRANT, operating against Vicksburgh. On the fall of that stronghold they were pushed off under SHERMAN as part of a small army toward Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. This was a tough little campaign. The drought and excessive heat, the dust everywhere two or three inches thick, fine as flour, rising in heavy clouds day after day as they marched, obscuring everything and making it difficult to breathe, will long be remembered. The Fifty-first was the second regiment entering Jackson at its capture, July 17, 1863.

Following this they were in active service in Kentucky and Tennessee, (we still omit, on account of space, many movements and operations,) till the regiment, what there was left of it, quite altogether reënlisting, returned to New-York on thirty days' furlough. Rendezvousing after this (March, 1864,) at Annapolis, and now filled up with new men to about their original complement, they again saw the Southwest as far as Nashville, Chattanooga, Knoxville, &c., whence they were rapidly returned to join the rest of the Ninth Corps, and make junction toward Brandy Station and Culpepper with the Army of the Potomac.

Thence through the past Summer, all through the sanguinary, resolute and most glorious campaign of GRANT from the Rapidan to the James, and so to the Weldon Railroad region, the Fifty-first have been active participants. In the mortal contests of the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, in May, they lost heavily. In one of the former, Col. LE GENDRE was wounded, the bones of the face broken and an eye destroyed. (R. B. POTTER, former Colonel, was now division General.) At Cold Harbor they came near being flanked and taken, but got off by bold movements and fighting, with the loss of sixteen men. In brief, almost every week this pending campaign has seen a funeral in New York or Brooklyn of some officer or man of the Fifty-first, their bodies being forwarded to friends. Not an original officer remains. Most of the officers have been promoted from the ranks. The regiment has, indeed, had some three or four crops of officers.

In the advance at the mine explosion before Petersburgh, July 20, the Fifty-first lost, among others, Capt. SAMUEL H. SIMS, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel, a much-beloved officer, killed instantly. A day or two afterward, Lieut. CHARLES BUNKER was killed. The fight of July 30 was a hard one, the enemy enfilading our men and placing the Fifty-first in great danger. Maj. J. G. WRIGHT, commanding, was injured by a solid shot and taken to the rear. During the rest of the engagement the command devolved upon Capt. GEORGE W. WHITMAN, who was subsequently specially mentioned in the official report of the affair for this and a previous long career of skill and courage as a soldier.

Finally in an engagement (the papers have called it battle of Poplar Grove,) on the extreme left, toward the evening of the 30th of September, the Fifty-first had the bad luck to be captured almost entire. Our men, in considerable strength, (two divisions Ninth Corps, and two Fifth Corps, with some cavalry,) stretched out in the forenoon from the left, intending an endeavor toward the southerly of the two railroads running from the enemy's region directly to Burkesville [Burkeville]. We met with some success at first at PEEBLE's farm, but about five o'clock in the afternoon the Second Division, Ninth Corps, in advance, encountered strong rebel works on an acclivity, up which they attempted to press, but were repulsed. The secesh troops, being reinforced and sallying down, in turn attacked us. Their charge was vehement, and caused that part of our force on the right of the Fifty-first to give way, whereupon the enemy rapidly throwing a powerful flanking column through the gap this made, completed the disaster by cutting off the Fifty-first and some other troops, who formed the extreme left, and after a sharp tussel capturing them, under circumstances honorable to the regiment. There were ten companies captured, of from 30 to 40 men each, and the following officers: Maj. John G. Wright, Acting Colonel; Capt. George W. Whitman, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel; Lieut. Frank Butler, wounded; Lieuts. S. M. Pooley, W. T. Ackerson, J. Carberry, H. Groenomeyer, [Frederick E.?][1] Waldron, W. Caldwell, J. Loghran, Martin [Bradtley?],[1] C. W. Hoyme, P. H. Sims, and Acting Adjutant S. J. Murden. Thomas Farmer, Acting Lieutenant, wounded, was taken, but was exchanged. About half the Lieutenants named above were acting officers, not commissioned. There is a remnant of the Fifty-

[1] Copy of *Times* torn here.

first still in the field, in camp near Poplar Grove Church, though but a small number, and what officers are left we do not know, except Wm. E. Babcock and also Lieut. F. B. McReady, wounded badly at Wilderness, partially recovered, but preferring to return to service. Capt C. W. Walton, we hear, escaped capture. Daniel Delamy, Acting Sergeant-Major, was captured.

We have, of course, only given a broken outline of the regiment, its history, officers and men, with many omissions. Col. Le Gendre (disabled May 5, and lingering long with his wounds,) has lately resigned. Capt. Wright, served three years, has just been mustered out of service. As we compile this account, it is just three years since the regiment originally left New-York. We should mention that the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania suffered badly at the fight of Sept. 30; also the Twenty-first Massachusetts (an old and brave comrade regiment of the Fifty-first, and to whom most all the foregoing account of marches will apply,) also the Seventh Rhode Island. Capt. Whitman has been heard from since by his relatives in Brooklyn, by letter written in a rebel prison at Petersburgh by him a few days after the capture; he was well and Lieut. Pooley was with him.

Thus the first three years of the Fifty-first are up. During that time they have sailed the Atlantic through the heaviest storms, (lost several of their men at sea) trod the sands of the Southern Coast and fought upon them, repeatedly marched and fought over the entire seat of war in Northwestern Maryland and Eastern Virginia, campaigned in most parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, been up and down fifteen States, active participants in more than twenty general engagements and sieges of strongholds, and twice that number of fights, skirmishes, and expeditions of the second or third class, traveled over twelve thousand miles, been under Burnside, Pope, McClellan, McDowell, Meade, Sherman, and Grant, and made a good honest expenditure in the war of some two thousand men, counting the men and officers now in captivity.

All honor and reverence to these, and to all our old campaigners! They are not forgotten, whether in captivity or in camp, or whatever has befallen them. Thousands, aye, millions, of hearts, are turning to them night and day wherever they are.

HALLS OF GOLD AND LILAC[1]

The Near-at-Hand Session—An Off-Hand Portrait of Our National Capital—Its Interior During a Night Debate.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Graphic*)

Washington, 1873.—Room for the Forty-third Congress! Approaching (and many already here), the makers of the national laws and of the all-important rules of finance and commerce and taxation will soon formally convene in their great Rooms of Lilac and Gold. The close-at-hand session of 1873-4 is being prepared for, and there are fresh carpets, new and more numerous desks, and an active army of painters, carpenters, and upholsterers, raising dust and noise, and making ready, or rather finishing up, in every part of the grand edifice.

The spectacle is a significant one. From busy New England, with its factories, fisheries, teeming villages and towns; from the wealthy and populous Empire State; from Pennsylvania, regions of iron and coal and oil; from Ohio and the Prairie States, and the states that the large lakes lave; from Missouri and Kansas; from California and the broad lands toward the Western shore; and from Virginia, Tennessee, and Texas, and the regions of cotton and sugar; from all the far and separate parts and localities—Atlantic, Pacific, the Mississippi Valley, and so down to the Mexican Gulf—come wending their way to Capitol Hill the Representatives of the People, and the Senators of this peerless Republic of ours, now approaching, in all majesty and prosperity, the centennial of its birth and growth.

And while interest and attention are so generally directed to the forthcoming session of Congress (intensified by the Cuban news and the financial problems), and while there are so many readers to whom an off-hand description of the current scenes of the National Edifice would be new and opportune, we feel sure the following portraiture of some of these scenes, and of the great Hall of the Capitol, and a characteristic debate in it, will be acceptable to all. Our object is to take the reader, as it were, personally with us (never minding the wet night), ascend the steps, and, out of the infinite and varied shows which are always to be offered by a longer or shorter session of the Houses, select

[1] From the *Daily Graphic* (New York), November 24, 1873, Vol. III, p. 157.

one occupying from two to three hours, the view of which, as we present it, will give a fair inkling both of the building and the methods of legislation.

Of all who visit Washington probably nine-tenths go away without ever getting at the real character and points of the public buildings. The Capitol

MUST BE SEEN AT NIGHT, WELL LIT UP.

He or she who has not so seen it has not fully seen it at all. It may also be said that the most characteristic session of the Representatives is one of those meetings which occur toward the end of the session, continued after dark, on some important, well-contested topic. Very different are they from the dull and prosy day sessions. Then everything jumps; the speeches are short and sharp; every eye is on the watch, and the place is full of nerve and magnetism. It is, therefore, to such a night session and such a debate in the past that we invite the reader to accompany us.

All parts of the Capitol—rotunda, corridors, stairways, with the House and Senate Chambers, and the basement story below—look superbly when brilliantly lit up—very different from their dim appearance by day. They all need a good deal of minute study. By day the largest proportion of the interior work is lost, being in places where it is too dark to see its fine design and finish and surpassing beauty of color. It is in this latter particular of color that the interiors of the Capitol get their best effects. Plentiful gas light has a magical result upon all. Think of the difference in a theatre and all its scenery whether you view it by night or by day; only *here* everything is perfect and genuine work and material, and no sham.

THE FLAG (AS NEVER SEEN BEFORE).

Passing down Pennsylvania avenue and entering the Capitol grounds, the first thing that strikes one is *the Flag*, beautiful and spiritual, up aloft there, out of the darkness, floating lovely as a dream, translucent the red stripes, with the spangled blue and white stars illuminated, delicate, very singular and clear, while all below is a mass of shade. Our Flag looks well anywhere, but it is never seen to more advantage than beaming there in the darkness, as if emanating its own light above the great dusky outlines of the architecture of the Capitol.

We ascend the steps. Take it leisurely, for there are several long flights. The Rotunda makes a fine show to-night. There are groups of people around the old pictures in the panels. The dome towers in its unsurpassedly perfect proportions, and you stop to look at the American mythology frescoed on the ceiling.

You pass along through the old hall of the House of Representatives—now beginning to be peopled with statues, surrounded by the heavy columns of mottled marble, and overlooked by a colossal and helmeted Liberty—and entering the new South Wing of the building another generation makes itself at once apparent. You first notice the pavements you are treading on, encaustic tiles, pottery, in colors burnt in—cream, gray, dun, blue, yellow, &c., with figures, expanding leaves, centre-pieces, tessellations—very beautiful—all through the passages. You scan the great window and door frames of bronze, and stair-railings leading below, and chandeliers, and broad marble balustrades, either pure white or flecked with salmon hues or chocolate or pale blue.

THE SOUTHWEST STAIRCASE

You stand a long while to look at the superb and massive staircase that ascends to the gallery of the House of Representatives, and a longer while at Emanuel Leutze's great painting in fresco up there on the wall, intended to illustrate the idea, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way"[1] (an emigrant train on the ridges of the Rocky Mountains). You view both staircase and picture from many points, and feel that you will have to come again to really absorb them. You look up and you look down, and realize that here is real grandeur, real architecture, real art, and that, altogether, it is about as much as you can hold for the nonce. Take in well this spot—the marble, the fresco, the mass of colors, the great balustrade, the polish, the spaciousness and finish, the forms so free, the imperial lines and curves, for you will never meet their superiors.

As before said, we cannot better give that specimen sample which probably best illustrates life in the huge White Palace on Capitol Hill than by furnishing our readers, as we now proceed to do, with a running pen-and-ink sketch (taken on the spot) of

A BUSY NIGHT SESSION

in the House of Representatives, towards the close of a late

[1] John Quincy Adam's "Oration at Plymouth," 1802.

Congress, comprising a hot debate on the proposed Internal Revenue Tax bill. The House had resolved itself into Commitee of the Whole on Amendments, to get the bill into shape. Of course the friends of the various interests and products represented in different sections are all on the alert, as great pecuniary values are at stake. (All comes back at last to products and taxes.) The speeches are strictly limited to ten minutes—or perhaps five—and the bang of the gavel-hammer, at the verge of the instant, comes down sometimes with ludicrous effect. Honorable members are remorselessly chopped right in two. Copies of the bill, its white quarto pages spread wide open, are to be seen on the desks of all of the members, and are often and anxiously scanned. In the gallery also many of the visitors have these *livraisons*, the leaves of which they sometimes all turn over together, with a general and peculiar rustling. The whole spectacle soon gets to be interesting and even exciting. In fact, the stimulus and magnetism of a whole session are concentrated in the meetings of the last ten days, and especially those at night.

THE GREAT HALL AND DEBATE.

We have entered from the upper lobby, through noiseless doors, opened for us by silent door-keepers. We are, in our part, in shadow, up at one end of the gallery of a vast and perfectly proportioned square room, here at night yet more resplendent than day, while not a light is visible. (It comes from the roof, through ground glass.) At a guess for size, we should judge the room to be 120 feet long, 100 wide, and 45 high. But the light—such plentiful, strong floods, yet so soft! The galleries around us are full—the men's gallery a jam. As we look all around and drink in the spectacle, we have a satisfied sense of color—gold, violet, drab, and so on. Over the Speaker's seat are crossed two American flags, span new, and rather garish. (Couldn't they find some old battle-flags to put there that had associations?) On one side is a full-length picture of Washington, and on the other of Lafayette.

As we said, the Tax bill and its internal revenue provisions are under discussion in short, limited speeches. Things are noisy and colloquial. Amid the din we hear the acting Chairman mumble rapidly about an amendment to an amendment, &c. A middle-aged acting clerk, doubtless one of the best fellows in the world, but with a voice like a horse, reads away what the

members send up to him by the nimble-footed pages—their amendments, additions, &c.

But, leaving amendments and clerk and Chairman, we are drawn, fascinated, to give our first attention to the room and its fitments. Is it not most rich and spacious? Look at the panels, the frames, the color (here break in some timid Ayes, and then a long, rolling storm of No-o!) Off up in the galleries, especially the further corners, deep, relieving shadows—(the gentleman from Vermont)—there, down below a great chatter and confusion: the green doors with white knobs, as they continually and noiselessly open, evidently lead to all sorts of richly furnished apartments, for the luxurious use of the members. (More thin Ayes and another tempest of Noes.)

The ceiling overhead attracts us, full of burnished and dead gilt, inside an area of panels of astral glass, the outside panels opaque, gilt, carved, and with drooping, heavy knobs. (Bang! bang! bang! from the acting Chairman's hammer.) Look you, a member is speaking there, his left hand holding the big printed Tax bill, his right hand in his trousers-pocket. Everybody flies to reading or talking with some friend. The member is evidently a bore. (Item—We do hardly seem to see a single specimen of first-class personal presence.)

Tints and colors—yes, they are highly successful here. Gilt, lilac, pale rose, white, more gilt, panels of silver gray, splendid bronze door frames—(Mr. Chairman, I move, &c.)—delicate blues in lines, especially over the doors, occasionally some rare woodwork, and truly prodigal, perfect workmanship, needing the study of months to get at it. Even yet much of the best work can't be seen anywhere—it is quite in the dark. Material and workmanship, however, indifferent whether they are seen or not, there they are, and unexcelled.

Look up overhead—we count forty-five broad, white panels, set in the roof in astral glass as aforesaid. (Mr. Speaker, I oppose the amendment, &c.) On thirty-six of these panels are the coats of arms of the States. Anon our eyes fall quickly to the floor. There is a disputed vote. (Gentlemen will please rise and stand till they are counted.) What is the amendment to be voted on? It is very loudly and monotonously read by the horse-voiced acting clerk. (Should I be compelled to sit two consecutive hours under that voice I should become a raving and irrepressible lunatic.)

Now the honorable member from somewhere launches forth

in a speech—the matter good, the manner, the elocution, stiff as cast iron, melodious as chalk. We turn away—we look around again, and up again; we should never tire of looking at this harmonious-colored and perfect-shaped room. We thought the round, the oval, beautiful—but we see the square is just as beautiful. (Bang goes the hammer—Cast-iron sits down.)

The light—it, too, we cannot cease returning to and observing, it falls so freely, so brightly—(The gentleman from Illinois) —it bathes the delicate cream and lilac panels—(clap-clap of hands, calling a page)—and shows to advantage the gold coloring and the occasional blue. (A thunder-cry of Noes, louder than ever. Now a great vehemence and some sternness on the part of the acting Speaker, and the members a little refractory.)

Come, we begin to enter into the spirit of this business. A new experience, and we like it. Now the Members are called upon to pass between tellers, as between two human gate-posts, dressed in black. The matter is more than we were thinking. We are in for a first-class modern, American, really representative debate and legislative scene—better than all those schoolbook orations after the classical models. Here, to-night, no poetry, no sentiment—but internal taxes, very real and live.

See, for instance, what is going on there: the members come up to the voting by tellers—swarm in the Speaker's area like the hiving of bees. As an offset to the gay colors and lights, every soul there appears to be dressed in black. Even the heads are but few of them gray—not one in six. Our legislators are younger than we thought.

Yes, things are animated; the gentleman withdraws his amendment, and the clerk, resuming, reads more items. A member from Missouri jumps up, consumes his appointed career of five or ten minutes—bang! down goes Missouri. And so the changing dance and tunes proceed. We find them very interesting. Are you not glad you came, for all the dark, wet night? Great is the Tax bill; great are revenues and the differences between high and low per cents. Aye, aye; the bees are buzzing. Everybody is interested—everybody screams for or against something.

Nor sharp and sordid alone is all the scene, but with a certain grandeur, after its kind. The day of what was once the fit

eloquence for legislative halls has perhaps gone. Here come the Ways and Means, with the gentleman from Pennsylvania as spokesman. This is the age of practical committees, and our eloquence and debates all have reference to them.

And, besides, we must not be too severe with the legislative politicians. We were listening to Congress often before, and thought the members painfully deficient. But we see now one must dive far deeper and stay longer here, as elsewhere, when he wants to get at real judgment. Even Congresses are pretty capable, when it comes to an emergency; in fact, about as good as they can be.

The pages gape—late is the hour—the galleries begin to thin; some member asks the Chairman a question; the answer is colloquial and free, but appropriate; the light still pours, pours, without flagging; the low, base undertone of hubbub also continues, the clap-clap of hands, calling pages—(the poor little fellows try hard to run with nimble feet)—here and there members idly reading—some put their legs up, cross them over the desks, exhibiting muddy boots; the mumble, mumble of voices; the varied stream of debate; tellers again demanded; again the bees hive around the Speaker's area—plenty of eagerness when the vote comes, plenty of electricity.

Then, as to the personal appearance of the members. Why are so few of them fat and jolly? A look of anxiousness and of pallor or hectic strikes you on all sides. Every one—perhaps it is the occasion—appears to have something on his mind. Intensity, or some diminutive of it, is the word, the quality, you think of for them. Leanness and worriment are here in human forms. The room, the fitments, the colors, the floods of light—all make a scene of unsurpassed beauty and luxury. But the loftier luxury and beauty of the manly person, in full and fine physique—must I say that it is lacking here?

Now the House rises from Committee. The genuine Speaker resumes his chair. (He had been resting and unbending himself on the floor, moving around and making speeches, taking his chances with the crowd.) Voting in sections is called for, and now begins. Things are still more lively. Shrill voices and calls continue to be heard from every side. It takes a steady and alert brain to keep track of the motions and amendments. It has come to be midnight and after. Most of the spectators have left the galleries. I, too, make exit (at one o'clock in the morning) with the remainder of the crowd. I

heard some complaining how dry and dull it all was. But I can say I found it not only suggestive but enchanting.

(In another sketch, in a day or two, we will portray, off-hand, the North Wing of the Capitol, and the Senate Chamber and Session.—W. W.)

SILVER AND SALMON-TINT[1]

The Capitol—The Senate Chamber—The Supreme Court Room—Night Scenes in the North Wing.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Graphic*)

Washington, 1873.—In the Senate wing the effects are more sobered and kept down. Plain white marble prevails, and the walls and tessellated pavements are severer in color. There is less ornamentation and sculpture. Of the latter you will, however, notice a good bust of Taney and a statue of Hamilton; and at the divide of the northwest stairway is a large and very spirited picture of a battle in the Mexican war. (Not a vestige, not a picture or print, not a flag, anywhere through the Capitol, of our own civil war—which is, of course, as it should be.) It will be observed that there is more of a hush and sedateness here, even in the crowd, than in the other end of the Capitol.

THE SUPREME COURT ROOM.

But there is one spot we must go back to. In our passage from the Rotunda to this North Wing, if we turn to the right, we get admittance to a dingy, heavily curtained, not large room, with high ceilings, in which the Supreme Court of the United States is now holding its usual fall session. From this quiet and unsensational locality issue decisions and decrees often more permanently important than the laws of Congress, or the action of the President and all his Cabinet. It is a very unpretensive room, with ancient style and upholstery, and a marked contrast to the brightness and color of the rest of the Capitol. It is so dingy that the gas is frequently lit up during the day, giving a weird look to all, especially to the row of judges there in the shade, dressed in voluminous black gowns, and seated on their high, long seat. This room, just as it is, forms in some respects perhaps the most historical spot, for its

[1] From the *Daily Graphic*, November 29, 1873, Vol. III, p. 189.

associations, of any in the United States. It is the old Senate Chamber. Here the giants of past years wrestled. Here contended the strongest brains and will of our history, and here some of the deepest problems were ciphered out and settled. The voices (I have heard nearly all of them) of Calhoun, Benton, Silas Wright, Clay, Webster, Van Buren, Houston, Seward, and of the just deceased John P. Hale, echoed, in their best efforts, from these walls. Here was the tug about the famous Removal of the Deposits, and here the fight over the expugning resolution anent of Old Hickory.

A light and wide corridor (passing by certain flimsy stands where Indian bead-work, photographs, and other incongruous articles are offered for sale) leads to the public vestibule of the Senate—a spacious and handsome apartment, with no stronger guard at the main door than a couple of mild-voiced old men.

THE SENATE HALL,

which we view from the gallery—having passed around and ascended to the upper floor—is generally like the Hall of Representatives, and, though much smaller and considerably toned down, is still a rich-looking and majestic room. It, too, is lighted from the top. Not a window is visible anywhere. But it is now splendidly illuminated; for our visit here, too, is at night—the last night of a session. As in the other hall, some of the finest work is up overhead or back in the interior of the partitions. Look at the profusion of satinwood, the bronze door-frames, the ponderous and ornate cornices on the roof, the fine designs and massive drops. See from the twenty-one great panels of glass up there how the oceans of pure light pour down—that ever limitless, splendid, wondrous light! such as the artist's sense loves—and itself a rare and sufficient treat here if there were nothing else. For here too, though subdued, is the feast of color. Turner ought to have come here. A prevailing effect is of silvers, blue-grays, and salmon hues, with now and then pale yellows, chastened everywhere with white, with moderate dabs of red on the carpet and the same rich color for the small-sized but numerous cloth-doors inside, which are attended by silent, mummy-looking persons, who open and shut them noiselessly.

It is, indeed, the last night of the session, and the galleries are all jammed. Even the diplomatic stalls, usually so sparse, are now quite full. In the Reporters' Gallery every seat is

occupied, and pens and pencils ply nimbly. The Ladies' Gallery (equality of women here anyhow, for in each of the two great halls of the Capitol it is about as large as the Men's) makes a fine show; the light pours down upon the rich dresses, bonnets, furs, with an occasional flash of diamonds. There down below are the Senators—Hamlin, Sumner, Roscoe Conkling, Sherman, Cameron, Sprague, and the rest—at their desks, ranged in semicircle or horsehoe shape.

At the red doors stand numerous keepers and officers, and the young pages run hither and yon with nimble and noiseless feet.

One of the reading-clerks, a thin, smallish, bird-faced man, drones—(perhaps the subject will have it so)—drones away over the interminable items of the Appropriation bill: for such a thing $200,000—such a thing $10,000—and for such and such so many more tens or hundreds of thousands—and so forth and so on. A message is announced (after some sign to us invisible) from the House of Representatives, whereupon drone and items are suspended, and the messenger comes in, is received with due formality, delivers himself, bows, backs out, and drone and items are resumed.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

Near by, in the gorgeous President's room, under its ceiling of painted goddesses, and the strong light flashing back from its great mirrors, are grouped, standing or sitting, the President (and all the members of his Cabinet, and their chief clerks, or right-hand men,) examining and signing bills. The crowd presses to get a look, but is kept back by those ubiquitous blue-coats—the firm yet courteous policemen. (No armed guard, or arms, or soldiery with arms is ever permitted either in the Capitol itself or the spacious grounds around it. During the latter years of the war, and especially the summer after the assassination of President Lincoln, when all the executive departments and other public buildings, and the White House, and houses of the Secretaries, &c., were under military guard, and squads patrolling the streets everywhere, it looked queer to see the same jealous and peaceful exclusion still preserved at the Capitol.)

THE GENERAL SCENE.

As we resume our explorations—as we stand or wander in the midst of this bewildering and florid palace fully lit up—the

tessellated pavement, the space, the broad and free arches, the medallions, cartouches, the long vistas, through which crowds of gay people are streaming; the distant rumbling of some door, shut with an exceptional bang; the peculiar echo of many footsteps near and far moving over the hard floors; the Rotunda, with its noble and perfect-shaped dome that it will need repeated visits to appreciate; the pictures, foliage, birds, groups, blooming faces looking out everywhere, profusely covering the ceilings and walls in vivid colors in oil or distemper, make up a scene indeed as of some sensuous poet's dream realized.

To the restaurants, the cooks, the contrast of very black faces and very white aprons, the clatter of dishes, the steamed oysters, tempting to a late supper—to these, and to much, very much else, appertaining to the Senate, and its walls of Silver and Salmon, we will e'en just have to give the go-by.

THE LOWER REGIONS.

It has always been at such times I have best liked to wander through the Capitol, till late at night, without any particular aim, but lost in vague pleasure. Then down below, in the basement—comparatively deserted—a change from the scene above, but with its own sombre and unique beauty. The coils of pipe, the heating and ventilating apparatus, the upright engines, the hot well, the gigantic fly-wheels, the great fan (what a draft!) and all the appointments of the boiler-rooms and engine-rooms of the ground story of the Senate wing, with the huge supports and arches of masonry, looking larger in the dim light, all through, and especially in the central part, under the dome—all these, too, must be well investigated before one can say he has seen the Capitol.

THE CROWD AND ITS MAGNETISM.

To-night the North Wing, with its numerous corridors and open places, so profusely studded with marble of various hues, some in columns, some in great mural panels, is crowded with great and little squads of visitors, not only men, but women and children—many from the Western States—walking about everywhere, examining with curious and pleased eyes the inexhaustible wonders of the vast interior. It is, indeed, a human panorama of this kind—thousands of Americans, both sexes, most of them young and magnetic, moving of an evening through

the brilliantly lit halls and passages with bright eyes and resonant voices—that gives the true finishing touch to the effects of our National Palace.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND[1]

In Prose and Verse

Genius—Victor Hugo—George Sand—Emerson. I call it one of the chief acts of art, and the greatest trick of literary genius (which is a higher sanity of insanity), to hold the reins firmly, and to preserve the mastery in its wildest escapades.[2] Not to deny the most ecstatic and even irregular moods, so called—rather indeed to favor them—at the same time never to be entirely carried away with them, and always feeling, by a fine caution, when and wherein to limit or prune them, and at such times relentlessly applying restraint and negation. Few even of the accepted great artists or writers hit the happy balance of this principle—this paradox. Victor Hugo, for instance, runs off into the craziest, and sometimes (in his novels) most ridiculous and flatulent, literary blotches and excesses, and by almost entire want of prudence allows them to stand. In his poems, his fire and his fine instincts carry the day, even against such faults; and his plays, though sensational, are best of all. But his novels, evidently well meant, in the interest of Democracy, and with a certain grandeur of plots, are frightful and tedious violations of the principle alluded to.[3]

I like Madame Daudevant much better. Her stories are like good air, good associations in real life, and healthy emotional stimuli. She is not continually putting crises in them, but when crises do come they invariably go to the heart. How simply yet profoundly they are depicted—you have to lay down the book and give your emotions room.

Coming, for further illustration, to R. W. Emerson, is not his fault, finally, too great prudence,[4] too rigid a caution? I am not certain it is so. Indeed I have generally felt that Emerson was altogether adjusted to himself, in every attribute, as he should be (as a pine tree is a pine tree, not a quince or a rose bush).[5] But upon the whole, and notwithstanding the many unsurpassed beauties of his poetry first, and prose only second to

[1] From the *Christmas Graphic*, 1874, p. 5. [2] *Cf. post*, p. 66.
[3] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 135. [4] *Cf. post*, p. 63. [5] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 132.

it, I am disposed to think (picking out spots against the sun) that his constitutional distrust and doubt—almost finical in their nicety—have been too much for him—have not perhaps stopped him short of first-class genius, but have veiled it—have certainly clipped and pruned that free luxuriance of it which only satisfies the soul at last.

* * *[1]

A Thought on Culture.—I distinctly admit that, in all fields of life, character and civilization we owe, and doubtless shall ever owe, the broadest, highest, and deepest, not only to science, to æsthetically educated persons. Then, I call attention to the fact that, in certain directions, and those also very important, the most glorious Personalities of America and of the World have been men who talked little, wrote less, possessesd no brilliant qualities, and could read and write only.

But, says some one, true Culture, includes all—asks that a man be developed in his full Personality, his animal physique, even his ruggedness and rudeness. This may be the written formula, but does not come out in actual operation. It is like the claims to catholicity which each of the churches makes; but cipher to the results, and they mean just about the narrow specialty which characterizes them (probably good enough, and true enough, as far as it goes), and no genuine catholicity at all.

(But this thought on Culture is by no means the whole question—in fact, is useful only as a check on the morbid and false theory of it.[2])

Travel.—The argument for travelling abroad is not all on one side. There are pulses of irresistible ardor, with due reasons why they may not be gainsaid.[3] But a calm man of deep vision will find, in this tremendous modern spectacle of America, at least as great sights as anything the foreign world, or the antique, or the relics of the antique, can afford him. Why shall I

[1]Here were printed bits of prose and poetry which Whitman preserved: "The Ox-Tamer" ("Leaves of Grass," 1917, II, p. 172-173), "Friendship (the real article)" ("Complete Prose," p. 328) and "Rulers, Strictly out of the Masses" (*ibidem*, pp. 329–330).

[2]*Cf.* "Complete Prose," p. 230.

[3]Three years before, Whitman had written to Anne Gilchrist that he had dreams of coming to England to see her and to accept Tennyson's invitation to visit him. (See "The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman," ed. Harned, Thomas B., 1918, p. 75.)

travel to Rome to see the old pillars of the Forum, only important for those who lived there ages ago? Shall I journey four thousand miles to weigh the ashes of some corpses? Shall I not vivify myself with life here, rushing, tumultous, scornful, masterful, oceanic—greater than ever before known?

Study the past and the foreign in the best books, relics, museums, lectures, pictures. Then, if you have a season or a year to spare, travel in and study your own land.

* * *[1]

It remains a question yet whether the America of the future can successfully compete with the mighty accumulations of the Old World, the planners and builders of Asia, Europe, or even Africa, in permanent architecture, monuments, poems, art, &c.; or with current France, England, Germany, and Italy, in philosophy, science, or the first-class literature of philosophy and the sciences—or in courtly manners, ornamentation, costumes, &c. In most of those fields, while our brain in the United States is intelligent and receptive enough, Europe leads, and we still follow, receive, imitate. But there is one field, and the grandest of all, that is left open for our cultus—and that is, to fashion on a free scale for the average masses, and inclusive of all, a splendid and perfect Personality, real men and women without limit—not a special, small class, eminent for grace, erudition, and refinement—not merely the rare (yet inexpressibly valuable) selected specimens of heroes, as depicted in Homer, Shakespeare, &c., with warlike and kingly port—not merely fine specimens of the aristocracy and gentry as in the British islands—but masses of free men and women, gigantic and natural and beautiful and sane and perfect, in their physical, moral, mental, and emotional elements, and filling all the departments of farming and working life.

Has it ever occurred to any one that the last deciding tests applicable to a book are indeed entirely outside of literary tests and that a truly first-class production has little or nothing to do with the rules and calibres of ordinary critics, or the bloodless chalk of Allibone's Dictionary? I have fancied the ocean and the daylight, the mountain and the forest, putting their spirit

[1]Here, in the original, were printed "In the Wake Following" (present title, "After the Sea-Ship," "Leaves of Grass," 1917, II, p. 24) and "A Dialogue" (present title, "Ventures on an Old Theme," "Complete Prose," pp. 317–318.)

in a judgment on our books. I have fancied some disembodied human soul giving its verdict.

Of poems of the third or fourth class (perhaps even some of the second), it makes little or no difference who writes them—they are good enough for what they are; nor is it necessary that they should be actual emanations from the Personality and life of the writers. The very reverse sometimes gives piquancy. But poems of the first class (poems of the depth, as distinguished from those of the surface) are to be sternly tallied with the poets themselves, and tried by them and their lives. Who wants a glorification of courage and manly defiance from a coward or a sneak?—a ballad of benevolence or chastity from some rhyming hunks, or lascivious, glib *roué?*

Go, said the Soul,
Such verses for my Body write (for we are one),
That, should I back again return unseen, or centuries hence,
I shall with pleas'd smile resume all those verses,
And fully confirm them.[1]

A Hint to Preachers and Authors.—Confronting the dangers of the State, the aggregate, by appeals (each writer, each artist after his kind) to the sympathies of Individualism, its pride, love of grand physique, urge of spiritual development, and the need of comrades. There is something immortal, universal, in these sympathies individualized, all men, all ages: something in the human being that will unerringly respond to them.

Have normal belief and simplicity—those old, natural, sterling qualities the individual or the race starts from in childhood, and supposed to be arrived at again, doubly intrenched and confirmed, after the fullest study, travel, observation, and cultivation—have they died out? or rather are thev still to remain unborn or ungrown in America?

No one can observe life and society (so-called) in the United States to-day without seeing that they are penetrated and suffused with suspicion of everybody—a contempt and doubt, and the attribution of meanly selfish motives to everything and everybody—glossed over, it is true, by a general external observance to one's face of politeness and manners—but inwardly

[1] This now appears, in expanded form, as the motto to the "Leaves of Grass," 1917. It was first used as a prefatory poem in the 1876 edition.

incredulous of any soundness, or primal, disinterested virtue among men and women. The same mocking quality shows itself in the journalism of The States, especially in the cities—a supercilious tone runs through all the editorials of the papers, as if the best way to show smartness. It is a taint more offensive in society and the press in America than in any other country.

As IF we had not strained the voting and digestive calibre of American Democracy to the utmost for the last fifty years with the millions of ignorant foreigners, we have now infused a powerful percentage of blacks, with about as much intellect and calibre (in the mass) as so many baboons. But we stood the former trial—solved it—and, though this is much harder, will, I doubt not, triumphantly solve this.

IN THE STATESMANSHIP (or want of Statesmanship) of this Union, the present time, and along henceforth, among the principal points to be borne in mind are the free action of the rights of The States, within their own spheres (Individuality, to stifle which were death), and the rights of minorities—always in danger of being infringed upon by temporary wilful majorities. We have passed—or nearly passed—the possibility of ruin from insolent State autonomy. The possibility of that insolence now seems to be shifting to the Central power.

TRANSPORTATION, THE MAILS, &c.—I am not sure but the most typical and representative things in the United States are what are involved in the vast network of Interstate Railroad Lines—our Electric Telegraphs—our Mails (post-office)—and the whole of the mighty, ceaseless, complicated (and quite perfect already, tremendous as they are) systems of transportation everywhere of passengers and intelligence. No words, no painting, can too strongly depict the fullness and grandeur of these—the smallest minutiæ attended to, and in their totality incomparably magnificent.

IT IS quite amusing, in the vortex of literature and the drama in America, to see the supplies of imported plays, novels, &c., where the characters, compared with our earthly democracy, are all up in the clouds—kings and queens, and nobles, and ladies and gentlemen of the feudal estate—none with an income of less than ten thousand a year—the dress, incidents, love-

making, grammar, dialogue, and all the fixings to match.[1] There is, too, the other extreme,—the scene often laid in the West, especially in California, where ruffians, rum-drinkers, and trulls only are depicted. Both are insulting to the genius of These States.

Do we not, indeed, amid general malaria of Fogs and Vapors, our day, unmistakably see two Pillars of Promise, with grandest, indestructible indications:—One, that the morbid facts of American politics and society everywhere are but passing incidents and flanges of our unbounded impetus of growth—weeds, annuals of the rank, rich soil,—not central, enduring, perennial things?—The Other, that all the hitherto experience of The States, their first century, has been but preparation, adolescence —and that This Union is only now and henceforth (*i. e.*, since the Secession war) to enter on its true Democratic career?

WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN[2]

BY GEORGE SELWYN

It is not a little difficult to write an article about Walt Whitman's *home*, for it was humorously said by himself, not long ago, that he had all his life possessed a home only in the sense that a ship possesses one. Hardly, indeed, till the year 1884 could he be called the occupant of such a definite place, even the kind of one I shall presently describe. To illustrate his own half-jocular remark as just given, and to jot down a few facts about the poet in Camden during the last sixteen years, and about his present home, is my only purpose in this article. I have decided to steer clear of any criticism of "Leaves of Grass," and confine myself to his condition and a brief outline of his personal history. I should also like to dwell a moment on what may be called the peculiar outfit or schooling he has chosen, to fulfil his mission as poet, according to his own ideal.

In the observation of the drama of human nature—if, indeed,

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 163–164.

[2] From *The Critic*, February 28, 1885, Vol. III, pp. 97–98. Reprinted in *Critic Pamphlet No. 2*, New York, 1898, under the title "Walt Whitman at Home. By Himself." The sketch was also reprinted in "American Authors at Home," 1888; here a page of the manuscript reproduced in facsimile shows conclusively Whitman's authorship.

"all the world's a stage"[1]—Walt Whitman has had rare advantages as auditor, from the beginning. Several of his earlier years, embracing the age of fifteen to twenty-one, were spent in teaching country schools in Queens and Suffolk counties, New York, following the quaint old fashion of "boarding around,"[2] that is, moving from house to house and farm to farm, among high and low, living a few days alternately at each, until the quarter was up, and then commencing over again. His occupation, for a long period, as printer, with frequent travelling, is to be remembered; also as carpenter. Quite a good deal of his life has been passed in boarding-houses and hotels.[3] The three years in the Secession War of course play a marked part. He never made any long sea-voyages, but for years at one period (1846-60) went out in their boats, sometimes for a week at a time, with the New York Bay pilots, among whom he was a great favorite. In 1848–9 his location was in New Orleans, with occasional sojourns in the other Gulf States besides Louisiana. From 1865 to '73 he lived in Washington. Born in 1819, his life through childhood and as a young and middle-aged man—that is, up to 1862—was mainly spent, with a few intervals of Western and Southern jaunts,[4] on his native Long Island, mostly in Brooklyn. At that date, aged forty-two, he went down to the field of war in Virginia, and for the three subsequent years he was actively engaged as volunteer attendant and nurse on the battlefields, to the Southern soldiers equally with the Northern, and among the wounded in the army hospitals. He was prostrated by hospital malaria and "inflammation of the veins" in 1864, but recovered. He worked "on his own hook," had indomitable strength, health, and activity, was on the move night and day, not only till the official close of the Secession struggle, but for a long time afterward, for there was a vast legacy of suffering soldiers left when the contest was over. He was permanently appointed under President Lincoln, in 1865, to a respectable office in the Attorney-General's department. (This followed his removal from a temporary clerkship in the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department. Secretary Harlan dismissed him from that post specifically for being the author of "Leaves of Grass.") He worked on for some time in the Attorney-General's office, and was promoted, but the seeds of the

[1] "As You Like It," II, pp. 7, 147. [2] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 13.

[3] *Cf. Infra*, I, pp. 119, 183, 249; *post*, pp. 77, 87–88, 126–127, 218.

[4] *Cf. infra*, I, p. li note 5, 24 note 1.

hospital malaria seemed never to have been fully eradicated. He was at last struck down, quite suddenly, by a severe paralytic shock (left hemiplegia), from which—after some weeks—he was slowly recovering, when he lost by death his mother and his sister. Soon followed two additional shocks of paralysis, though slighter than the first. Summer had now commenced at Washington, and his doctor imperatively ordered the sick man an entire change of scene—the mountains or the sea-shore. Whitman accordingly left Washington, destined for the New Jersey or Long Island coast, but at Philadelphia found himself too ill to proceed any further. He was brought over to Camden, and has been living there ever since. . . .

I must forbear expanding on the poet's career these fifteen years, only noting that during them (1880) occurs the final completion of "Leaves of Grass," the object of his life. His present domicile is a little old-fashioned frame house, situated about gunshot from the Delaware River on a clean, quiet, democratic street. This "shanty," as he calls it, was purchased by the poet five years ago for $2,000—two-thirds being paid in cash. In it he occupies the second floor. I commenced by likening his home to that of a ship, and the comparison might go farther. Though larger than any vessel's cabin, Walt Whitman's room, at 328 Mickle Street, Camden, has all the rudeness, simplicity, and free-and-easy character of the quarters of some old sailor. In the good-sized, three-windowed apartment, 20 by 20 feet or over, there are a wood stove, a bare board floor of narrow planks, a comfortable bed, divers big and little boxes, a good gas lamp, two big tables, a few old uncushioned seats, and lots of pegs and hooks and shelves. Hung or tacked on the walls are pictures, those of his father, mother and sisters holding the places of honor, a portrait of a sweetheart of long ago, a large print of Osceola the Seminole chief (given to Whitman many years since by Catlin the artist), some rare old engravings by Strange, and "Banditti Regaling," by Mortimer. Heaps of books, manuscripts, memoranda, scissorings, proof-sheets, pamphlets, newspapers, old and new magazines, mysterious-looking literary bundles tied up with stout strings, lie about the floor here and there. Off against a back wall looms a mighty trunk having double locks and bands of iron—such a receptacle as comes over sea with the foreign emigrants, and you in New York may have seen hoisted by powerful tackle from the hold of some Hamburg ship.

On the main table more books, some of them evidently old-

timers, a Bible, several Shakespeares—a nook devoted to translations of Homer and Æschylus and the other Greek poets and tragedians, with Felton's and Symond's books on Greece—a collection of the works of Fauriel and Ellis on mediaeval poetry—a well-thumbed volume (his companion, off and on, for fifty years) of Walter Scott's "Border Minstrelsy,"—Tennyson, Ossian, Burns, Omar Khayyám, all miscellaneously together. Whitman's stalwart form itself luxuriates in a curious, great cane-seat chair, with posts and rungs like ship's spars; altogether the most imposing, heavy-timbered, broad-armed and broad-bottomed edifice of the kind possible. It was the Christmas gift of the young son and daughter of Thomas Donaldson, of Philadelphia, and was specially made for the poet. . . .

(If I slightly infringe the rule laid down at the beginning, to attempt no literary criticism, I hope the reader will excuse it.) Both Walt Whitman's book and personal character need to be studied a long time and in the mass, and are not to be gauged by custom. I never knew a man who—for all he takes an absorbing interest in politics, literature, and what is called "the world"—seems to be so poised on himself alone. Dr. Drinkard, the Washington physician who attended him in his paralysis, wrote to the Philadelphia doctor into whose hands the case passed, saying among other things: "In his bodily organism, and in his constitution, tastes and habits, Whitman is the most *natural* man I have ever met." The primary foundation of the poet's character, at the same time, is certainly spiritual. Helen Price, who knew him for fifteen years, pronounces him (in Dr. Bucke's book) the most essentially religious person she ever knew. On this foundation has been built up, layer by layer, the rich, diversified, concrete experience of his life, from its earliest years. Then his aim and ideal have not been the technical literary ones. His strong individuality, willfulness, audacity, with his scorn of convention and rote, have unquestionably carried him far outside the regular metes and bounds. No wonder there are some who refuse to consider his "Leaves" as "literature." It is perhaps only because he was brought up a printer, and worked during his early years as newspaper and magazine writer, that he has put his expression in typographical form, and made a regular book of it, with lines, leaves and binding.

Of late years the poet, who will be sixty-six years old on the last day of May ensuing, has been in a state of half-paralysis.

He gets out of doors regularly in fair weather, much enjoys the Delaware River, is a great frequenter of the Camden and Philadelphia Ferry,[1] and may occasionally be seen sauntering along Chestnut or Market Street in the latter city. He has a curious sort of public sociability, talking with black and white, high and low, male and female, old and young, of all grades. He gives a word or two of friendly recognition, or a nod or smile, to each. Yet he is by no means a marked talker or logician anywhere. I know an old book-stand man who always speaks of him as Socrates. But in one respect the likeness is entirely deficient. Whitman never argues, disputes, or holds or invites a cross-questioning bout with any human being.[2]

Through his paralysis, poverty, the embezzlement of book-agents (1874–1876), the incredible slanders and misconstructions that have followed him through life, and the quite complete failure of his book from a worldly and financial point of view, his splendid fund of personal equanimity and good spirits has remained inexhaustible, and is to-day, amid bodily helplessness and a most meagre income, more vigorous and radiant than ever.

THE OLD MAN HIMSELF

A Postscript[3]

Walt Whitman has a way of putting in his own special word of thanks, his own way, for kindly demonstrations, and may now be considered as appearing on the scene, wheeled at last in his invalid chair, and saying, *propria persona*, Thank you, thank you, my friends all. The living face and voice and emotional pulse only at last hold humanity together; even old poets and their listeners and critics too. One of my dearest objects in my poetic expression has been to combine these Forty-Four United States into One Identity, fused, equal, and independent. My attempt has been mainly of suggestion, atmosphere, reminder, the native and common spirit of all, and perennial heroism.

Walt Whitman.

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 168–171. [2] *Cf. post*, p. 95.

[3] From *Lippincott's Magazine*, March, 1891, Vol. XLVII, p. 389. This issue of *Lippincott's* contains also the poems grouped under the title "Old-Age Echoes" and the autobiographia called "Some Personal and Old-Age Memoranda," by Whitman; and "Walt Whitman: Poet and Philosopher and Man," by Horace L. Traubel; the Postscript follows the latter.

MANUSCRIPTS

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—I[1]

Be simple and clear.—Be not occult.[2]

True noble expanded American Character is raised on a far more lasting and universal basis than that of any of the characters of the "gentlemen" of aristocratic life, or of novels,[3] or under the European or Asian forms of society or government.—It is to be illimitably proud, independent, self-possessed generous and gentle. It is to accept nothing except what is equally free and eligible to any body else.[4] It is to be poor, rather than rich[5]—but to prefer death sooner than any mean dependence.—Prudence is part of it, because prudence is the right arm of independence.[6]

[1] This little notebook, 3½ by 5½ inches in size, locks with a pencil thrust through three improvised leather loops. It is the earliest Whitman notebook extant, containing the date 1847. In that year Whitman was the editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. The author's addresses are given as 71 Prince Street and 30 Fulton Street (the *Eagle* office). However, both of these have been subsequently cancelled and "106 Myrtle Avenue" written in their stead. Now, if this alteration in the address indicates a change also in the date of composition, some part of this notebook must be assigned as late as the middle of 1848, that is to say, after Whitman's return from New Orleans, for the first city directory to give 106 Myrtle Avenue as Whitman's residence address is that for 1849 (Hearne; the directories of Brooklyn frequently extended backwards to the middle of the year preceding that in which they were issued). Spooner & Teale's Directory for 1848–49 gives 71 Prince Street as still being the residence of Walter Whitman, Sr. (with whom Walt usually lived), and for 1849–50 gives 106 Myrtle Avenue as the residence of both son and father, the former described as editor of the *Freeman*. In the middle of the notebook several pages have been left blank; then come the first attempts at Whitmanesque verse—"I am the poet of slaves and of the masters of slaves." If the latter part of the notebook were written while Whitman was editor of the Free-soil sheet (1848–1849), then the theme with which the lyrical composition of the "Leaves of Grass" began would be readily accounted for. But a certain amount of doubt exists as to whether the alteration in the address in this notebook has any critical significance. . . . Seven pages, apparently containing accounts, have been cut from the front of the book.

[2] *Cf.* "Leaves of Grass," 1855, *Preface*. Hereafter this edition and that of 1917 will be referred to by date only.

[3] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 163–164.

[4] *Cf.* 1855, p. 29; 1917, I, p. 62; also 1855, *Preface*.

[5] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 37–39, 111, 123-125; *post*, p. 67. [6] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface*.

Every American young man should carry himself with the finished and haughty bearing of the greatest ruler and proprietor—for he is a great ruler and proprietor—the greatest.

Great latitude must be allowed for others.

Play your muscle, and it will be lithe as caoutchouc and strong as iron—I wish to see American young men the working men, carry themselves with a high horse——

Who is the being of whom I am the inferior?— It is the of the sly or shallow to divide men like the metals, into those more precious and others less precious, intrinsically.

I never yet knew how it felt to think I stood in the presence of my superior.[1]—If the presence of God were made visible immediately before me, I could not abase myself.—How do I know but I shall myself[2]

I will not be the cart, nor the load on the cart, nor the horses that draw the cart; but I will be the little hands that guide the cart.—

Ask Mr. Dwight about the highest numeral term known.

Different objects which decay, and by the chemistry of nature, their bodies are into spears of grass—[3]

America receives with calmness the spirit of the past[4]

Bring all the art and science of the world, and baffle and humble it with one spear of grass[5]

Liberty is not the fruition but the dawn of the morning of a nation.—The night has passed and the day appears when people walk abroad—to do evil or to do good.

The soul or spirit transmits itself into all matter—into rocks, and can live the life of a rock—into the sea, and can feel itself the sea—into the oak, or other tree—into an animal, and feel itself a horse, a fish, or bird—into the earth—into the motions of the suns and stars—[6]

A man only is interested in anything when he identifies himself with it—he must himself be whirling and speeding through space like the planet Mercury—he must be driving like a cloud—he must shine like the sun—he must be orbic and balanced in the air, like this earth—he must crawl like the pismire—he must—

[1] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface*; 1917, II, p. 161 ("Laws for Creations").

[2] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface*, pp. 46, 53; 1917, I, pp. 92, 105, II, p. 161.

[3] *Cf.* 1855, p. 16; 1917, I, p. 39.

[4] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface*.

[5] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 16, 54; 1917, I, pp. 39, 106.

[6] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 34–40, 42, 43; 1917, I, pp. 62, 68, 71, 73–79 ff.

he would be growing fragrantly in the air, like the locust blossoms—he would rumble and crash like the thunder in the sky—he would spring like a cat on his prey—he would splash like a whale in the

The mean and bandaged spirit is perpetually dissatisfied with itself—It is too wicked, or too poor, or too feeble

Never speak of the soul as any thing but intrinsically great.—The adjective affixed to it must always testify greatness and immortality and purity.—

The effusion or corporation of the soul is always under the beautiful laws of physiology—I guess the soul itself can never be anything but great and pure and immortal; but it makes itself visible only through matter—a perfect head, and bowels and bones to match is the easy gate through which it comes from its embowered garden, and pleasantly appears to the sight of the world.— A twisted skull, and blood watery or rotten by ancestry or gluttony, or rum or bad disorders,—they are the darkness toward which the plant will not grow, although its seed lies waiting for ages.—[1]

Wickedness is most likely the absence of freedom and health in the soul.—If a man babe or woman babe of decent progenitors should grow up without restraint or starvation or

Every soul has its own language. The reason why any truth which I tell is not apparent to you, is mostly because I fail of translating it from my language into

Every soul has its own individual language, often unspoken, feebly
or lamely spoken; but a true fit for that man and perfectly haltingly
adapted for his use.—The truths I tell to you or to any other may not be plain to you, because I do not translate them fully from my idiom into yours.—If I could do so, and do it well, they would be as apparent to you as they are to me; for they are truths.—No two have exactly the same language, and the great translator and joiner of the whole is the poet. He has the divine grammar of all tongues, and says indifferently and alike, How are you friend? to the President in the midst of his cabinet, and Good day my brother, to Sambo, among the hoes of the sugar field, and both understand him and know that his speech is right.[2]

The universal and fluid soul impounds within itself not only

[1] *Cf.* 1855, p. 76; 1917, II, p. 210. [2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 86; 1917, I, pp. 202, 203.

all good characters and heros, but the distorted characters, murderers, thieves[1]

DILATION

I think the soul will never stop, or attain to any growth beyond which it shall not go.—When I walked at night by the sea shore and looked up at the countless stars, I asked of my soul whether it would be filled and satisfied when it should become god enfolding all these, and open to the life and delight and knowledge of everything in them or of them; and the answer was plain to me at the breaking water on the sands at my feet: and the answer was, No, when I reach there, I shall want to go further still.[2]—

When I see where the east is greater than the west,—where the sound man's part of the child is greater than the sound woman's part—or where a father is more needful than a mother to produce me—then I guess I shall see how spirit is greater than matter.—Here the run of poets and the learned always strike, and here shoots the ballast of many a grand head.[3]—My life is a miracle and my body which lives is a miracle;[4] but of what I can nibble at the edges of the limitless and delicious wonder I know that I cannot separate them, and call one superior and the other inferior, any more than I can say my sight is greater than my eyes.—

You have been told that mind is greater than matter

I cannot understand the mystery, but I am always conscious of myself as two—as my soul and I: and I reckon it is the same with all men and women.—[5]

I know that my body will [decay][6]

I will not be a great philosopher, and found any school, and build it with iron pillars, and gather the young men around me, and make them my disciples, that new superior churches and politics shall come.—But I will take each man and woman of you to the window and open the shutters and the sash, and my left arm shall hook you round the waist, and my right shall point you to the endless and beginningless road along whose sides are

[1] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 57-58; 1917, I, pp. 55, 257-258.

[2] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 51–52; 1917, I, pp. 100–102. [3] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 53.

[4] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface.* [5] *Cf.* 1855, p. 15; 1917, I, pp. 37–38.

[6] Brackets in the text of these notebooks, unless signed by the Editor, will be used to indicate that the word or passage enclosed in them has in the original been crossed out, as if rejected.

crowded the rich cities of all living philosophy, and oval gates that pass you in to fields of clover and landscapes clumped with sassafras, and orchards of good apples, and every breath through your mouth shall be of a new perfumed and elastic air, which is love.—Not I—not God—can travel this road for you.—It is not far, it is within the stretch of your thumb; perhaps you shall find you are on it already and did not know.—Perhaps you shall find it every where over the ocean and over the land, when you once have the vision to behold it.—[1]

I am hungry and with my last dime get me some meat and bread, and have appetite enough to relish it all.—But then like a phantom at my side suddenly appears a starved face, either human or brute, uttering not a word. Now do I talk of mine and his?—Has my heart no more passion than a squid or clam shell has? I know the bread is my bread, and that on it must I dine and sup. I know I may munch, and not grit my teeth against the laws of church or state. What is this then that balances itself upon my lips and wrestles as with the knuckles of God, for every bite, I put between them, and if my belly is victor, cannot even then be foiled, but follows the innocent food down my throat and turns it to fire and lead within me?—And what is it but my soul that hisses like an angry snake, Fool! will you stuff your greed and starve me?[2]

The ignorant man is demented with the madness of owning things[3]—of having by warranty deeds court clerk's records, the right to mortgage, sell, give away or raise money on certain possessions.—But the wisest soul knows that no object can really be owned by one man or woman any more than another.—The orthodox proprietor says This is mine, I earned or received or paid for it,—and by positive right of my own I will put a fence around it, and keep it exclusively to myself. . . . Yet —yet—what cold drop is that which slowly patters, patters with sharpened poisoned points, on the skull of his greediness, and go whichever way he may, it still hits him, though he see not whence it drips nor what it is?—that dismal and measureless fool not to see the hourly lessons of the one eternal law, that he who would grab blessings to himself, as by right, and deny others their equal chance—and will not share with them every thing that he has.

[1] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 51–52; 1917, I, p. 101; also *infra*, I, pp. 39–44, 47; *post*, p. 75.

[2] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 39 ff.; 1917, I, p. 80 ff. (?); also *infra*, II, p. 16.

[3] *Cf.* 1855, p. 34; 1917, I, p. 72; *infra*, II, p. 63 note 5.

He cannot share his friend or his wife because of them he is no owner, except by their love, and if any one gets that away from him, it is best not to curse, but quietly call the offal cart to his door and let physical wife or friend go, the tail with the hide.—

The dismal and measureless fool called a rich man, or a thriving, who leaves untouched those countless and ever (?) spread tables thick in immortal dishes, heaped with the meats and drinks of God, and fancies himself smart because he tugs and sweats among cinders, and parings, and slush

The ignorant think that to the entertainment of life they will be admitted by a ticket or check, and the dream of their existence is to get the money that they may buy this wonderful card. —But the wise soul

The sidewalks of eternity they are the freckles of Jupiter

The being I want to see you become

If I walk with Jah in Heaven and he assume to be intrinsically greater than I it offends me, and I shall certainly withdraw from Heaven,—for the soul prefers freedom in the prairie or the untrodden woods—and there can be no freedom where

Why can we not see beings who by the manliness and transparence of their natures, disarm the entire world and brings one and all to his side, as friends and believers!—Can no father beget, or mother conceive a man child so entire and so elastic that whatever action he do or whatever syllable he speak, it shall be melodious to all creatures, and none shall be an exception to the universal and affectionate Yes of the earth. The first inspiration of real wisdom in our souls lets us know that the self will and wickedness and malignity we thought so unsightly in our race are by no means what we were told, but something far different, and not amiss except to spirits of the feeble and the shorn.—as the freckles and bristly beard of Jupiter to be removed by washes and razors, under the judgment of genteel squirts[1], but in the sight of the great master, proportionate and essential and sublime.—[2]

I will not descend among professors and capitalists—I will turn the ends of my trousers around my boots, and my cuffs back

[1] "A foppish young fellow; a 'whipper-snapper'; a contemptible puppy. A vulgar word." (Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms," Fourth Edition, 1896, p. 650.)

[2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 28; 1917, III, p. 108.

from my wrists, and go with drivers and boatmen and men that catch fish or work in the field. I know they are sublime[1]

[At this point in the notebook several pages are left blank; then begin the first preserved attempts that Whitman made at creating the verse form which he was to employ in "Leaves of Grass." EDITOR.]

I am the poet of slaves, and of the masters of slaves
I am the poet of the body
And I am

I am the poet of the body
And I am the poet of the soul[2]
I go with the slaves of the earth equally with the masters
And I will stand between the masters and the slaves,
Entering into both, so that both shall understand me alike.[3]

I am the poet of Strength and Hope
Where is the house of any one dying?
Thither I speed and turn the knob of the door,
Let the physician and the priest timidly withdraw.
That I seize on the ghastly man and raise him with resistless will.
O despairer! I tell you you shall not go down,
Here is my arm, press your whole weight upon me.
With tremendous breath I force him to dilate.
Sleep! for I and this stand guard this night,
And when you rise in the morning you find that what I told you is so.
Every room of your house do I fill with armed men
Lovers of me, bafflers of hell,
Not doubt not fear not death shall lay finger you
And you are mine all to myself[4]

I am the poet of reality[5]
I say the earth is not an echo·
Nor man an apparition;
But that all the things seen are real,
The witness and albic dawn of things equally real

[1] *Cf.* 1855, p. 18; 1917, I, p. 43. [2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 26; 1917, I, p. 58.
[3] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 25, 39, 80–81; 1917, I, pp. 55, 80, 120 ff.
[4] *Cf.* 1855, p. 45; 1917, I, p. 90; also *post*, pp. 76, 80–81.
[5] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 38, 50; 1917, I, pp. 71, 78–79; 98.

I have split the earth and the hard coal and rocks and the solid bed of the sea
And went down to reconnoitre there a long time,
And bring back a report,[1]
And I understand that those are positive and dense every one
And that what they seem to the child they are
[And the world is no joke,
Nor any part of it a sham]

I am for sinners and the unlearned[2]

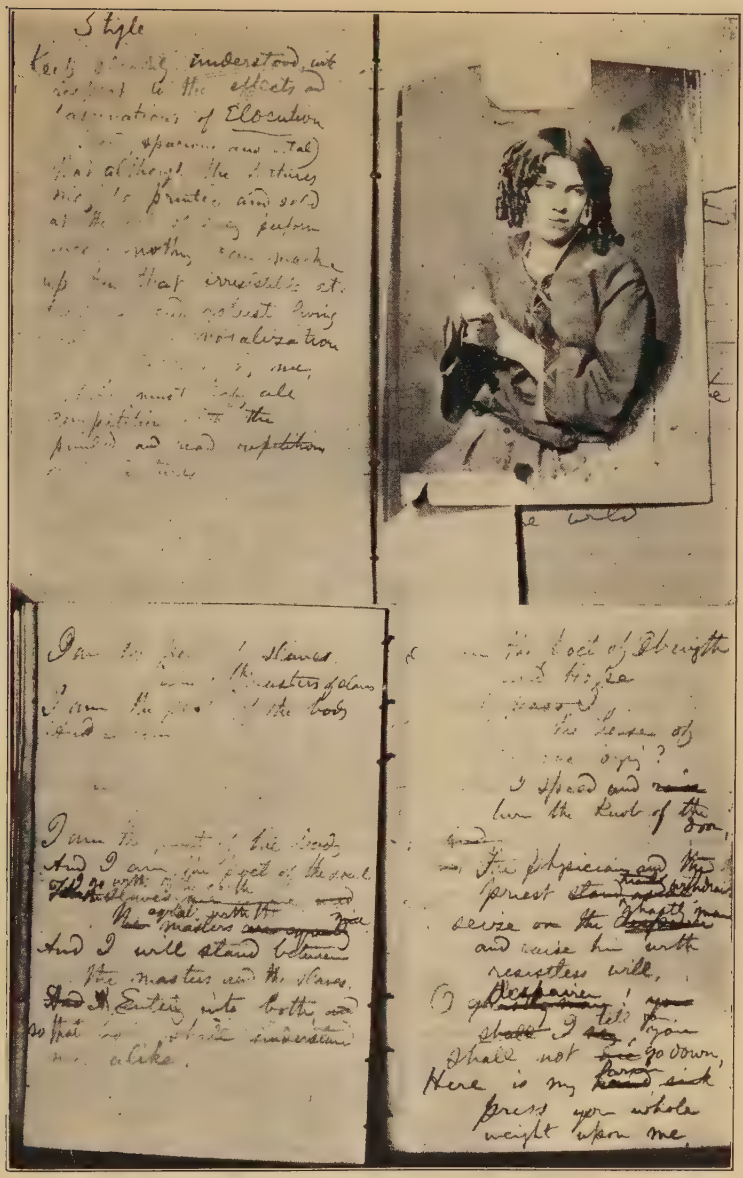
I am the poet of little things and of babes[3]
Of gnats in the air, and of beetles rolling balls of dung.[4]

Afar in the sky was a nest,
And my soul flew thither and squat, and looked out
And saw the journeywork of suns and systems of suns,
And that a leaf of grass is not less than they
And that the pismire is equally perfect, and all grains of sand, and every egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef ' douvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of Heaven
And the cow crunching with depressed neck surpasses every statue,[5]
And pictures great and small crowd the rail-fence, and hang on its heaped stones and elder and poke-weed,[6]
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger trillions of infidels.[7]
And I cannot put my toe anywhere to the ground,
But it must touch numberless and curious books
Each one scorning all that schools and science can do fully to translate them.
And the salt marsh and creek have delicious odor,
And potato and ear of maize make a fat breakfast,
And huckleberrys from the woods distill joyous deliriums.

I am the poet of Equality.[8]

I dilate you with tremendous breath,
I buoy you up,

[1] *Cf.* 1855, p. 28; 1917, p. 61.
[2] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 23, 25, 27; 1917, I, pp. 52, 55, 60.
[3] *Cf.* 1855, p. 17; 1917, I, p. 41. [4] *Cf.* 1855, p. 29; 1917, I, p. 62.
[5] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 34, 37–38; 1917, I, pp. 70–71, 78.
[6] *Cf.* 1855, p. 16; 1917, I, p. 38. [7] *Cf.* 1855, p. 34; 1917, I, p. 71.
[8] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 25, 29; 1917, I, pp. 55, 62.



GLIMPSES INTO WHITMAN NOTEBOOKS

Above: a notebook of 1859, containing an unidentified "tintype" picture (see Vol. I, p. li., Vol. II, p. 91, note).

Below : a notebook of 1847-1848, showing the first lines of Whitman's free verse (see Vol. II, p. 69).

Every room of your house do I fill with armed men
Lovers of me, bafflers of hell.
Sleep! for I and they stand guard this night
Not doubt, not fear, not Death shall lay finger upon you
I have embraced you, and henceforth possess you all to myself,
And when you rise in the morning you shall find it is so—[1]
God and I are now (?) here (?)
Speak! what would you have (?) of us?[2]

I am the Poet

Have you supposed it beautiful to be born?
I tell you I know it is just as beautiful to die;
For I take my death with the dying
And my birth with the new-born babe.[3]

I am the poet of sin,
For I do not believe in sin

In the silence and darkness
Among murderers and cannibals and traders in slaves
Stepped my spirit with light feet, and pried among their heads and made fissures to look through
And there saw folded fœtuses of twins, like the bodies in the womb,
Mute with bent necks waiting to be born.—
And one was Sympathy and one was truth.[4]

I am the poet of women as well as men.
The woman is not less than the man[5]
But she is never the same,

I remember I stood one Sunday forenoon
(the Peasemaker)[6]

Strength
Where is one abortive, mangy, cold
Starved of his masculine lustiness?
Without core and loose in the knees?
Clutch fast to me, my ungrown brother,

[1] *Cf.* 1855, p. 45; 1917, I, p. 90; also *infra*, II, p. 69.
[2] *Cf. post*, p. 83. [3] *Cf.* 1855, p. 17; 1917, I, p. 41.
[4] *Cf.* 1855, p. 58; 1917, I, p. 258; also *infra*, I, p. 47.
[5] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 26, 58; 1917, I, pp. 58, 259.
[6] *Cf.* "Complete Prose," pp. 228–229.

That I infuse you with grit and jets of life
I am not to be scorned (?):—I Compel;
It is quite indifferent to me who [you][1] are.
I have stores plenty and to spare
And of whatsoever I have I bestow upon you.
And first I bestow of my love.[2]

It were easy to be rich owning a dozen banks
But to be rich

It was easy to grant offices and favor being President
But to grant largess and favor

It were easy to be beautiful with a fine complexion and regular features
But to be beautiful

It were easy to shine and attract attention in grand clothes
But to outshine ? in sixpenny muslin

One touch of a tug of me has unhaltered all my senses but feeling
That pleases the rest so, they have given up to it in submission
They are all emulous to swap themselves off for what it can do to them.
Every one must be a touch
Or else she will abdicate and nibble only at the edges of feeling.

They move caressingly up and down my body
They leave themselves and come with bribes to whatever part of me touches.—
To my lips, to the palms of my hands, and whatever my hands hold.
Each brings the best she has,
For each is in love with touch.
I do not wonder that one feeling now does so much for me,
He is free of all the rest,—and swiftly begets offspring of them, better than the dams.
A touch now reads me a library of knowledge in an instant.
It smells for me the fragrance of wine and lemon-blows.
It tastes for me ripe strawberries and mellons,—
It talks for me with a tongue of its own,
It finds an ear wherever [wherein?] it rests or taps.

[1]Editor's emendation. [2]*Cf.* 1855, pp. 44–45; 1917, I, p. 89.

It brings the rest around it, and they all stand on a headland and mock me
They have left me to touch, and taken their place on a headland.
The sentries have deserted every other part of me
They have left me helpless to the torrent of touch
They have all come to the headland to witness and assist against me.—
I roam about drunk and stagger
I am given up by traitors,
I talk wildly I am surely out of my head,
I am myself the greatest traitor.
I went myself first to the headland

Unloose me, touch, you are taking the breath from my throat!
Unbar your gates you are too much for me
Fierce Wrestler! do you keep your heaviest grip for the last?
Will you sting me most even at parting?
Will you struggle even at the threshold with spasms more delicious than all before?
Does it make you to ache so to leave me?
Do you wish to show me that even what you did before was nothing to what you can do?
Or have you and all the rest combined to see how much I can endure (?)
Pass as you will; take drops of my life, if that is what you are after
Only pass to some one else, for I can contain you no longer
I held more than I thought
I did not think I was big enough for so much ecstasy
Or that a touch could take it all out of me.[1]

I am a Curse:
Sharper than serpent's eyes or wind of the ice-fields!
O topple down Curse! topple more heavy than death!
I am lurid with rage!

I invoke Revenge to assist me—

Let fate pursue them
I do not know any horror that is dreadful enough for them—
What is the worst whip you have
May the [genitals] that begat them rot
May the womb that begat

[1] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 32–33; 1917. I, pp. 68–69.

I will not listen
I will not spare
They shall not hide themselves in their graves
I will pursue them thither
Out with the coffins—
Out with them from their shrouds!
The lappets of God shall not protect them

This ? shall be placed in the library of the laws
And they shall be placed in the child's—doctors—song writers (?)

Observing the summer grass[1]

In vain were nails driven through my hands.
I remember my crucifixion and bloody coronation
I remember the mockers and the buffeting insults
The sepulchre and the white linen have yielded me up
I am alive in New York and San Francisco,
Again I tread the streets after two thousand years.
Not all the traditions can put vitality in churches
They are not alive, they are cold mortar and brick,
I can easily build as good, and so can you:—
Books are not men—[2]

In other authors of the first class there have been celebraters of ? (low life) and characters—holding it up as curious observers—but here is one who enters in it with love[3]

I follow (animals and birds)

Literature is full of perfumes[4]

(Criticism on *Myself*[5])

The highway[6]
The road[6]
It seems to say sternly
Do not leave me
—Loss ——— is on
O road I am
These are the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands—

[1] *Cf.* 1855, p. 13; 1917, I, p. 33.

[2] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 43–60; 1917, I, pp. 87–88; 262, II, p. 159; also *post*, pp. 82–83, 91–92.

[3] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface.* [4] *Cf.* 1855, p. 13; 1917, I, p. 33.

[5] *Cf.* 1855, introductory poem; the final title, "Song of Myself," was first used in the 1881 edition.

[6] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 51–52; 1917, I, pp. 101–102, 177 ff.

They are not original with me—they are mine—they are yours just the same
If these thoughts are not for all they are nothing
If they do not enclose everything they are nothing
If they are not the school of all the physical, moral and mental they are nothing[1]

Test of a poem
How far it can elevate, enlarge, purify, deepen and make happy the attributes of the body and soul of a man

Justice is not varied or tempered in passage of laws by legislatures.—Legislatures cannot alter it any more than they can love or pride or the attraction of gravity. The quality of justice is in the soul.—It is immutable . . . it remains through all times and nations and administrations . . . it does not depend on majorities and minorities . . . . Whoever violates it pays the penalty just as certainly as he who violates the attraction of gravity . . . whether a nation violates it or an individual, it makes no difference.[2]

The consciousness of individuals is the test of justice.—What is mean or cruel for an individual is so for a nation.

I am not so anxious to give you the truth. But I am very anxious to have you understand that all truth and power are feeble to you except your own.—Can I beget a child for you?[3]

This is the common air . . . it is for the heroes and sages . . .
it is for the workingmen and farmers . . . it is for the wicked just the same as the righteous.
I will not have a single person left out . . . I will have the prostitute and the thief invited . . . I will make no difference between them and the rest.[4]

Let everything be as free as possible.[5]—There is always danger in constipation.—There is never danger in no constipa-

[1] *Cf.* 1855, p. 24; 1917, I, p. 54.

[2] It would be interesting to know whether this truth came to Whitman through mystical illumination or whether he had by this time read Emerson's "Compensation" (1841).

[3] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 66–67. [4] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 24–25; 1917, I, pp. 54–55.

[5] *Cf.* 1855, p. 29; 1917, I, pp. 62–63.

tion.—Let the schools and hospitals for the sick and idiots and the aged be perfectly free.

No matter what stage of excellence and grandeur a nation has arrived to, it shall be but the start to further excellence and grandeur.—It shall enlarge the doors.—If it once settle down, placidly, content with what is, or with the past, it begins then to decay

Man has not art enough to make the truth repulsive—nor of all the beautiful things of the universe is there any more beautiful than truth

In the earliest times (as we call them—though doubtless the term is wrong,) everything written at all was poetry.—To write any how (?) was a beautiful wonder.—Therefore history, laws, religion, war, were all in the keeping of the poet.—He was literature.—It was nothing but poems. Though a division and subdivision of subjects has for many centuries been made since then, it still prevails very much (?) as in those early times, so called.—Every thing yet is made the subject of poetry—narratives, description, jokes, sermons, recipes, &c &c[1]

Vast and tremendous is the scheme! It involves no less than constructing a nation of nations[2]—a state whose grandeur and comprehensiveness of territory and people make the mightiest of the past almost insignificant—and the people of this state instead of being ruled by the old complex laws, and the involved machinery of all governments hitherto, shall be ruled mainly by individual character and conviction.—The recognized character of the citizen shall be so pervaded by the best qualities of law and power that law and power shall be superseded from this government and transferred to the citizen[3]

Could we imagine such a thing—let us suggest that before a manchild or womanchild was born it should be suggested that a human being could be born—imagine the world in its formation—the long rolling, heaving cycles—Can man appear here?—Can the beautiful vegetable and animal life appear here?

[1] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface.*

[2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 94; also Tennyson's
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. (1842).

[3] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 37, 166–168; also 1855, *Preface*, and 1917, II, p. 110.

[MEMORANDA, 1848][1]

1848 New Orleans

March 18th.—We have now been publishing "the *Crescent*," two weeks; and it seems to be going ahead handsomely.—My situation is rather a pleasant one.—I get through at evening much earlier than I had anticipated,[2] which I like, of course, very well.—There are many peculiarities in New Orleans that I shall jot down at my leisure in these pages.—It seems somewhat strange that I have not heard from home.[3]—It is now over a month, and no letter yet.—

(I arrived in New Orleans, on the night of Friday Feb. 25th; and left it Saturday afternoon, May 27th, '48.)

On board steamer *Griffith*
Upper part of Lake Huron, Saturday
morning, June 10th, 1848.

For a few weeks after I commenced my duties at New Orleans, matters went on very pleasantly.—People seemed to treat me kindly, particularly H. and M'C[4].—My health was most capital; I frequently thought indeed that I felt better than ever before in my life. After changing my boarding house, Jef. and I were, take it altogether, pretty comfortable.—We had good beds, and though the noise was incessant, day and night, we slept well.—The plan of going to dinner when we liked, and calling for what we wanted, out of a variety of dishes, was more convenient than the usual way of boarding houses.—

Through some unaccountable means, however, both H. and M'C, after a while, exhibited a singular sort of coldness, toward me, and the latter an irritability toward Jef., who had, at times, much harder work than I was willing he should do.—

[1] This has no title in the manuscript, being but scraps of autographic data in Whitman's handwriting, apparently once forming a diary of 1848.

[2] A letter from Jefferson Whitman to his mother at this period states that Walt was seldom at the office as late as eleven.

[3] This was apparently the chief cause of Jeff's homesickness, which, in turn, was assigned as one reason for the early return of the Whitmans to the North.

[4] Hayes and McClure, the owners of the *Crescent*. The story of Whitman's meeting with McClure in the lobby of the old Broadway Theatre, between the acts of a play, and in fifteen minutes striking an agreement to go to New Orleans to work on the *Crescent* has been told by Whitman himself, "Complete Prose," p. 188.

The arrangements of the office were in this wise: I generally went about my work about 9 o'clock, overhauling the papers rec'd by mail, and "making up the news," as it is called, both with pen and scissors.—A Mr. Larue (a good writer,) generally prepared the leading editorials; Mr. Reeder, (an amiable-hearted young man, but excessively intemperate) was the "city news" man; (poor Reeder is dead, since)[1] and a young fellow named Da Poute, officiated as translator of Mexican and foreign n-items; factotum in general. I had been accustomed to having frequent conferences, in my former situations with the proprietors of newspapers, on the subject of management, etc.—But when the coldness above alluded to broke out, H. seemed to be studiously silent upon all these matters.—My own pride was touched—and I met their conduct with equal haughtiness on my part.—On Wednesday May 24th I sent down a note requesting a small sum of money.—M'C returned me a bill of what money I had already drawn, and stated that they could not make "advances." I answered by reminding them of certain points which appeared to have been forgotten, making me *not* their debtor, and told them in my reply I thought it would be better to dissolve the connection. They agreed to my plan (after some objections on the part of me)[1]; and I determined to leave on the succeeding Saturday.—

Accordingly on Friday I packed up my traps, and * * [2] is rougher than it was on Michigan or Huron: (on St. Clair it was smooth as glass;) and our boat rolls a little.—Whether it be from this cause, I don't know, but I feel rather unwell.—The day is bright and dry, with a stiff head wind.—We shall doubtless be in Buffalo this evening.—I anticipate a great deal of pleasure in viewing the Falls of Niagara.—(By Wednesday night I expect to be home.)

The water of Lake Erie looked like Michigan, the morning we started out of Chicago—that bright, lively, blue color, so beautiful and rare.—

We arrived in Buffalo on Monday evening, spent that night and a portion of the next day in examining the place.—In the

[1] This parenthesis was added later, in pencil.

[2] The manuscript is here torn. Since parts of these memoranda have evidently been used as material in "New Orleans in 1848" ("Complete Prose," pp. 439–443), which Whitman wrote for the fiftieth-anniversary edition of the New Orleans *Picayune*, it is not improbable that the missing leaves of the diary were themselves used as copy.

morning of the next day, got in the cars and went out to Niagara. —Great God! what a sight!—We went under the Falls, saw the whirlpool, and all the other things, including the suspension bridge.—

On Tuesday evening we started for Albany and travelled all night.—From the time daylight afforded us a view of the country, found it very rich and well cultivated.—Every few miles there were large towns and villages.—

On Wednesday evening arrived in Albany.—Spent the evening in loitering about; there was a political meeting (Hunker,) at the Capitol, but we passed it by.—

Next morning started down the Hudson in the *Alida*.—Never before did I look upon such grand and varied scenery.—Arrived about 5 o'clock in Brooklyn. Found all well.—

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—2[1]

Poem incarnating the mind of an old man, whose life has been magnificently developed—the wildest and most exuberant joy—the utterance of hope and floods of anticipation—faith in whatever happens—but all enfolded in Joy Joy Joy, which underlies and overtops the whole effusion.[2]

No man and no woman can gash or starve or overburden or imbibe rotten stuff in that superior nature of his or hers, any more than one can poison or starve his body.[3]

Is not the faculty of sight better than the ? of the eye?—Is not the human voice more than the rings of the windpipe?

Amelioration is the blood that runs through the body of the universe.—I do not lag—I do not hasten—[it appears to say] I bide my hour over billions of billions of years—I exist in the ?
void that takes uncounted time and coheres to a nebula, and in further time cohering to an orb, marches gladly round, a

[1]This is a little paper notebook of twenty-four 3½-by-6 pages, in a brown cover. The writing is all done in pencil, but is remarkably legible, considering the age of the book. The probable date of this book is not far from that of Manuscript Notebook—1, but since no date is to be found in the book itself, all that can with certainty be asserted is that it belongs to the period in which the First Edition of "Leaves of Grass" was being written, for it contains whole passages that were to appear in that edition—in some cases with few alterations.

[2]*Cf.* 1917, I, pp. 213 ff.

[3]*Cf.* 1855, pp. 77, 82;, 1917, I, pp. 113–114, 122.

beautiful tangible creature, in his place in the processions of God, where new comers have been falling in the ranks for ever, and will be so always—I could be balked no how, not if all the worlds and living beings were this minute reduced back into the impalpable film of chaos—I should surely bring up again where we now stand and go on as much further and thence on and on—My right hand is time, and my left hand is space—both are ample—a few quintillions of cycles, a few sextillions of cubic leagues, are not of importance to me— what I shall attain to I can never tell, for there is something that underlies me, of whom I am a part and instrument.[1]

Tongue of a million voices, tell us more? Come, we listen,
with itchings of desire, to hear your tale of the soul.—

Throb and wait, and lay our ears to the wall as we may, we throb and wait for the god in vain.—I am vast—he seems to console us with a whispering undertone in lack of an answer—and my work is wherever the universe is—but the Soul of man! the Soul of Man!—To that, we do the office of the servants who wake their master at the dawn.

Of all the plenty there is, no plenty is comparable to the plenty of time and space.—Of these there is ample store,—there is no limit[2]

All truths lie waiting in all things.—They neither urge the opening of themselves nor resist it. For their birth you need not the obstetric forceps of the surgeon. They unfold to you and emit themselves more fragrant than roses from living buds, whenever you fetch the spring sunshine moistened with summer rain.—But it must be in yourself.—It shall come from your soul.—It shall be love. (The heart of man alone is the one unbalanced and restless thing in the world)[3]

We hear of miracles.—But what is there that is not a miracle?[4] What may you conceive of or name to me in the future that shall be beyond the least thing around us?—I am looking in your eyes,—tell me then, if you can, what is there more in the immortality of the soul more than this spiritual and beautiful miracle of sight?[5]—By the equally subtle one of volition, I open two pairs of lids, only as big as peach pits, when lo! the un-

[1] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 51, 58; 1917, I, pp. 100, 119. [2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 26; 1917, I, p. 57.
[3] *Cf.* 1855, p. 33; 1917, I, p. 70. [4] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface*; 1917, II, p. 163.
[5] *Cf.* 1855, p. 92; 1917, II, p. 169.

namable variety and whelming splendor of the whole world come with silence and with swiftness to me.—In an instant make I fluid and draw to myself, keeping each to its distinct isolation and no hubbub or confusion or jam, the whole of physical nature, though rocks are dense and hills are ponderous, and the stars are away off sextillions of miles.—All the years of all the beings that have ever lived on the earth, with all the science and genius, were nobly occupied in the employment of investigating this single minute of my life[1]

We know that sympathy or love is the law over all laws, because in nothing else but love is the soul conscious of pure happiness,[2] which appears to be the ultimate resting place, and point of all things.—

If the light of a half day dawn were arrested, and held so for a thousand years

The thin passing clouds like lace, blown overhead during a storm are called the *flying scud*

Let us suppose that all the most rational people of the world had gone no further than children of twelve years old—or, as this seems forced, suppose the utmost advance yet made was the advance of the Comanches and kindred peoples

The Poet
All the large hearts of heroes
All the courage of olden time and new
How spied the captain and sailors the great wreck[3] with its drifting hundreds,
How they waited, their craft shooting like an arrow up and down the storm.
How they gripped close with Death there on the sea and gave him not one inch, and held on day and night
And chalked on a board, *Be of good cheer, we will not desert you*, and held it up and did it;
How the lank white faced women looked when ferried safely as from the sides their prepared graves
How the children and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipped, unshaven men;

[1] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface.* [2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 55; 1917, I, p. 107.
[3] *Cf.* "Complete Prose," p. 7.

All this [he drinks] I swallow in [his] my soul, and it becomes [his] mine, and I like it well.
I am the man; I suffered, I was there:
All the beautiful disdain and calmness of martyrs
The old woman that was chained and burnt with dry wood, and her children looking on.
The great queens that walked serenely to the block.
The hunted slave who flags in the race at last, and leans up by the fence, blowing and covered with sweat,
And the twinges that sting like needles his breast and neck
The murderous buck-shot and the bullets,
All this I not only feel and see but am.
I am the hunted slave,
Damnation and despair are close upon me
I clutch the rail of the fence
My gore presently trickles thinned with the [plentiful sweat salt] ooze of my skin as I fall on the reddened grass and stones
And the hunters haul up close with their unwilling horses,
Till taunt and oath swim away from my dim and dizzy ears.[1]

What the rebel felt gaily adjusting his neck to the rope noose,
[What Lucifer cursed when tumbling from Heaven]
What the savage, lashed to the stump, spirting yells and laughter at every foe
What rage of hell urged the lips and hands of the victors.—[2]
How fared the young captain pale and flat on his own bloody deck
The pangs of defeat sharper than the green edged wounds of his side.[3]
What choked the throat of the general when he surrendered his army,[4]
What heightless dread falls in the click of a moment

All around me I hear how great is Adam or Eve—how significant the illustrious Greeks, or later Italians and Germans, and modern celebrities of England and France.—Yes Christ was large and Homer was great; and so Columbus and Washington and Fulton. But greatness is the other word for development;[5] and in my soul I know that I am large and strong as any of them, probably larger. Because all that they did I feel that I too

[1] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 38–39; 1917, I, pp. 79–81. [2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 42.
[3] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 41–42; 1917, I, pp. 84 ff. [4] *Cf.* 1855, p. 40; 1917, I, p. 82.
[5] *Cf.* 1855, p. 26; 1917, I, p. 58.

could do, and more and that multiplied; and after none of them or their achievements does my stomach say enough and satisfied.—Except Christ; he alone brings the perfumed bread, ever vivifying to me, ever fresh and plenty, ever welcome and to spare.[1]—

Not even God, [that dread?] is so great to me as Myself is great to me.[2]—Who knows but I too shall in time be a God as pure and prodigious as any of them?[3]—Now I stand here in the Universe, a personality perfect and sound; all things and all other beings as an audience at the play-house perpetually and perpetually calling me out from behind my curtain.—

Shall we sky-lark with God

The poet seems to say to the rest of the world
Come, God and I are now here
What will you have of us,[4]

It would be as though some publisher should reject the best poems ever written in the world because he who brings them to be printed has a shabby umbrella or mud on the shank of his boots.

One grand faculty we want,—and that is the power to pierce fine clothing and thick coated shams, and settle for sure what the reality of the thing clothed and disguised is, and what it weighs stark naked; the power of slipping like an eel through all blandishments and graspings of convention; the power[5]

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—3[6]

You know how the one brain includes those beautiful wonders the perceptions or senses—includes also the subtle processes of thought and reason and causality, and an infinite variety else,

[1] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 93–94. [2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 53; 1917, I, p. 105.

[3] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 74; *post*, pp. 91–92. [4] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 71.

[5] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface* *Cf.* also Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," especially the chapters on "The World out of Clothes" and "Adamitism."

[6] This notebook has very much the appearance of "Manuscript Notebook—2," and, like it, belongs to the period before 1855. It is in some places so badly blurred as to be scarcely legible.

so diverging and converging as to either make much of the finest thread of silk or wind its fingers round the world.—Well the one duty under which a man or woman is bound to himself or herself is the enfolder of every bit that follows.—That is the only independent, living entire obligation.—As small pipes from the aqueduct main, the rest are parts that flow out of it. They come not thence, they are only so many dead arms or legs, ghastly perhaps galvanised into a little motion, but having no vitality from the heart.

You have for instance been warned through your whole life, week days and Sundays, to pay your devoir (?) to God.—Religion the original and main matter. Really there is no such thing.—What is called such, even accepting the most florid and large description of it, is but one little item in the sum of that boundless account which a man should be always balancing with his own soul. I have seen corpses shrunken and shrivelled—I have seen dismal mannikins of abortions, still-births so small that the doctors preserved them in bottles—But no corpse have I seen—no minnied[1] abortion—that appears to me more shrunken, from comparison to the fullest muscular health of some fine giant—more inert and blue and fit for the swiftest burial—more awfully a corpse because a perfect shaped and affectionate youth, in living strength and suppleness, stands ready to take his room, when the hearse carries the defunct away—than the whole and the best of what over this great earth has been called, and is still called, Religion, seems to me in comparison with the devotion ? loving in a sort worthy that immeasurable love, stronger than the propulsion of this globe, ecstatic as the closest embraces of the god that made this globe—fiercer than the fires of the sun around which it eternally swings—more faithful than the faith that keeps it in its company and place—divergent and vast as the space that lies beyond—which belongs to any well developed man which is the great law whence spring the lesser laws we call Nature's.

From each word, as from a womb, spring babes that shall grow to giants and beget superber breeds upon the earth.[2]

He drinks up quickly all terms, all languages, and meanings.—To his curbless and bottomless powers, they be like ponds of rain water to the migrating herds of buffalo, who make the

[1] Mummied?

[2] *Cf.* 1855, p. 45; 1917, I, p. 90.

earth miles square look like a creeping spread.—See! he has only passed this way, and they are drained dry.[1]

You break your arm, and a good surgeon sets it and cures it complete; but no cure ever avails for an organic disease of the heart.

Your mighty religions and political improvements—good enough as far as they go—are still but partial reforms—a good back—a well shaped foot—a fine head of hair—a nice ear for music—or a peculiar faculty for engineering. I would give you the entire health, both of spirit and flesh, the life of grace and strength and action, from which all else flows.—What I give you, I know, cannot be argued about, and will not attract men's enthusiasms and interests.[2]

I want that tenor, large and fresh as the creation, the orbed parting of whose mouth shall lift over my head the sluices of all the delight yet discovered for our race.—I want the soprano that lithely overleaps the stars, and convulses me like the love-grips of her in whose arms I lay last night.—I want an infinite chorus and orchestrium, wide as the orbit of Uranus, true as the hours of the day, and filling my capacities to receive, as thoroughly as the sea fills its scooped out sands.—I want the chanted Hymn whose tremendous sentiment shall uncage in my breast a thousand wide-winged strengths and unknown ardors and terrible ecstasies—putting me through the flights of all the passions—dilating me beyond time and air—startling me with the overture of some unnamable horror—calmly sailing me all day on a bright river with lazy slapping waves—stabbing my heart with myriads of forked distractions more furious than hail or lightning—lulling me drowsily with honeyed morphine—tightening the fakes of death about my throat, and awakening me again to know by that comparison, the most positive wonder in the world, and that's what we call life.[3]

For this huge harmony have you nothing to give us but one feeble note, and that a false one?

The law of gravity is the law under which you make your house plumb but that is not what the law is specially made for.[4]

[1] *Cf.* 1855, p. 86; 1917, I, p. 202. [2] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 33, 92; 1917, I, p. 70, II, p. 168.
[3] *Cf.* 1855, p. 32; 1917, I, pp. 67–68; also *infra*, I, p. 256.
[4] *Cf.* 1855, p. 26; 1917, I, p. 57.

All the vastness of Astronomy—and space—systems of suns carried in their computation to the farthest that figures are able or that the broadest mathematical ? faculty can hold—and then multiplied in geometrical progression ten thousand billion fold do not more than symbolize the reflection of the reflection, of the spark thrown off a spark, from some emanation of God.—Even these the greatest of the great men of the world, can in their best moments

The air which furnishes me the breath to speak is subtle and boundless—but what is it compared to the things it serves me to speak—the meanings—

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—4[1]

Autobiographical Data

From the middle to the latter part of Oct. 1844 I was in *New Mirror*—

We lived at Vandykes 4th of July 1826

We lived in Adams st in Brooklyn, 1827

I was in Lawyer Clarkes office in 1830—

We moved to Brooklyn in May 1823[2]

Moved to Cranberry st 1824

Moved to Johnson st May 1st 1825

Moved to Tillary st (Martin's) 1st May 1827—moved to own house Nov lived there till Nov 1831

We lived in Henry st the winter before the first cholera summer (1830–1831?)

I was at Clements printing office[3] in the summer of 1831—

I went to Spooner's[4] in the fall of '32.

I was at Worthingtons[5] in the summer of '32

I was at Spooner's when father moved in the country in 33.

We lived at Norwich in 1834.—

I went up to Hempstead from New York 1st of May 1836—went to Norwich to teach school in June same year.

I kept the school west of Babylon the winter of 36–7

[1] This is a substantial, leather-backed notebook containing references to the Fugitive Slave Law, which would suggest that it, too, belongs to the period before 1855.

[2] These dates are not to be taken as conclusive, for not infrequently Whitman has himself contradicted them elsewhere. In the main, however, they are correct.

[3] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 234 note; II, pp. 3, 9 note 3; *post*, pp. 248–249, 294, 296 note.

[4] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 234 note, II, p. 3; *post*, p. 295. [5] *Cf. post*, p. 296 note.

At Long Swamp the spring of '37
At Smithtown the fall and winter of 37—
Went to Huntington the spring of 38—
We moved to Dix Hills in May 1840
We moved from Hempstead to Babylon in 1836, August
I went from Huntington to Babylon in 1839 (Spring)
Came down to New York (after selling Nina) in the summer of 39
I went to Woodbury to teach school in the summer of 40
I went to edit the *Aurora*[1] in April 1842
In Jamaica first time in the latter part of the summer of 1839. In the winter succeeding, I taught school between Jamaica and Flushing—also in February and spring of '40 at Triming Square—
In summer of 40 I taught at Woodbury
Was at Jamaica and through Queens co. electioneering in fall of 1840
Winter of 1840, went to Whitestone, and was there till next spring—
Went to New York in May 1841 and wrote for *Democratic Review*,[2] worked at printing business in *New World*[3] office boarded at Mrs. Chipmans—
Went in April 1842 to edit *Aurora*
Wrote for *Sun*[4] &c
J. W.[5] died at Dix Hills Sept 8th 1845
Fall and winter of 1842 boarded at Mrs. R. in Spring st.
Spring of 1843 boarded at Mrs. Bonnard's in John st.—
Also at Mrs. Edgarton's in Vesey.

[1] An organ of President Tyler's administration. Of it little is known, but see "Complete Prose," p. 188; Fiske, John, "Edward Livingston Youmans," 1894, p. 46; Perry, Bliss, *loc. cit.*, pp. 22–23; and especially the letter of William Cauldwell to the New York *Times*, quoted in the *Conservator*, July, 1901. Another article in the *Times* (March 27, 1892) on Whitman's career says: "Two years later [than the *Long Islander* venture] he was in New York on the *Aurora*, a sheet that made itself greatly hated by the more respectable citizens." *Cf.* also the "Cambridge History of American Literature," II, p.181.

[2] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 52 note; 60 note; 72 note; 78 note 2; 83 note; 97 note 2; II, pp. 15–16.

[3] *Cf. infra*, I p. 17 note; *post* p. 103–104, note.

[4] The New York *Sun*.

[5] I think this must be a reference to the so-called unnamed infant (though if I am right, the initial must stand for a name) whom Doctor Bucke lists (*loc. cit.*, p. 13) as having died on September 14, 1825. Probably Doctor Bucke got his information from Whitman, and the latter's poor memory for dates has already been pointed out. Of course, there may have been a typographical error in Doctor Bucke's book; in any case, the present manuscript, written before 1855, is more likely to be correct. In 1825 Whitman was only six years old, and the family were living in Brooklyn.

Summer of '43 at Mary's and at Brown's in Duane st.
October 1843 commenced with the Winants'
Edited *Tattler*[1] in summer of '42
Edited *Statesman*[2] in Spring of '43
Edited *Democrat*[3] in Summer of 44
Wrote for *Dem Review*,[4] *American Review*,[5] and *Columbian*[6] *Magazines* during 45 and 6—as previously.
About the latter part of February '46, commenced editing the Brooklyn *Eagle*[7]—continued till last of January '48.
Left Brooklyn for New Orleans, Feb. 11th '48

[Following this entry several pages have been cut from the book, but their stubs indicate that they apparently did not continue the form of diary given above.—EDITOR.[8]]

I am not glad to-night. Gloom has gathered round me like a mantle, tightly folded.

[1] An evening paper in New York. *Cf.* "Complete Prose," p. 188. In the Brooklyn *Daily News and Long Island Times*, November 22, 1841, I find: "We perceive that the proprietors of the *Brother Jonathan* [see, *infra*, I, p. 5 note 2; 19 note; 67 note], owing to the increase of circulation of their mammoth weekly, have sold out their popular little Daley [*sic*] the *Evening Tattler* . . . . Messrs. Dillon & Co. are the present proprietors."

[2] A New York semi-weekly with, it seems, more than one editor.

[3] A New York daily, which early came out for Silas Wright. (See "The Gathering of the Forces," II, p. 6.)

[4] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 87 note 2. [5] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 93 note 3.

[6] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 86 note 2; 90 note. [7] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 106 note ff.

[8] A manuscript memorandum in the Bucke collection, however, continues the data concerning Whitman's Brooklyn residences, as follows:
"I built the place 106 Myrtle av. the winter of 1848–9, and moved in, the latter part of April '49.
"I sold the Myrtle av. house in May '52, and built in Cumberland street, where we moved Sept. 1st, '52.
"Sold the two 3 story houses in Cumberland street, March 1853.
"Moved into the little 2 story house Cumberland st. April 21st, '53 (lived there one year just exactly.)
"Built in Skillman st., and moved there May, 1854.
"Moved in Ryerson st. May 1855—Lived in Classon from May 1st '56 '7 '8 '9 [This is said to be 77 Classon Avenue.—EDITOR.]
"Lived in Portland Ave from May 1st '59 '60 '61 [There are said to have been two houses on North Portland Avenue, Nos. 107 and 109.—EDITOR.]"
For a picture of the Myrtle Avenue house see "The Gathering of the Forces," II, facing p. 242. The lower floor, as shown in this picture, is used as a saloon, but in recent years it has been a provision store, whereas, in Whitman's time, it was used as his printing office and book store. (See Hearne's "City Directory" for 1851.)

The oppression of my heart is not fitful and has no pangs; but a torpor like that of some stagnant pool.

2

Yet I know not why I should be sad.

Around me are my brother men, merry and jovial.

The laugh sounds out and the beautiful sound of the human voice a sound I love.

No dear one is in danger, and health shelter and food are vouchsafed me.

3

O, Nature! impartial, and perfect in imperfection!

Every precious gift to man is linked with a curse—and each pollution has some sparkle from heaven.

The mind, raised upward, then holds communion with angels and its reach overtops heaven; yet then it stays in the meshes of the world too and is stung by a hundred serpents every day.

4

Let fools affect humility in the strength of their conceit: this brain (?) feels and claims the divine life which moves restlessly (?)[1]

Shall a clear star deny the brightness wherewith the Hidden has clothed it?

5

Thus it comes that I am not glad to night.—

I feel cramped here in these coarse walls of flesh.

The soul disdains its

O Mystery of Death, I pant for the time when I shall solve you!

. .

Years ago I formed one of a great crowd that rapidly (?) gathered where a building had fallen in and buried a man alive.—Down somewhere in those ruins the poor fellow lurked deprived of his liberty, perhaps dead or in danger of death.—How every

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 37.

body worked! how the shovels flew!—And all for black Caesar, for the buried man wasn't any body else.[1]

Our country seems to be threatened with a sort of ossification of the spirit. Amid all the advanced grandeurs of these times beyond any other of which we know—amid the never enough praised spread of common education and common newspapers and books—amid the universal accessibility of riches and personal comforts—the wonderful inventions—the cheap swift travel bringing far nations together—amid all the extreme reforms and benevolent societies—the current that bears us is one broadly and deeply materialistic and infidel. It is the very worst kind of infidelity because it suspects not itself but proceeds complacently onward and abounds in churches and all the days of its life solves never the simple riddle why it has not a good time.[2]—For I do not believe the people of these days are happy. The public countenance lacks its bloom of love and its freshness of faith.—For want of these, it is cadaverous as a corpse.

As to the feeling of a man for a woman and a woman for a man, and all the vigor and beauty and muscular yearning—it is well to know that neither the possession of these feelings nor the easy talking and writing about them, and having them powerfully infused in poems, is any discredit . . . but rather a credit.—No woman can bear clean and vigorous children without them.—Most of what is called delicacy is filthy or sick and unworthy of a woman of live rosy body and a clean affectionate spirit.—At any rate all these things are necessary to the breeding of robust wholesome offspring.[3]

There is a quality in some persons which ignores and fades away the around the hearts of all the people they meet.—To them they respond perhaps for the first time in their lives—now they have ease—now they take holiday—here is some one that they are not afraid of—they do not feel awe or respect or suspicion—they can be themselves—they can expose their secret failings and crimes.—Most people that come to them are formal or good or eminent—are repugnant to them—They close up their leaves[4] then.

[1] *Cf.* 1855, p. 39; 1917, I, p. 81, also *infra*, I, pp. 154–156. [2] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface*.

[3] *Cf.* 1917, I, p. 124 ff.; also *infra*, II, pp. 5–8; and "The Education of Henry Adams," p. 385.

[4] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 78–80; 1917, I, pp. 116–117, 200 ff.

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—5[1]

To The Prevailing Bards

Comrades! I am the bard of Democracy
Others are more correct and elegant than I, and more at home in the parlors and schools than I,[2]
But I alone advance among the people en-masse, coarse and strong
I am he standing first there, solitary chanting the true America,
I alone of all bards, am suffused as with the common people.
I alone receive them with a perfect reception and love—and they shall receive me.
It is I who live in these, and in my poems,—O they are truly me!
But that shadow, my likeness, that goes to and fro seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering,
I often find myself standing and looking at it where it flits—
That likeness of me, but never substantially me.[3]

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—6[4]

Two antique records there are—two religious platforms—
On the first stands the Greek sage, the classic masterpiece of virtue—

[1]This old leather-bound notebook contains the date June 26, 1859, when Whitman resolves: "It is now time to *stir* first for *Money* enough, *to live and provide for* M——. *To Stir*—first write stories and get out of this Slough." Then follow his directions to himself for story-writing. "M——" may have been a lover, or perhaps Whitman's mother or sister Mary. Possibly it is her photograph which is pasted into this notebook (II, facing p. 70).

[2]*Cf.* 1917, II, p. 85.

[3]This, the original draft of "That Shadow My Likeness" (1917, I, p. 161), is given as illustrating how Whitman worked over such a poem.

[4]This is a substantial leather-bound notebook belonging to 1860–1861.

Cf. infra, II, pp. 74, 82–83; also "Complete Prose," p. 245. *Cf.* also the following conversation reported by Traubel ("With Walt Whitman in Camden," III, p. 312): "I [Traubel] met Michael J. Ryan, President of the Irish American Club, on the train: he spoke of 'some Whitman piece' he had read in an English review years ago 'predicting a future for W. W. above that of Jesus Christ.' W. exclaimed: 'Yes, I have had such slaps, but I can assure you I do not appreciate them: some of the wild fellows think they must say such things; but they are too previous—too previous, to say the least.' 'This matter of the awards of the future is a thing way beyond us anyhow: we can't usurp its jurisdiction.'"

Eternal conscience is there—doubt is there—philosophy, questioning, reasoning, is there;
On the second stands the Jew the Christ, the Consolator.
There is love, there is drenched purity . . . there, subtle, is the unseen Soul, before which all the goods and greatnesses of the world become insignificant;
But now a third religion I give . . . I include the antique two . . . I include the divine Jew, and the Greek sage . . . More still—that which is not conscience, but against it—that which is not the Soul, I include
These, and whatever exists, I include—I surround all, and dare not make a single exception.

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—7[1]

Subject—Poem: The Two Vaults

The vault at Pfaffs where the drinkers and laughers meet to eat and drink and carouse,[2]
While on the walk immediately overhead, pass the myriad feet of Broadway
As the dead in their graves, are underfoot hidden
And the living pass over them, recking not of them,

Laugh on Laughters!
Drink on Drinkers!
Bandy the jest! Toss the theme from one to another!
Beam up—Brighten up, bright eyes of beautiful young men!
Eat what you, having ordered, are pleased to see placed before you—after the work of the day, now, with appetite, eat,
Drink wine—drink beer—raise your voice,
Behold! your friend as he arrives—Welcome him, when, from the upper step, he looks down upon you with a cheerful look
Overhead rolls Broadway, the myriad rushing Broadway (?)
The lamps are lit—the shops blaze—the fabrics vividly (?) are seen through the plate-glass window
The strong lights from above pour down upon them and are shed outside

[1] This is a little paper notebook, sadly blurred, which belongs to the first part of 1862.

[2] Alluded to in Oscar Lovell Triggs' "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman," 1906, p. xxvi. Pfaff's restaurant and summer garden was located at 653 Broadway.

The thick crowds, well-dressed—the continual crowds as if they would never end
The curious appearance of the faces—the glimpse first caught of the eyes and expressions as they flit along,
O You phantoms! oft I pause, yearning to arrest some one of you!
[Oft I doubt your reality whether you are real—I suspect all is but a pageant.[1]]
The lights beam in the first vault—but the other is entirely dark
In the first

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—8[2]

Sight at daybreak in camp in front of the hospital tent Three dead men lying, each with a blanket spread over him—I lift up one and look at the young man's face, calm and yellow. 'Tis strange!

(Young man: I think this face of yours the face of my dead Christ.)[3]

The Soul, reaching, throwing out for love,
As the spider, from some little promontory, throwing out filament after filament, tirelessly out of itself, that one at least may catch and form a link, a bridge, a connection
O I saw one passing alone, saying hardly a word—yet full of love I detected him, by certain signs
O eyes wishfully turning! O silent eyes!
For then I thought of you oer the world
O latent oceans, fathomless oceans of love!
O waiting oceans of love! yearning and fervid! and of you sweet souls perhaps in the future, delicious and long:
But Dead, unknown on the earth—ungiven, dark here, unspoken, never born:
You fathomless latent souls of love—you pent and unknown oceans of love![4]

[1] *Cf.* "My own greatest pleasure at Pfaff's was to look on—to see, talk little, to absorb." ("With Walt Whitman in Camden," I, p. 417.)

[2] This notebook belongs to 1862–1863, and contains the material of a number of the "Drum-Taps" poems.

[3] From this hasty note evidently grew the beautiful poem, "A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim," (1917, II, p. 71).

[4] This, the original form of this poem, throws new light on its interpretation.

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—9[1]

Epictetus[2]

(Description of a Wise Man)

He reproves nobody—
Praises nobody
Blames nobody
Nor ever speaks of himself
If any one praises him, in his own mind he condemns the flatterer
If any one reproves (? or insults) him he looks with care that it does not irritate him.
All his desires depend on things within his power.
He transfers all his aversions to those things which nature commends us to avoid.
His appetites are always moderate.
He is indifferent whether he be thought foolish or [ignorant] wise.
He observes himself with the nicety of an enemy or spy, and looks on his own wishes as betrayers.

Extract from Heinie's Diary[3]

Paraphrased and varied, Nov. 25, 1868—(night)

to live a *more Serene Calm philosophic Life—reticent, far more reticent*—yet cheerful, with pleased spirit and far less of the gusty, pleased manner—the capricious—the puerile—

[1]This is a large square notebook in flimsy, much-worn yellow covers of paper. It contains the dates 1868–1870, and has very great significance because of the light it throws, not only on Whitman's sexual nature and his romantic experiences, but also upon his attitude toward himself in such matters. For a presentation of this material in connection with the larger question of Whitman's romantic attachments, the reader is referred to my essay "Walt Whitman's Love Affairs" in the *Dial*, November, 1920.

[2]The influence of Epictetus on Whitman's life and philosophy appears to have been pronounced and of long duration. Horace Traubel asked him: "Was Epictetus a youthful favorite?" to which he replied "Yes, quite so—I think even at sixteen. I do not remember when I first read the book. It was far, far back. I first discovered my bookself in the second-hand book stores of Brooklyn and New York: I was familiar with them all—searched them through and through. One day or other I found an Epictetus—I know it was at that period: found an Epictetus. It was like being born again." Traubel then adds, concerning Whitman's copy of the writings of this author, "His Epictetus has been all underscored with purple pencillings." ("With Walt Whitman in Camden," II, pp. 71–72.) The description given above is not a translation but a digest, taken from various parts of the writings of Epictetus.

[3]I have been unable to locate this in Heinrich Heinie's works.

No more attempts at smart sayings, or scornful criticisms, or harsh comments on persons or actions, or private or public affairs.

[Here a third of the page has been cut out, but the stub shows that whatever had been written on it had been emphasized with double purple wave-lines and a fist. On the next page appear the following passages.—EDITOR.]

cheating, childish abandonment of myself, fancying what does not really exist in another, but is all the time in myself alone—utterly deluded & cheated by *myself*, & my own weakness—REMEMBER WHERE I AM MOST WEAK, & most lacking. Yet always preserve a kind spirit & demeanor to 16.[1] But PURSUE HER NO MORE.

A cool, gentle, (*less demonstrative*) *more UNIFORM DEMEANOR*—give to poor—help any,— be indulgent to the criminal & silly & to low persons generally & the ignorant—but *SAY* little—make no explanations—*give no confidences*—never attempt puns, or plays upon words, or utter sarcastic comments, or, (under ordinary circumstances) hold any discussions or arguments.[2]

June 17— good!—July 15[3]

It is IMPERATIVE, that I obviate & remove myself (& my orbit) *at all hazards* [away from] from this *incessant enormous* & [enormous] PERTURBATION

[1] An initial, which might be a *P* or a *V*, has been erased and the number substituted. Farther down in the confessions it is changed to *164*.

[2] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 62.

[3] This endorsement is written in pencil, whereas the resolution is in ink; the date clearly indicates that Whitman reread his resolution, endorsed it, and rewrote it on July 15.

Congress adjourned in great excitement War is said to be declared in Europe 2½ P. M.—I am writing in the office, not feeling very well—opprest with the heat

July 15—1870

TO GIVE UP ABSOLUTELY & *for good, from this present hour*, [all] this FEVERISH, FLUCTUATING, *useless undignified pursuit of 164*[1]*—too long*, (*much too long*) persevered in, —so humiliating—*It must come at last* & had better come now—(*It cannot possibly be a success*)
LET THERE FROM THIS HOUR BE NO FALTERING, [or] NO GETTING——[2] *at all henceforth*, (NOT ONCE, *under any circumstances*)—*avoid seeing her, or meeting her, or any talk or explanations—or* ANY MEETING WHATEVER, FROM *THIS HOUR FORTH, FOR LIFE.*

July 15 '70

Outline sketch of a superb calm character

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his emotions &c are complete in himself irrespective (indifferent) of whether his love, friendship, &c are returned, or not
He grows, blooms, like some perfect tree or flower, in Nature, whether viewed by admiring eyes, or in some wild or wood entirely unknown
His analogy the earth[3] compiete in itself enfolding in itself all processes of growth effusing life and power for hidden purposes.

Depress the adhesive nature

It is in excess—making life a torment

All this diseased, feverish disproportionate *adhesiveness*[4]

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[1]This number has been substituted in purple ink for the original dash written in black ink.

[2]Word erased. [3]*Cf.*, "Earth, My Likeness," "Leaves of Grass," 1917, I, p. 158.

[4]By this term Whitman meant "intense and loving comradeship, the personal and passionate attachment of man to man—which, hard to define, underlies the lessons and ideals of the profound saviours of every land and age, and which seems to promise, when thoroughly develop'd, cultivated, and recognized in manners and literature, the most substantial hope and safety of the future of these States, will then be fully express'd. It is to the development, identification, and general prevalence of that fervid comradeship (the adhesive love, at least rivalling the amative love hitherto possessing

Remember Fred Vaughan[1]

Case of Jenny Bullard[2]

Sane Nature fit & full rapport therewith

Merlin strong & wise & beautiful at 100 years old.

[The notebook concludes with two clippings pasted on the last page, dealing with specimens of healthy old age: one about Hadji Athanassi, marked "March 1870," the other about Thérèse Jourdon, marked "1860." There is also a clipping concerning Carlyle's ill temper, marked "A Warning to literary men philosophers poets."—EDITOR.]

A VISIT TO THE OPERA[3]

With some Gossip about the Singers, and Music

BY MOSE VELSOR,[4] OF BROOKLYN

COME reader, would you like to go with us to the Italian opera?—We will suppose you are some good fellow of a man—or woman either, it makes no difference—who [whose] days are mostly spent in work; so the Opera will be altogether new to you.—

Here we are, up Broadway, turning round the corner to our

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imaginative literature, if not going beyond it,) that I look for the counterbalance and offset of our materialistic and vulgar American democracy, and for the spiritualization thereof." ("Complete Prose," pp. 239–240.) See also the verse and the epistolary "Calamus," and *infra*, II, p. 21.

[1] I have been unable to find any reference to Fred Vaughan which would indicate who he was or why he was to be remembered in this connection.

[2] The only knowledge I have of Jenny Bullard is contained in an O'Connor letter of 1865, printed in "With Walt Whitman in Camden," I, p. 83–85.

[3] Copied for the first time from a MS. lately presented by Mr. Thomas B. Harned to the Library of Congress. Over the endorsed heading of the MS., which is written in ink, appears the word "Weekly" in pencil, as though to indicate that it was to appear in the weekly edition of some newspaper. But I have never seen it in print. It must have been written later than 1855, for the New York Academy of Music mentioned in it was not opened until that year.

[4] *Van Velsor* was the maiden name of Whitman's mother.

right hand, down East 14th street—us two—part of quite an animated crowd.—

"Book of the opera?—Book of the opera? English and Italian," sing out the boys, who run around us as we pass, offering little shilling or two shilling pamphlets, containing the Italian text of the piece on one page, with the English translation of it on the opposite page.—

What then is the Opera?—the "grand opera," as it is often called?—

For the information of you, our unsophisticated companion, we will say that it is a composition, of the same nature as a play in the theatre, all the dialogue of the characters being sung, or melodiously recited by note, to the accompaniment of a band of instruments, the orchestra.—By acknowledged consent, the music of the Italian composers and singers is at the head of the rest;—Germans, French, English, all bow down to the Italian style.—

In the grand Opera, the story is generally a love-affair—sometimes historical, introducing real personages—all the characters being serious.—Only a class of operas, the "opera buffa," have comic characters. The grand opera, for instance, would be likely to open with a chorus of persons, giving an inkling of the plot, and of what characters are coming on.—There are always, for the principal parts, a soprano, a tenor, and a bass; often, in addition, a baratone, contralto, second soprano, second tenor, &c.

THE N. Y. ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

This edifice, in 14st street, corner of Lexington avenue, is one of the largest audience buildings in America—and indeed in the world.—It is of elegant architectural appearance outside, especially at night—adorned with its plentiful, round, moon-like lights.—Here we are at the front! What a gay show!—The visitors are now in full tide.—The lookers on—the crowds of pedestrians—the numerous private carriages dashing up to the great porch—the splendid and shiny horses—the footmen jumping down and opening the carriage doors—the beautiful and richly drest women alighting, and passing up the steps under the full blaze of the lights—these, and their accompaniments, make a sight worth seeing to a novice—or especially to the country stranger in New York.—

The Academy of Music, outside, has as we said a large, ornamental stately appearance, with its arch-topped windows

and doors, and its brown-colored walls. Inside, the house is a perfect success only in the way of sound.—You can hear with ease anywhere through the building; but in the third and fourth tiers (including about one third the auditorium) from nearly half the seats no view of the stage can be obtained at all.—Such is the fault of the construction of the edifice.—The house is probably too narrow for its length; it is shaped like a compressed horse-shoe, but should have been shaped like an expanded one.—

A LOOK AROUND THE HOUSE.

But now from our seat down in the middle of the parquette, let us take a good look around.—The appearance of the Academy when lit up, and the boxes filled with people, and the performance going on is one of the most remarkable and effective that can be imagined.—Hundreds upon hundreds of gas-lights, softened with globes of ground glass, shed their brilliancy upon the scene.—Seated in the red velvet arm-chairs of the parquette, and on the sofas of the dress-circle, are groups of gentlemen, and of the most superbly dressed women, some of them with that high bred air, and self-possession, obtained by mixing much with the "best society."

Just before the curtain rises, for fifteen or twenty minutes, line after line, party after party, come streaming down the passages, seeking the seats previously engaged—most of them under the convoy of the ushers.—From every direction opera-glasses are level'd by white-gloved hands.—Those who have been in the habit of going only to the theatres or places of amusement, will be struck with the quietness and blandness that pervades the whole place, like an atmosphere—no hubbub—no "hi-hi's."—

THE ORCHESTRA.

Now, to the tap-tap of the conductor, the orchestra begins.—What honeyed smoothness! How exact! How true and clear! How inimitable the manner of the conductor, quietly signing with slight waves of his wand, to the right hand or the left. How delicious the proportion between the kinds of instruments —rarely met with in ordinary bands, but here perfect.—The violins, the bugles, the flutes, the drums, the base-fiddles, the violincello —all, all so balanced and their results merging into each other.—

Now a rapid passage full of semiquavers given without the least discord by fifteen or twenty violins.—Now the clear warble

of the flute—and now a passage in which advances the elephantine tread of the trombones.—Now a solo on the fagotto, relieved by the low, soothing, gulping notes of the base-viols.—And now, a long, tumultuous, crowded finale, ending with a grand crash of all the instruments together, every one, it would seem, making as much noise as it possibly can—an effect which we perceive you don't like at all, but which we privately confess in your ear is one of the greatest treats we obtain from a visit to the opera.—

ITALIAN MUSIC AND METHOD.

We have already hinted at the supremacy of Italian music.—The English opera, the tunes of the ballads, &c. sung by the various bands of "minstrels," and indeed all modern musical performances and compositions are, to all intents and purposes, but driblets from Italian music.—True there are bequeathed to us, from other quarters, some fresh and original tunes, as the native songs of Scotland, Ireland, and one or two other lands; but as to a theory of the lyric art, and its practice too, there is really no other worth the attention of one who wishes to be a good musician, only that of Italy.—That is the only large, fresh, free, magnificent method—and under its auspices alone, will there ever be great and perfect American singers, male and female.

Reader, perhaps you have been merely once to the Italian Opera—and didn't like it.—If so, the deficiency was in yourself.—So far-developed, and of course artificial a thing as Italian music cannot be understood or appreciated at once.—Then the flurry of a new scene distracts the attention.—If the piece is unknown to you, it were better to procure the English translation of it beforehand and read it over once or twice; for it destroys all the enjoyment of the music to follow it, page by page during the performance.

LONG STUDY AND PRACTICE NEEDED TO MAKE A SINGER.

Few realize the long and arduous study required to make a first class singer—years and years are to be occupied—precept upon precept—and, above all, practice upon practice.—In Italy there are conservatories of music, where young persons commence in time, under patient and competent teachers.—There they * * * *

[Here one page of manuscript is missing.—Editor].

excellent ones—Bettini,[1] Mario, Tiberini, Brignoli and Steffano.— There are no better, probably in Europe or America, than the two last named.—

Many of the opera singers are Jews and Jewesses.— There are some very creditable American singers, of late, making debuts in the Italian Opera. We need a good school, where music can be taught conscientiously and profoundly.—

AU REVOIR.

So, friendly reader, we have filled our column, more or less, with a visit, us two, to the Italian Opera with you, and with random* * * * * *

[Here half a page is missing.—EDITOR.]

AFTER CERTAIN DISASTROUS CAMPAIGNS[2]

Answer me, year of repulses!
How will the poets, of ages hence, look back to you, & to me also?
What themes will they make out of you, O year? (themes for sarcastic
ironical laughter?)
What are the proofs to be finally shown out of you?
Are they not to be shown with pride, as by bards descended from me? my children?
Are they really failures? are they sterile incompetent yieldings after all?
Are they not indeed to be victorious shouts from my children?

STARRY UNION[3]

See! see! see! where the sun is beaming!
See! see! see! all the bright stars gleaming!
North, or South in order moving,
All including, folding, loving
Union all! O its Union all!
O its all for each, & each for all!

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 257–259.

[2] From a manuscript in the possession of Mr. J. P. Morgan, by whose kind permission it is here printed. Apparently the poem was never printed by Whitman; at any rate, it was not preserved in his complete editions. The date is unknown, though probably the title refers to the year 1863 or 1864. The manuscript shows later revisions in a few places, all of which have been incorporated in the text as here given.

[3] From a manuscript in the possession of Mr. J. P. Morgan, by whose kind permission it is here printed. This manuscript is undated, but apparently it was intended as a song for the group entitled "Marches Now the War Is Over." Certain revisions have

[ONCE I PASS'D THROUGH A POPULOUS CITY][1]

Once I passed through a populous city, imprinting on my brain,
for future use, its shows, architecture, customs and traditions
But now of all that city I remember only the man who wandered
with me there, for love of me,
Day by day, and night by night, we were together.
All else has long been forgotten by me—I remember, I say, only
one rude and ignorant man who, when I departed, long and
long held me by the hand, with silent lip, sad and tremulous.

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been made, at a date later than that of its original composition; all of these are included in the present text. If the stanza was ever published, I have no knowledge of the fact. It is interesting to note the use of rime here as in the most widely known of the poems born of the war, "O Captain, My Captain."

[1]This manuscript is in a private collection, that of the late Patrick A. Valentine, of New York, whose widow kindly allowed me to make a photograph of it. In the original there was no title.

The original draft of the poem is here given chiefly because of its uncommon biographical significance. When published (1860, and in subsequent editions) the poem was altered, less in form than in import, and on this changed import many biographers have based what now appears to be an unproved, if not an erroneous, theory concerning Whitman's secret romance. (See Biographical Introduction, pp. xlvii ff.) For purposes of comparison I give also the published version:

Once I pass'd through a populous city imprinting my brain for future use with its
shows, architecture, customs, traditions,
Yet now of all that city I remember only a woman I casually met there who detain'd
me for love of me,
Day by day and night by night we were together—all else has long been forgotten by me,
I remember I say only that woman who passionately clung to me,
Again we wander, we love, we separate again.
Again she holds me by the hand, I must not go,
I see her close beside me with silent lips sad and tremulous.

Unless we are to suppose, upon no evidence whatever, that there was a still earlier draft similar to the one published, and that of it the Valentine manuscript is a revision, it seems clear that the poem, originally inspired by a "Calamus" friendship with a man, was altered to celebrate romantic love for a woman in order to conceal the fact or the nature of that manly attachment, or else there were two infatuations, one with a man and one with a woman (a supposition contradicted by the poem itself), to either of which the lines of the lyric might apply. Whitman's desire that the poem be understood, only in the light of its general, as contrasted with its personal, implications (see Mr. H. B. Binns's "A Life of Walt Whitman," 1905, p. 51) is significant only in increasing our feeling that the author deliberately attempted to mystify the reader.

LONGER PROSE PUBLICATIONS

FRANKLIN EVANS;
OR
THE INEBRIATE.[1]

A TALE OF THE TIMES

BY WALTER WHITMAN

INTRODUCTORY

THE story I am going to tell you, reader, will be somewhat aside from the ordinary track of the novelist. It will not abound, either with profound reflections, or sentimental remarks. Yet its moral—for I flatter myself it has one, and one

[1]Republished in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, Nov. 16–30, 1846, when Whitman was editor of the paper, under the caption,

A Tale of Long-Island.

FORTUNES OF A COUNTRY-BOY;
Incidents in Town—and his Adventure at the South.
BY J. R. S.

In this reprint the Introductory chapter and the Conclusion (Chapter XXV) were omitted, as were the mottoes of the other chapters. Attention was called to the serial in an editorial announcement which referred to the story as an "original novel"; the phrase as then used by the *Eagle* apparently designated a publication first appearing in that journal.

In the *New World* for Saturday, November 5, 1842, there appeared the following announcement:

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE, AHOY!

FRANKLIN EVANS,
or
The Inebriate

A Tale of the Times.—By a Popular American Author.

THIS NOVEL, which is dedicated to the Temperance Societies and the friends of the Temperance Cause throughout the Union, will create a sensation, both for the ability with which it is written, as well as the interest of the subject, and will be universally read and admired. It was written expressly for the NEW WORLD, by one of the best

which it were well to engrave on the heart of each person who scans its pages—will be taught by its own incidents, and the current of the narrative.

Whatever of romance there may be—I leave it to any who have, in the course of their every-day walks, heard the histories of intemperate men, whether the events of the tale, strange as some of them may appear, have not had their counterpart in real life. If you who live in the city should go out among your neighbors and investigate what is being transacted there, you might come to behold things far more improbable. In fact, the following chapters contain but the account of a young man, thrown by circumstances amid the vortex of dissipation—a country youth, who came to our great emporium to seek his fortune—and what befell him there. So it is a plain story; yet as the grandest truths are sometimes plain enough to enter into the minds of children—it may be that the delineation I shall give will do benefit, and that educated men and women may not find the hour they spend in its perusal altogether wasted.

And I would ask your belief when I assert that what you are going to read is not a work of fiction, as the term is used. I narrate occurrences that have had a far more substantial existence than in my fancy. There will be those who, as their eyes turn past line after line, will have their memories carried to matters which they have heard of before, or taken a part in themselves, and which, they know, are *real*.

Can I hope, that my story will do good? I entertain that hope. Issued in the cheap and popular form you see, and wafted by every mail to all parts of this vast republic; the facilities which its publisher possesses, giving him power of diffusing it more widely than any other establishment in the United States; the mighty and deep public opinion which, as a tide bears a ship upon its bosom, ever welcomes anything favor-

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Novelists of this country, with a view to aid the great work of Reform, and rescue Young Men from the demon of Intemperance. The incidents of the plot are wrought out with great effect, and the excellence of its moral, and the beneficial influence it will have, should interest the friends of Temperance Reformation in giving this Tale the widest possible circulation.

Terms.—It will be issued in an Extra *New World*, (octavo,) on Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 12½ cents single; ten copies for $1, or $8 pr hundred. Let the orders be early.

Address, postpaid, J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann st., N. Y.

A slightly different title is given to the novelette in an advertisement in the *New World*, August 19, 1843: "Franklin Evans; or the Merchant's Clerk: A Tale of the Times."

able to the Temperance Reform; its being written *for the mass*, though, the writer hopes, not without some claim upon the approval of the more fastidious; and, as much as anything else, the fact that it is as a pioneer in this department of literature—all these will give "THE INEBRIATE," I feel confident, a more than ordinary share of patronage.

For youth, what can be more invaluable? It teaches sobriety, that virtue which every mother and father prays nightly may be resident in the characters of their sons. It wars against Intemperance, that evil spirit which has levelled so many fair human forms before its horrible advances. Without being presumptuous, I would remind those who believe in the wholesome doctrines of abstinence, how the earlier teachers of piety used parables and fables, as the fit instruments whereby they might convey to men the beauty of the system they professed. In the resemblance, how reasonable it is to suppose that you can impress a lesson upon him whom you would influence to sobriety, in no better way than letting him read such a story as this.

It is usual for writers, upon presenting their works to the public, to bespeak indulgence for faults and deficiencies. I am but too well aware that the critical eye will see some such in the following pages; yet my book is not written for the critics, but for THE PEOPLE; and while I think it best to leave it to the reader's own decision whether I have succeeded, I cannot help remarking, that I have the fullest confidence in the verdicts being favorable.

And, to conclude, may I hope that he who purchases this volume will give to its author, and to its publisher also, the credit of being influenced not altogether by views of the profit to come from it? Whatever of those views may enter into our minds, we are not without a strong desire that the principles here inculcated will strike deep, and grow again, and bring forth good fruit. A prudent, sober, and temperate course of life cannot be too strongly taught to old and young; to the young, because the future years are before them—to the old, because it is their business to prepare for death. And though, as before remarked, the writer has abstained from thrusting the moral upon the reader, by dry and abstract disquisitions—preferring the more pleasant and quite as profitable method of letting the reader draw it himself from the occurrences—it is hoped that the New and Popular Reform now in the course of progress over the land will find no trifling help from a "TALE OF THE TIMES."

CHAPTER I

The tree-tops now are glittering in the sun;
Away! 'tis time my journey was begun.—R. H. Dana.

One bright cool morning in the autumn of 183-, a country market-wagon, which also performed the office of stage-coach for those whose means or dispositions were humble enough to be satisfied with its rude accommodations, was standing, with the horses harnessed before it, in front of a village inn, on the Long Island turnpike. As the geography of the reader may be at fault to tell the exact whereabouts of this locality, I may as well say that Long Island is a part of the State of New York, and stretches out into the Atlantic, just south-eastward of the city which is the great emporium of our western world. The most eastern county of the island has many pretty towns and hamlets; the soil is fertile, and the people, though not refined or versed in city life, are very intelligent and hospitable.[1] It was in that eastern county, on the side nearest the sea, that the road ran on which the market-wagon just mentioned was going to traverse. The driver was in the bar-room, taking a glass of liquor.

As the landlord, a sickly-looking, red-nosed man, was just counting out the change for the one dollar bill out of which the price of the brandy was to be taken, a stranger entered upon the scene. He was a robust youth, of about twenty years; and he carried an old black leather valise in his hand, and a coarse overcoat hanging on his arm. The proprietor of the vehicle standing outside knew, with the tact of his trade, the moment this young man hove in sight, that he probably wished to take passage with him. The stranger walked along the narrow path that bordered the road, with a light and springy step; and as he came toward the tavern, the personages who noticed him thought they saw him brushing something from his eyes—the traces of tears, as it were. Upon the valise which he carried in his hand was tacked a small card, on which was written, "*Franklin Evans.*"

Reader, I was that youth; and the words just quoted are the name of the hero of the tale you have now begun to peruse. Flattered shall I feel if it be interesting enough to lead you on to the conclusion!

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 120–121, 232, II, p. 14.

"What, Frank, is it you?" said the landlord's wife to me, coming in from an adjoining room at this moment. "Surely you cannot be going from the village? How are all your uncle's folks this morning? Baggage with you, too! Then it must be that you leave us, indeed."

"I am bound for New York," was my brief answer to the somewhat garrulous dame, as I opened the old-fashioned half-door and entered the house. I threw my valise upon a bench, and my overcoat upon it.

The good landlady's further inquisitiveness was cut short by my taking the driver out to his wagon, for the purpose of making arrangements and settling the price of my passage. This was soon concluded, and my rather limited stock of travelling gear was safely deposited on the top of some baskets of mutton in the rear of the vehicle.

"Come, youngster," said he who owned the mutton; "come in with me, and take a drop before we start. The weather is chill, and we need somewhat to keep us warm."

I felt no particular wish either to drink or refuse; so I walked in, and each of us drank off a portion of that fluid which has brought more wo into society than all the other causes of evil combined, together.

The landlord and his family were old acquaintances of mine, from the fact that we had for several years resided in the same village. It was not, therefore, without some little feeling of displeasure with myself that I repulsed all the good-natured inquiries and endeavors of himself and his wife to discover the object of my journey. I had known him as a worthy man in times past, previous to his keeping the tavern. Young as I was I could well remember the time when his eyes were not bleared and his face flushed with unnatural redness, and his whole appearance that of a man enfeebled by disease; all of which characterized him now. Ten years before, he had been a hale and hearty farmer; and with his children growing up around him, all promised a life of enjoyment, and a competency for the period of his own existence, and for starting his sons respectably in life. Unfortunately, he fell into habits of intemperance. Season after season passed away; and each one, as it came, found him a poorer man than that just before it. Everything seemed to go wrong. He attributed it to ill luck, and to the crops being injured by unfavorable weather. But his neighbors found no more harm from these causes than in the years

previous, when the tippler was as fortunate as any of them. The truth is that habits of drunkenness in the head of a family are like an evil influence—a great dark cloud, overhanging all, and spreading its gloom around every department of the business of that family, and poisoning their peace, at the same time that it debars them from any chance of rising in the world.

So, as matters grew worse, my hapless friend narrowed down the operations of his farm, and opened his dwelling as a country inn. Poor fellow! he was his own best customer. He made out to glean a scanty subsistence from the profits of his new business; but all the old domestic enjoyment and content seemed fled for ever. The light laugh and the cheerful chuckle with which he used to toss his infant child in his arms, when [he] returned at evening from his labor, were heard no more. And the cosy and comfortable winter fireside—the great wide hearth, around which they used to cluster when the hail pattered against the small windows from without—where was its comfort now? Alas! while the hearth itself remained in its old place, the happy gatherings were passed away! Many a time, when a young boy, I had stolen from my own home of an evening, to enjoy the vivacity and the mirth of that cheerful fireside. But now, like an altar whose gods and emblems were cast down and forgotten, it was no more the scene of joy, or the spot for the pleasantness of young hearts. The fumes of tobacco, and the strong smell of brandy and gin, defiled its atmosphere; while its huge logs, as they blazed upward, lighted the faces of pallid or bloated inebriates!

The farmer's sons, too, had left him, and gone to seek their living in a more congenial sphere. Intemperance is the parent of peevishness and quarrels, and all uncharitableness. Every day brought new causes of grievance and of dissention. Sometimes, the father was unreasonable, and demanded of his children far more than was consistent with justice. Sometimes, they forgot the respect due from son to parent; for whatever may be the faults of those who give us birth, there is little excuse for thankless ones, whose disobedience to the parental will is indeed sharper than the serpent's tooth.[1] And so the grown-up children went away from the family residence, and were thenceforward almost as strangers.

[1] *Cf.*

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child.
>
> *Lear*, I, 4.

I have been led into an episode. Let me return to the matter more immediately in point to the plot of my narrative. Upon getting into the vehicle, I found that it already had four occupants, whom I had not seen before, as the canvas top had concealed and sheltered them and they had remained silent during my conversation with the driver and the people of the tavern. Some part of what I learned about these personages, in the course of our journey, I may as well state here.

There was a young man about four or five years older than myself. His name was John Colby. He was a book-keeper in a mercantile establishment in the city, and from his lively, good-tempered face, one might easily judge that fun and frolic were the elements he delighted in. Colby sat on the same seat with myself, and not many minutes passed away before we were on quite sociable terms with one another.

Back of us sat an elderly country woman, who was going to visit a daughter. Her daughter, she took occasion to inform us, had married a very respectable citizen about three months previous, and they now lived in good style in the upper part of a two-story house in Broome-street. The woman was evidently somewhat deficient in the perception of the ridiculous—as she herself was concerned; but still, as she *was* a woman, and a mother, and her conversation was quite harmless, no one thought of evincing any sign of amusement or annoyance at her rather lengthy disquisitions upon what, to us, were totally uninteresting topics.

At her side was a middle-aged gentleman, named Demaine. He was dressed with such exceeding neatness that I could not but wonder how he came to ride in so homely a conveyance. Of his character, more will be learned in the subsequent pages.

On the back seat of all, and crowded among a heterogenous mass of "market truck," sat a gentleman, the last of my four companions. I could occasionally hear him humming a tune to himself, which was proof that he did not feel in any other than a pleasant mood. He was dressed plainly, though I thought richly; and I understood by my friend, the driver, at one of the stopping places, that his rear passenger had come with him from an obscure village, whence there was no other conveyance, and where he had been for sporting purposes.

CHAPTER II

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank; as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth, and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there.

Not, unavenged—the foeman from the wood
Beheld the deed.

—Bryant.[1]

The journey on which we were all bound, (each of us was going to New-York,) might have been rather monotonous were it not that after a few miles we, most of us, allowed the reserve of strangers to melt away, and began to treat one another as familiar acquaintances. My neighbor by the side of the country woman was the only exception to this. He preserved a stiff pragmatical demeanor, and evidently thought it beneath him to be amused, and quite indecorous to join in the laugh at our little witticisms. Colby and I, however, chatted away, occasionally interchanging a remark with the gentleman on the back seat, whom we found to be quite a fine fellow, according to our notions. Though there was a species of dignity about him which forbade too near an approach of familiarity, there was nothing of that distant haughtiness which characterized our other male passenger.

With the disposition of cheerful hearts, we found a source of pleasure in almost everything. The very slowness and sleepiness of the pace with which our horses jogged along was the text for many a merry gibe and humorous observation. Entering into the spirit of our gayety, the sportsman in the further seat entertained us with numerous little anecdotes, many of them having reference to scenes and places along the road we were passing. He had, he told us, a fondness for prying into the olden history of this, his native island, a sort of antiquarian taste for the stories and incidents connected with the early settlers, and with the several tribes of Indians who lived in it before the whites came.

[1] From "The Ages," Stanzas xxx-xxxi.

I could see, indeed, that the gentleman was quite an enthusiast on the subject, from the manner in which he spoke upon it. He dwelt with much eloquence upon the treatment the hapless red men had received from those who, after dispossessing them of land and home, now occupied their territory, and were still crowding them from the face of their old hunting-grounds.

"The greatest curse," said he, growing warm with his subject—"the greatest curse ever introduced among them, has been the curse of *rum!* I can conceive of no more awful and horrible, and at the same time more effective lesson, than that which may be learned from the consequences of the burning fire-water upon the habits and happiness of the poor Indians. A whole people—the inhabitants of a mighty continent—are crushed by it, and debased into a condition lower than the beasts of the field. Is it not a pitiful thought? The bravest warriors—the wise old chiefs—even the very women and children—tempted by our people to drink this fatal poison, until, as year and year passed away, they found themselves deprived not only of their lands and what property they hitherto owned, but of everything that made them noble and grand as a nation! Rum has done great evil in the world, but hardly ever more by wholesale than in the case of the American savage."

We could not but feel the justice of his remarks. Even our driver, whose red nose spoke him no hater of a glass of brandy, evidently joined in the sentiment.

As we crossed a small creek over which a bridge was thrown, he who had spoken so fervently in behalf of the Indians, pointed us to [look] over the fields in the distance, where we could see quite a large inland sheet of water. He told us it was a lake[1] about two miles broad, and gave us a long and unpronounceable word, which he said was the Indian name for it.

"There is an old tradition," said he—and we could perceive that he was now upon a favorite hobby— "there is a very old tradition connected with this lake, which may perhaps diversify our journey, by the relation."

We all professed our pleasure at the idea of hearing it, and without further preliminary the antiquarian began:[2]

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[1] I suppose this refers to Lake Ronkonkoma, though the description is inexact and though I have been unable to connect the legend with it.

[2] The antiquarian's story was reprinted as an original contribution to the *American Review, A Whig Journal*, Vol. I, pp. 639–642, June, 1845. When "Franklin Evans" was

Among the tribes of red men that inhabited this part of the world three hundred years ago, there was a small brave nation, whose hunting-grounds lay adjacent to the eastern shore of that lake. The nation I speak of, like most of its neighbors, were frequently engaged in war. It had many enemies, who sought every means to weaken it, both by stratagem and declared hostility. But the red warriors who fought its battles were very brave; and they had a chief whose courage and wonderful skill in all the savage arts of warfare made him renowned through the island, and even on no small portion of the continent itself. He was called by a name which, in our language, signifies "Unrelenting." There were only two dwellers in his lodge—himself and his youthful son; for twenty moons had filled and waned since the chieftain's wife was placed in the burial-ground of her people.[1]

As the Unrelenting sat alone one evening in his rude hut, one of his people came to inform him that a traveller from a distant tribe had entered the village, and desired food and repose. Such a petition was never slighted by the red man; and the messenger was sent back with an invitation for the stranger to abide in the lodge of the chief himself. Among these simple people, no duties were considered more honorable than arranging the household comforts of a guest. Those duties were now performed by the chief's own hand, his son having not yet returned from the hunt on which he had started, with a few young companions, at early dawn. In a little while the wayfarer was led into the dwelling by him who had given the first notice of his arrival.

"You are welcome, my brother," said the Unrelenting.

The one to whom this kind salute was addressed was an athletic Indian, apparently of middle age and habited in the scant attire of his species. He had the war-tuft on his forehead,

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republished in the *Eagle* in 1846, this was one of the passages which were left out. The title of the story in the *American Review* version is "The Death of Wind-Foot."

Whitman's interest in the Indians appears in other publications in the *Eagle*, but especially in the "Brooklyniana" papers, *post*, pp. 314–317.

[1] In the 1845 reprint of this tale the opening sentence is altered somewhat, as follows: "Three hundred years ago—so I heard the tale—, not long since, from the mouth of one educated like a white man, but born of the race of whom Logan and Tecumseh sprang,—three hundred years ago, there lived on lands now forming an eastern county of the most powerful of the American states, a petty indian tribe governed by a brave and wise chieftain. This chieftain was called by a name which in our language signifies Unrelenting. . . ."

under which flashed a pair of brilliant eyes. His rejoinder to his host was friendly, yet very brief.

"The chief's tent is lonesome. His people are away?" said the stranger, after a pause, casting a glance of inquiry around.

"My brother says true, that it is lonesome," answered the other. "Twelve seasons ago the Unrelenting was a happy ruler of his people. He had brave sons, and their mother was dear to him. He was strong, like a cord of many fibres. Then the Spirit Chief snapped the fibres, one by one, asunder. He looked with a pleasant eye on my sons and daughters, and wished them for himself. Behold all that is left to gladden my heart!"

The Unrelenting turned as he spoke, and pointed to an object just inside the opening of the tent.

A moment or two before, the figure of a boy nad glided noiselessly in, and taken his station back of the chief. The newcomer seemed of the age of fourteen or fifteen years. He was a noble youth! His limbs never had been distorted by the ligatures of fashion; his figure was graceful as the slender ash and symmetrical and springy as the bounding stag. It was the chief's son—the last and loveliest of his offspring—the soft-lipped nimble Wind-Foot.

With the assistance of the child, the preparations for their simple supper was soon completed. After finishing it, as the stranger appeared to be weary, a heap of skins was arranged for him in one corner of the lodge, and he laid himself down to sleep.

It was a lovely summer evening. The moon shone, and the stars twinkled, and the million voices of the forest night sounded in the distance. The chief and his son reclined at the opening of the tent, enjoying the cool breeze that blew fresh upon them, and idly flapped the piece of deer-skin that served for their door —sometimes swinging it down so as to darken the apartment, and then again floating suddenly up, and letting in the bright moonbeams. Wind-Foot spoke of his hunt that day. He had met with poor luck, and in a boy's impatient spirit, he peevishly wondered why it was that other people's arrows should hit the mark, and not his. The chief heard him with a sad smile, as he remembered his own youthful traits: he soothed the child with gentle words, telling him that even brave warriors sometimes went whole days with the same ill success as had befallen him.

"Many years since," said the chief, "when my cheek was soft, and my limbs had felt the numbness of but few winters, I

myself vainly traversed our hunting-grounds, as you have done to-day. The Dark Influence was around me, and not a single shaft would do my bidding."

"And my father brought home nothing to his lodge?" asked the boy.

"The Unrelenting came back without any game," the other answered; "but he brought what was dearer to him and his people than the fattest deer or the sweetest bird-meat. His hand clutched the scalp of an accursed Kansi!"[1]

The voice of the chief was deep and sharp in its tone of hatred.

"Will my father," said Wind-Foot, "tell——"

The child started, and paused. A sudden gutteral noise came from behind them. It seemed between a prolonged grunt and a dismal groan, and proceeded from that part of the tent where the stranger was lying. The dry skins which formed the bed rustled as if he who lay there was changing his position, and then all continued silent. The Unrelenting turned to his son, and proceeded in a lower tone, fearful that their talk had almost broken the sleep of their guest.

"Listen!" said he; "You know a part, but not all of the cause of hatred there is between our nation and the abhorred enemies whose name I mentioned. Longer back than I can remember they did mortal wrong to your fathers, and your fathers' people. The scalps of two of your own brothers hang in Kansi tents; and I have sworn, boy, to bear for them a never-sleeping hatred.

"On the morning I spoke of, I started with fresh limbs and a light heart to search for game. Hour after hour I roamed the forest with no success; and at the setting of the sun I found myself weary and many miles from my father's lodge. I lay down at the foot of a tree and sleep came over me. In the depth of the night, a voice seemed whispering in my ears—it called me to rise quickly—to look around. I started to my feet, and found no one there but myself; then I knew that the Dream Spirit had been with me. As I cast my eyes about in the gloom, I saw a distant brightness. Treading softly, I approached. The light, I found, was that of a fire, and by the fire lay two figures. Oh, my son, I laughed the quiet laugh of a deathly mind, as I saw who they were. Two of our hated foes—I knew them well—lay sleeping there; a Kansi warrior and a child like you, my son, in age. I felt of my hatchet's edge—it was keen as my hate. I

[1] Possibly Whitman means *Kansa*, though the original locality of this tribe was Kansas.

crept toward them as a snake crawls through the grass—I bent over the slumbering boy—I raised my tomahawk to strike—but I thought that, were they both slain, no one would carry to the Kansi tribe the story of my deed. My vengeance would be tasteless to me if they knew it not, so I spared the child. Then I glided to the other. His face was of the same cast as the first; so my soul was gladdened more, for I knew they were of kindred blood. I raised my arm—I gathered my strength—I struck, and cleft his dastard brain in quivering halves!"

The chief's speech trembled with agitation. He had gradually wrought himself up to a pitch of loudness and rage; and his hoarse tones, at the last part of his narration, rang croakingly through the lodge.

At that moment the deer-skin at the door was down, and obscure darkness filled the apartment. The next, the wind buoyed the curtain aside again; the rays of the moon flowed in and all was a halo of light. Spirits of Fear! What sight was that back there! The strange Indian was sitting up on his couch; his ghastly features glaring forward to the unconscious inmates in front, with a look like that of Satan to his antagonist angel. His lips were parted, and his teeth clenched; his neck stretched forward—every vein in his forehead and temples bulged out as if he was suffocating—and his eyes fiery with a look of demoniac hate. His arm was raised, and his hand doubled; each nerve and sinew of them in bold relief. It was an appalling sight, though it lasted only for a moment. The Unrelenting and his son saw nothing of it, their faces being to the front of the tent; in another instant the Indian had sunk back, and was reposing with the skins wrapped round him, and motionless. It was now an advanced hour of the evening. Wind-Foot felt exhausted by his day's travel; so they arose from their seat at the door, and retired to rest. In a few minutes the father and son were fast asleep; but from the darkness that surrounded the couch of the stranger, there flashed two fiery orbs, rolling about incessantly, like the eyes of a wild beast in anger. The lids of those orbs closed not in slumber during that night.

Among the primitive inhabitants who formerly occupied this continent, it was considered very rude to pester a traveller or a guest with questions about himself, his last abode or his future destination. He was made welcome to stay, until he saw fit to go—whether for a long period or for a short one.

Thus, the next day, when the strange Indian showed no signs of departing, the chief entertained little surprise, but made his guest quite as welcome, and indeed felt the better pleased at the indirect compliment paid to his powers of giving satisfaction. So the Indian passed a second night in the chieftain's tent.

The succeeding morn, the Unrelenting called his son to him, while the stranger was standing at the tent door. He told Wind-Foot that he was going on a short journey, to perform which and return would probably take him till night-fall. He enjoined the boy to remit no duties of hospitality toward his guest, and bade him be ready there at evening with a welcome for his father. As the Unrelenting passed from the door of his tent, he was surprised to witness a wildness in the stranger's bright black eyes. His attention, however, was given to it but for a moment; he took his simple equipments, and started on his journey.

It was some public business for his tribe that the Unrelenting went to transact. He travelled with an elastic step, and soon arrived at his destined place. Finishing there what he had to do, sooner than he expected, he partook of a slight refreshment and started for home. When he arrived in sight of his people's settlement it was about the middle of the afternoon. The day, though pleasant, was rather warm; and making his way to his own dwelling, the Unrelenting threw himself on the floor. Wind-Foot was not there; and after a little while, the chief rose and stepped to the nearest lodge to make inquiry after him. A woman appeared to answer his questions:

"The young brave," said she, "went away with the chief's strange guest many hours since."

The Unrelenting turned to go back to his tent.

"I cannot tell the meaning of it," added the woman, "but he of the fiery eye bade me, should the father of Wind-Foot ask about him, say to the chief these words: '*Unless your foe sees you drink his blood, that blood is not sweet, but very bitter.*'"

The Unrelenting started, as if a snake had stung him. His lip quivered, and his hand involuntarily moved to the handle of his tomahawk. Did his ears perform their office truly? Those sounds were not new to him. Like a floating mist, the gloom of past years rolled away in his memory, and he recollected that the words the woman had just spoken were the very ones himself uttered to the Kansi child, whom he had spared in the forest, long, long ago—and sent back to his tribe to tell how and by

whom his companion was killed. And this stranger? Ah, now he saw it all! He remembered the dark looks, the mystery and abruptness that marked his guest; and carrying his mind back again, he traced the same features in his face and that of the Kansi boy. Wind-Foot then was in the hands of this man, and the chief felt too conscious for what terrible purpose. Every minute lost might be fatal! He sallied from his lodge, gathered together a dozen of his warriors, and started in search of the child.

All the chief's suspicions were too true. About the same hour that he returned to his village, Wind-Foot, several miles from home, was just coming up to his companion, who had gone on a few rods ahead of him, and was at that moment seated on the body of a fallen tree, a mighty giant of the woods that some whirlwind had tumbled to the earth. The child had roamed about with his new acquaintance through one path after another, with the heedlessness of his age; and now, while the Indian sat in perfect silence for many minutes, the boy idly sported near him. It was a solemn place: in every direction around, were the towering fathers of the wilderness—aged patriarchs, that grew up and withered in those solitudes, and shaded underneath them the leaves of untold seasons. At length the stranger spoke:

"Wind-Foot!"

The child, who was but a few yards off, approached at the call. As he came near, he started, and stopped in alarm; for his companion's features were wild, and bent toward him like a panther, about to make the fatal spring. Those dreadfully bright eyes were rolling, and burning with a horrid glitter; and he had the same fearful appearance that has been spoken of as occurring on the first night he spent in the chief's tent. During the moment that passed while they were thus looking at each other, terrible forebodings arose in the child's mind.

"Young warrior," said the Indian, "you must die!"

"The brave stranger is in play," said the other, "Wind-Foot is a little boy."

"Serpents are small at first," the savage replied, "but in a few moons they have fangs and deadly poison. Hearken! branch from an evil root. I am a Kansi! The boy whom your parent spared in the forest is now become a man. Young warriors of his tribe point to him and say, 'his father's scalp crackles in the dwelling of the Unrelenting, and the tent of the Kansi

is bare.' Offspring of my deadliest foe! Ere another sun has travelled over our heads, your blood must fatten the grave of a murdered father."

The boy's heart beat quickly, but the courage of his race did not forsake him.

"Wind-Foot is not a girl," he said. "The son of a chief can die without wetting his cheek by tears."

The savage looked on him for a few seconds with a malignant scowl. Then producing from an inner part of his dress a withe of some tough bark, he stepped to the youth, to bind his hands behind him. It was useless to attempt anything like resistance, for besides the disparity of their strength, the boy was unarmed, while the Indian had at his waist a hatchet and a rude stone weapon, resembling a poinard. Having his arms thus fastened, the savage, with a significant touch at his girdle, pointed to Wind-Foot the direction he was to travel—himself following close behind.

When the Unrelenting and his people started to seek for the child, and that fearful stranger whom they dreaded to think about as his companion, they were lucky enough to find the trail which the absent ones had made. None except an Indian's eye would have tracked them by so slight and round-a-bout a guide. But the chief's vision seemed sharp with paternal love, and they followed on, winding and on again—at length coming to the fallen tree on which the Kansi had sat. Passing by this, the trail was less devious, and they traversed it with greater rapidity. Its direction seemed to be to the shores of a long narrow lake which lay between the grounds of their tribe and a neighboring one. So onward they went, swiftly but silently; and just as the sun's red ball sank in the west, they saw its last flitting gleams dancing in the bosom of the lake. The grounds in this place were almost clear of trees—a few scattered ones only being interspersed here and there. As they came out from the thick woods, the Unrelenting and his warriors swept the range with their keen eyes.

Was it so, indeed? Were those objects they beheld on the grass some twenty rods from the shore the persons they sought? And fastened by that shore was a canoe. They saw from his posture that the captive boy was bound; and they saw, too, from the situation of things, that if the Kansi should once get him in the boat, and start for the opposite side of the waters, where very possibly some of his tribe were waiting for him,

the chances for a release would be hopelessly faint. For a moment only they paused; then the Unrelenting sprang off, like a wolf deprived of her cubs, uttering loud and clear the shrill battle-cry of his nation.

The rest joined in the terrible chorus, and followed him. As the sudden sound was swept along by the breeze to the Kansi's ear, he jumped to his feet, and with that wonderful self-possession which distinguishes his species, was aware at once of the position of the whole affair, and the course he had best pursue. He seized his captive by the shoulder, and ran toward the boat, holding the person of Wind-Foot between himself and those who pursued, as a shield from any weapons they might attempt to launch after him. He possessed still the advantage. They, to be sure, being unincumbered, could run more swiftly; but he had many rods the start of them. It was a fearful race; and the Unrelenting felt his heart grow very sick as the Indian, dragging his child, approached nearer to the water's edge.

"Turn, whelp of a Kansi!" the chief madly cried. "Turn! thou whose coward arm warrest with women and children! Turn, if thou darest, and meet the eye of a full-grown brave!"

A loud taunting laugh of scorn was borne back from his flying enemy, to the ear of the furious father. The savage did not look around, but twisted his left arm, and pointed with his finger to Wind-Foot's throat. At that moment he was within twice his length of the canoe. The boy whom he dragged after him heard his father's voice, and gathered his energies, faint, and bruised as he was, for a last struggle. Ah! vainly he strove: the only result was to loosen himself for a moment from the deathly grip of the Kansi; and his body fell to the ground—though it was useless, for his limbs were bandaged, and he could not rescue himself from his doom. That moment, however, was a fatal one for the Kansi. With the speed of lightning, the chief's bow was up to his shoulder—the cord twanged sharply—a poison-tipped arrow sped through the air—and, faithful to its mission, cleft the Indian's side, just as he was stooping to lift Wind-Foot in the boat. He gave a wild shriek—his life-blood spouted from the wound—and he staggered and fell on the sand. His strength, however, was not yet gone. Hate and measureless revenge—the stronger that they were baffled—raged within him, and appeared in his glaring countenance. Fiend-like

glances shot from his eyes, glassy as they were beginning to be with the death damps; and his hand felt to his waist-band, and clutched the poinard handle. Twisting his body like a bruised snake, he worked himself close up to the bandaged Wind-Foot. He raised the weapon in the air—he shouted aloud—he laughed a laugh of horrid triumph—and as the death-rattle shook in his throat, the instrument (the shuddering eyes of the child saw it, and shut their lids in intense agony) came down, driven too surely to the heart of the hapless Wind-Foot.

When the Unrelenting came up to his son, the last signs of life were quivering in the boy's countenance. His eyes opened, and turned to the chief; his beautiful lips parted in a smile, the last effort of innocent fondness. On his features flitted a transient lovely look, like a passing ripple of the wave—a slight tremor shook him—and the next moment, Wind-Foot was dead!

CHAPTER III

Thine is the spring of life, dear boy,
  And thine should be its flowers;
Thine, too, should be the voice of joy
  To hasten on the hours:
And thou, with cheek of rosiest hue,
  With winged feet, should'st still
Thy sometime frolic course pursue,
  O'er lawn and breezy hill.
Not so! what means this foolish heart,
  And verse as idly vain?
Each has his own allotted part
  Of pleasure and of pain!

—Henry Pickering.

We were so interested in the legend of the antiquary that we did not notice how time passed away while it was being related. For some minutes after its conclusion, there was silence among us; for the luckless death of the poor Indian boy seemed to cast a gloom over our spirits, and indispose us for conversation.

As it was now past noon, we began to feel as though we should be none the worse for our dinner. Accordingly, in good time, our driver drew up at a low-roofed public house, and proceeded with great deliberation to ungear his horses, for the purpose of giving them a temporary respite from their labors.

Glad of being able to get out in the open air, and upon our legs once more, myself and Colby (for we had become quite cronies) sprang lightly from the vehicle, and bouncing along the little door-yard, felt quite refreshed at stretching our cramped limbs on the low porch which ran along in front of the house. Demaine got out very leisurely, and, with a cool disdainful look, stood by the front wheels of the wagon, eyeing the house and the people of the place, some of whom now made their appearance. The country woman also made a movement forward. She was a fat and somewhat clumsy dame; and we thought the least Demaine could do would be to offer her some assistance in getting down upon the ground. He stood in such a position himself that he effectually precluded any one else from offering that assistance. But he continued his contemptuous stare, and paid, apparently, not the least attention to what was going on around him.

Turning around a moment to look at Colby, who called my attention in the room, the next minute my hearing was assailed by a quick cry; and upon looking toward the wagon, I saw that the woman had entangled her dress, and was on the point of falling. A little longer, and she might have been down upon that part of the vehicle just behind the horses, or even under their feet; and yet Demaine, with his arrogant look, offered her no assistance! I sprang toward her; but before I could reach the place the antiquary had rapidly jumped out upon the ground, and was safely landing her beside him. The incident was a trifling one; but I don't know that I ever, merely from one item of conduct, took such a dislike to any man as I did to Demaine, for that occurrence.

I thought I noticed, during our dinner, that the antiquary regarded Demaine with peculiarly cool and distant demeanor. To us, he was affable and pleasant, and polite in his attentions to the old lady; but though not rude, I am sure the same feelings which took root in my own mind started in his also.

Upon resuming our journey, the same vivacity and fund of anecdotes which had so agreeably entertained us from our companion on the back seat was again in requisition. I don't know

how it was, but I felt confident that the antiquary was more than he seemed. His manners were so simple, and at the same time so free from anything like coarseness, that I said to myself, if I should aspire to be a *gentleman*, here would be my model. There was nothing in his conduct from which it might be inferred that he wished to demand your respect; on the contrary, he was quite friendly, and talked about plain things in plain language. Yet he had the stamp of superior station, and an indescribable air of something which told us that he would have been quite as much at home, and quite as unassuming, in the parlors of the richest people of the land. In the course of conversation, it came to be mentioned by me, that I was going to the city for the first time since I was a little child, and that I intended making it my future residence. Whether the antiquary was interested in my remarks, or whether he merely spoke from his natural good-will, I do not know; but he addressed me somewhat after this fashion:

"You are taking a dangerous step, young man. The place in which you are about to fix your abode is very wicked, and as deceitful as it is wicked. There will be a thousand vicious temptations besetting you on every side, which the simple method of your country life has led you to know nothing of. Young men, in our cities, think much more of dress than they do of decent behavior. You will find, when you go among them, that whatever remains of integrity you have will be laughed and ridiculed out of you. It is considered 'green' not to be up to all kinds of dissipation, and familiar with debauchery and intemperance. And it is the latter which will assail you on every side, and which, if you yield to it, will send you back from the city, a bloated and weak creature, to die among your country friends, and be laid in a drunkard's grave; or which will too soon end your days in some miserable street in the city itself. It is indeed a dangerous step!"

The kindness of the motives of the speaker prevented any displeasure I might have felt at being thus addressed by a perfect stranger. Colby whispered to me that the antiquary was undoubtedly a good fellow, but somewhat too sour in his judgments; which may have been the case, in truth. The subsequent pages, however, will prove the wisdom of his warning upon the subject of intemperance.

As the afternoon waned, and the sun sank in the west, we drew nigher and nigher to our destination. The increasing

number of carriages, the houses closer to one another, and the frequent sight of persons evidently just out from the city for a ride, admonished us that we were on the point of entering the great emporium of our western world.

When at last we came upon the paved streets, I was astonished at the mighty signs of life and business everywhere around. It was yet some time ere sunset, and as the day was fine, numbers of people were out, some of them upon business, and many enjoying an afternoon saunter.

The place at which our conveyance stopped was in Brooklyn, near one of the ferries that led over to the opposite side of the river. We dismounted, glad enough to be at the end of our journey, and quite tired with its wearisomeness. Our passengers now prepared to go to their several destinations. The antiquary took a little carpet bag in his hand, and politely bidding us adieu, made his way for the boat near by. Demaine was more lengthy in his arrangements. He had not much more to carry than the antiquary, but he called a porter, and engaged him to take it down to the landing. The country woman also hurried away, eager, no doubt, with parental fondness, to see her child.

Before Colby left me, we spoke for several minutes together. Though we had never seen each other until the morning of that day, a kind of friendship had grown up between us; and as I was in a strange place, with hardly an acquaintance in all its wide limits, it may be imagined that I felt in no disposition to dissolve the bands [bonds?] of that friendship. Colby gave me the street and number where I could find him. The place of his business was in Pearl-street; his boarding-house was further up town.

"I shall always be glad to see you," said he, "and as you seem to be unused to the town, perhaps you may find me of some advantage. Call and see me to-morrow."

"You may expect me," I answered, and we parted.

And now I was in the city. Here I had come to seek my fortune. What numbers had failed in the same attempt!

It may not be amiss to let the reader in to the few simple incidents of my former history. My father had been a mechanic, a carpenter; and died when I was some three or four years old only. My poor mother struggled on for a time—what few relations we had being too poor to assist us—and at the age of eleven, she had me apprenticed to a farmer on Long Island, my

uncle. It may be imagined with what agony I heard, hardly twenty months after I went to live with my uncle, that the remaining parent had sickened and died also. The cold indifference of the strangers among whom she lived allowed her to pass even the grim portals of death before they informed me of her illness. She died without the fond pressure of her son's hand, or the soothing of a look from one she loved.

I continued to labor hard, and fare so too; for my uncle was a poor man and his famiiy was large. In the winters, as is customary in that part of the island, I attended school, and thus picked up a scanty kind of education. The teachers were, however, by no means overburthened with learning themselves; and my acquirements were not such as might make any one envious.[1]

As I approached my nineteenth year, my uncle, who was an honest and worthy man, evidently felt that he was hardly justifiable in keeping me at work in an obscure country town, to the detriment of my future prospects in life. With a liberality, therefore, of which many a richer person might be glad to be able to boast, he gave up the two last years of my apprenticeship—and the very two which, perhaps, would have been of more value to him than all the others. He called me to him one day and addressing me in the kindest terms, informed me what he felt he ought to do for his brother's child—but which his poverty prevented him from doing. He gave me my choice—whether to go to New York, and see what I could do there for a living, or to remain a while longer with him, not to labor, but to attend school, and perfect myself in some more valuable parts of education. Probably, it would have been far better had I chosen the latter of the two alternatives. But with the anxious and ambitious heart of youth, I immediately determined upon the former.

The matter thus settled, arrangements were soon made—my little stock of clothes packed up in the old valise already introduced to the reader—and receiving with thankfulness from my uncle a small sum of money, which I felt sure he must have cramped himself to bestow on me, I made my adieus to my aunt and my sorrowful cousins, and went my way. The first day of my leaving home found me at evening, the reader knows, on the borders of that great city where I was to take up my abode.

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 46 note 1, II, pp. 13–15.

Yes, here I had come to seek my fortune! A mere boy, friendless, unprotected, innocent of the ways of the world—without wealth, favor, or wisdom—here I stood at the entrance of the mighty labyrinth, and with hardly any consciousness of the temptations, doubts, and dangers that awaited me there. Thousands had gone before me, and thousands were coming still. Some had attained the envied honors—had reaped distinction—and won princely estate; but how few were they, compared with the numbers of failures! How many had entered on the race, as now I was entering, and in the course of years, faint, tired, and sick at heart, had drawn themselves out aside the track, seeking no further bliss than to die. To die! The word is too hard a one for the lip of youth and hope. Let us rather think of those who, bravely stemming the tide, and bearing up nobly against all opposition, have proudly come off victorious—waving in their hands, at last, the symbol of triumph and glory.

What should be *my* fate?[1] Should I be one of the fortunate few? Were not the chances much more against me than they had been against a thousand others who were the most laggard in the contest? What probability was there that amid the countless multitude, all striving for the few prizes which Fortune had to bestow, *my* inexperienced arms should get the better of a million others?

Oh, how good a thing it is that the great God who has placed us in this world—where amid so much that is beautiful there still exists vast bestowal among men of grief, disappointment, and agony—has planted in our bosoms the great sheet anchor, Hope! In the olden years, as we look back to our former life, we feel indeed how vain would have been our strife without the support of this benignant spirit.

To be sure, thousands had gone before me, in the struggle for the envied things of existence, and *failed*. But many others had met with *success*. A stout heart and an active arm were the great levers that might raise up fortune, even for the poor and unfriended Franklin Evans. In our glorious republic, the road was open to all; and my chance, at least, was as good as that of some of those who had begun with no better prospects.

[1]*Cf. infra*, I, pp. 4–5, 19–20, 230; *post*, II, p. 152.

CHAPTER IV

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus,
  Thy sure destruction seal:
Within that cup there lurks a curse
  Which all who drink shall feel.
Disease and death, forever nigh,
  Stand ready at the door;
And eager wait to hear the cry,
  Of "Give me one glass more!"

—WASHINGTONIAN MINSTREL.[1]

WHEN I arose the next morning, and thought over in my mind what it would be better for me to do first, I saw that it was necessary to provide myself with a boarding-house. After breakfast, I crossed the ferry, and purchasing a paper of one of the newsboys, for a penny, I looked over to the column containing advertisements of the places similar to what I wished. I was somewhat surprised to find that every one had the most "airy, delightful location," the very "best accommodations," with "pleasant rooms," and "all the comforts of a home." Some of them informed the reader that there were "no children in the house." These I passed over, determining not to go there; for I loved the lively prattle of children, and was not annoyed, as some people pretend to be, by their little frailties.

Noting down upon a memorandum several that I thought might suit me, I started on my voyage of discovery. The first place that I called at was in Cliff street. A lean and vinegar-faced spinster came to the door, and, upon my inquiring for the landlady, ushered me into the parlor, where in a minute or two I was accosted by that personage. She was as solemn and as sour as the spinster, and, upon my mentioning my business, gave me to understand that she would be happy to conclude a bargain with me, but upon several conditions. I was not to stay out later than ten o'clock at night—I was to be down at prayers in the morning—I was never to come into the parlor except upon Sundays—and I was always to appear at table with a clean shirt and wristbands. I took my hat, and politely informed the lady that if I thought I should like her terms I would call again.

[1] From a song entitled "One Glass More," in A. B. Grosh's "Temperance Pocket Companion," 1852, pp. 44–46.

I next made a descent upon a house which, in the advertisement, was described as offering good conveniences on "very reasonable terms." This I supposed meant that it was a cheap boarding-house. The mistress took me up into an open attic, where were arranged beds of all sorts and sizes. She pointed me to a very suspicious looking one, in a corner, which she said was not occupied. She told me I could have that, and my meals, for three dollars a week, payable punctually on every Saturday night. I did not like the look of the woman, or the house. There was too little cleanliness in both; so I made the same remark at parting as before.

A third and fourth trial were alike unsuccessful. The fifth, I liked the house very well, but upon being informed that all the boarders were men, I determined upon making another trial. I desired to obtain quarters where the society was enlivened with ladies.

Quite tired at length with my repeated disappointments, and more than half suspicious that I was myself somewhat too fastidious, I determined that my next attempt should bring matters to a conclusion. Fortunately, the place I called at had very few of the objections I found with the others. The landlady seemed an intelligent, rather well-bred woman, and the appearance of the furniture and floors quite cleanly. And here it will perhaps be worth while for me to state that this item of cleanliness was one which I could not forego, from the effects of my country life. I had been used to see, amid much poverty, the utmost freedom from anything like dirt, dust, or household impurity. And without it, I could not be comfortable in any situation.

I concluded an arrangement with the woman, and told her I should come that very day. I was to have a snug little room in the attic, exclusively for my own use, and was to pay three dollars and a half per week.

Soon after leaving this place, which I gave a good look at when I got outside, lest I might forget it, I went down in Pearl-street to call upon Colby. He was glad to see me, but as it was now the business part of the day, and I saw he had plenty to do, I did not stay but a few minutes. I gave him the street and number of my new residence, and he engaged to call and see me in the evening, when his employments were over.

Who should I meet, as I was coming up from the ferry after having been over to Brooklyn for my valise, but my friend of the day before, the antiquary. He expressed his pleasure at seeing me by a smile, and a few kind words.

"And how do you like the city?" said he.

"I have hardly had an opportunity of finding out much about it yet, sir. But I dare say I shall know more by-and-by."

"Too much," he rejoined, shaking his head—"too much, perhaps. There are a thousand things here, my young friend, which no man is the better for knowing."

He paused, and I knew not exactly what reply to make.

"May I ask what you intend doing in New-York?" said he, at length.

"I hardly know myself, sir," I answered; "I have come here with the intention of getting employment. What that may be will depend a good deal upon my luck. I shall not mind much what I turn my hand to, so that I gain an honest living by it, and fair chance of bettering myself as I grow older."

"That is a strange way," said my companion, evidently with some interest. "People are not apt to get any employment worth having in this city if they come here in the way I understand you to say you come."

"I am determined to do my best. Perhaps," I added, for I thought the antiquary showed quite a friendly disposition—"perhaps, sir, you could suggest something to me in the way of getting a situation?"

My friend looked down upon the ground awhile, and smiling good humoredly as he raised his face, replied,

"Well, Evans, I may possibly do something for you. Look you; I do not wish to conceal that I am somewhat interested in your case. When but a little older than you, I came to this city, in pretty much the same way that you come now. I was not poor, but was without acquaintances or friends, as you say you are. And though I had money, I received, God knows, but little friendliness from those who might have shown at least some kindness to me, but whose dispositions were not as large as their means, for they were rich. I have, however, lived long enough to do without their friendship, and I don't know what reason there is that I should not give you a helping hand. Perhaps what I may do for you may not be much, and may not cost me anything. So much the more scope for your own exertions, and honor to you if you hew out your fortune for yourself. Here is my card," and he handed it to me: "come to me to-morrow morning at eleven. I am punctual, and shall expect you to be the same; and perhaps you will not regret the chance acquaintance you made in the market-wagon. Good day."

I could hardly return the salutation, so pleased was I at the turn events were taking. To be sure, I did not know the nature of the business my friend would employ me in, but it *was* employment, and that was the first stepping-stone to the heights that lay above. I looked at the card; upon it was written, "*Stephen Lee*,—, Exchange Place." I carefully deposited it in my breast pocket, and with a lighter step wended on to my new bording-house.

Whether it was that I had gained confidence since my interview with Mr. Lee, or from some other cause, I felt myself very little abashed at sitting down, for the first time in my life, at dinner with some twenty well-bred ladies and gentlemen. Though many of the observances were somewhat new to me, and one or two of my nearest neighbors plainly saw, and felt amused, at my unsophisticated conduct in some respects, I believe I came off, upon the whole, with tolerable credit.

I had an opportunity, too, of seeing who were the really well-bred people of the house. For those possessed of the truest politeness will never deign to wound the feelings of one in their company by showing that they notice his deficiencies, and are entertained at his ignorance and awkwardness. On the contrary, they would rather do like that greatest of rakes, and of gentlemen, George IV., who, when some court ladies, at tea, simpered at a couple of unfashionable companions for pouring their tea in their saucers, instead of drinking it from their cups, poured his also into the saucer, and thus commended it to his royal lips, that they might not be mortified by the mirth of the rude ones.

At night, Colby, according to his promise, paid me a visit. He was much pleased when I told him of my encounter with Lee, and of his promise to me. He told me, when I showed him the card, that he had frequently heard of that personage, who was a merchant of much reputation and no small wealth. Colby congratulated me on my luck, and jokingly told me he should not be surprised to see me one day the owner of warehouses and the head of [a] great business.

"But come," said he, "this is dull fun here. Let us go out and cruise a little, and see what there is going on."

"Agreed," said I. "I shall like it of all things."

So we took our hats and sallied forth from the house.

After strolling up and down one of the most busy streets several times, I became a little more used to the glare of the

lamps in the windows, and the clatter and bustle which was going on around me. How bright and happy everything seemed! The shops were filled with the most beautiful and costly wares and the large, clear glass of the show-windows flashed in the brilliancy of the gas, which displayed their treasures to the passers-by. And the pave was filled with an eager and laughing crowd, jostling along, and each intent on some scheme of pleasure for the evening. I felt confused for a long time with the universal whirl, until at length, as I said, the scene grew a little more accustomed, and I had leisure to think more calmly upon what I saw.

In a little while, Colby asked me if I did not wish to hear some fine music, and drink a glass of wine. I assented, and we entered a beautifully furnished room, around which little tables were placed, where parties were seated drinking and amusing themselves with various games. We took our station at the first vacant seats, and called for our drinks. How delicious everything seemed! Those beautiful women—warbling melodies sweeter than ever I had heard before, and the effect of the liquor upon my brain, seemed to lave me in happiness, as it were, from head to foot!

Oh, fatal pleasure! There and then was my first false step after coming in the borders of the city—and *so soon* after, too! Colby thought not, perhaps, what he was doing—but still he was very much to blame. He knew I was young, fond of society, and inexperienced; and it would have been better for me had he ushered me amid a pest-house where some deadly contagion was raging in all its fury.

I tremble now as I look back upon the results which have sprung from the conduct of that single night, as from one seed of evil. Over the lapse of ten years I gaze, and the scene comes back to me again in the most vivid reality. I can remember even the colors of the checker-board, and the appearance of the little table, and the very words of some of the songs that were sung. We drank—not once only, but again and again.

Yes, with a singular distinctness, the whole appearance of the room, and of the men with their hats on, and cigars in their mouths, that sat all about, are as plain before my eyes as though they were painted in a picture there. It was all new to me then. A hundred more exciting scenes have passed over my head since and have left no impression, while this is marked as with a steel pencil upon the tablets of my memory.

I remember being struck with the appearance of one poor fellow in a corner. He probably was not much older than myself; yet his face was bloated, his eyes inflamed, and he leaned back in that state of drowsy drunkenness which it is so disgusting to behold. I presume his companions—those who had made merry with him until he was brought to this stage of degredation—had left him in scorn; and there he sat, or rather supported himself in the corner, not half awake, and the subject of many a gibe and light laugh. Was it not a warning to me? And yet I was not warned.

After a time, some of the white-aproned subordinates of the place came to him, roughly broke his slumbers, and put him forth from the place. Miserable man! Without doubt, he now sleeps the sleep which no jostle can awaken, and which no curl of the lip, or gibe of the scoffer, can start from its dark repose. He must have died the death of the drunkard!

Colby saw at length that he had been too heedless with me. Used as he was to the dissipation of city life, he forgot that I was from the country, and [had] never in my life before engaged in such a scene of *pleasure*.

With some difficulty preserving the steadiness of my pace, as we left the room, I took his arm, and he walked with me toward my residence. Indeed, if he had not done so, I question whether I should have reached it; for my head swam, and the way in the night was somewhat difficult to find. Leaving me at the door, my companion bade me good night, and departed.

I entered, took a light from a number which were left upon a table in the hall for the use of the boarders, and slowly ascended the stairs to my room. My slumbers were deep and unbroken. So were those of the preceding evening, and yet the nature of the two was widely different. The former was the repose of health and innocense—the latter, the dull lethargy of *drunkenness*.

CHAPTER V

All is not gold that glitters.—Old Proverb.[1]

The reflections which operated in my mind the next morning are not a sufficiently tempting theme for me to dwell upon. I

[1] Variously quoted by Googe, Shakespeare, Dryden, and others. It is to be noted that Whitman does not carelessly attribute its origin to Shakespeare.

can hardly say that shame and remorse possessed me to such a degree as to counterbalance the physical discomfort which weighed painfully upon every part of my frame.

In the course of the forenoon, I visited my antiquarian merchant friend, Mr. Lee. He had not forgotten me, but was as good as his word. His own establishment, he said, already employed a sufficiency of clerks and attendants whom he could not turn out without doing them injustice. He had made inquiries, and informed me that a Mr. Andrews, a gentleman doing business in Wall street, with whom he was slightly acquainted, might be able to give me a situation.

My patron wrote a note, addressed to Andrews, which I carried to that personage. I found him in a handsome granite edifice, in a back room furnished sumptuously, out of which opened another, fronting on the street. It was a bank. Numerous people were constantly coming and going upon business; everything was transacted with a quiet easy air, and without much bustle, though I could see that the matters which were discussed involved the value of thousands.

What conceivable situation Mr. Lee could have nad in view for me there, I could not imagine; but I was soon undeceived. Mr. Andrews looked over the note, and called me to him. He was a thin black-eyed, rather delicate-looking man, and had a completely professional appearance. He told me he was a lawyer, and that his connection with the institution in which I saw him did not prevent him from attending to his other avocations. He wanted some one as a kind of a clerk, porter, and errand boy—three in one—to take care of his office while he was absent. The office was in an upper part of the same street.

I readily agreed to accept the terms which Andrews proposed, and he desired me to commence my duties on the morrow. As I took my departure from the place, who should I see in front with a quill behind his ear, but my market-wagon acquaintance, Demaine. I accosted him with the salutation of the day, but he made a very slight and cool answer; and as I did not care much about his good will, I went forth without further parley.

Somewhat at a loss what to do with myself, I walked down to Colby's place of business, and made him promise to call upon me again that evening, as he had the preceding one.

"And how have you felt to-day?" said he, smiling mischievously; "you country boys cannot hold up under a few glasses like us of the city."

I blushed, as I brought to mind the folly I had committed, and internally thought I could never be guilty of it again.

"I know," answered I, "that there are many things in which you will find me rather awkward. But my visit here, to ask you again to-night, proves that I am willing to get knowledge."

Knowledge! Better would it have been for me had I remained in ignorance through the whole course of my life than [to have] attained to *such* knowledge.

When Colby came in the evning, and we started out to walk as before, I felt determined not to go in the musical drinking-house again. But, I don't know how it was, the very first proposition my companion made to that effect found me a willing listener. We entered, and called for our drinks.

It was indeed a seductive scene. Most of the inmates were young men; and I noticed no small number quite on the verge of boyhood. They played the same as the rest, and tossed off glasses of liquor, without apparently feeling any evil effects from it. Little as I knew of the world, I felt that there was something wrong here. The keeper of the house was not an American. He made his appearance now and then among the company, smiling and bowing, and highly pleased, no doubt, that shillings were pouring into his pockets with such profitable rapidity.

And the music again! How sweet it sounded out, combined with the fascinating looks of the females who sang. I was completely enthralled, and drank deeper even than the night before.

In the course of the evening some little incidents happened which served as a proof of the truth of the old proverb which declares that glittering things may not be of the value they seem. It happened thus. Colby and myself, accompanied by a friend of my friend's, whom we met at the drinking-room, determined to go to the theatre that evening, and accordingly did so. The house was crowded. Beautiful women and elegant men—moustached dandies and lively youth—brilliant fashionables of all varieties, combined to render the scene exhilirating and splendid. And the music from the orchestra, now soft and subdued, now bursting out with notes of thunder—how delicious it glided into the ear! The curtain drew up and the play began. It was one of those flippant affairs, that pretend to give a picture of society and manners among the exclusive. The plot worse than meagre—the truthfulness of the scene a gag, which ought not to have excited aught but ridicule—

the most nauseous kind of mock aristocracy tinging the dialogue from beginning to end—yet it was received with applause, and at the conclusion, with vociferous and repeated cheers! The manager had printed upon his bills that London was pleased with it, and that one of the scenes represented life as in the private parlor of an English Duke—with the curtains, carpets, and drapery of the parlor as good as real! I blushed for the good sense of my countrymen.

In the farce which followed, one of the characters was a wild hoyden of a girl. It was done very agreeably by one of the actresses, whose beauty excited my admiration to no small degree. So much indeed was I fascinated with her, that I expressed my opinion in prodigious terms which the liquor I had drank just before by no means contributed to render less strong. I vowed that if I could see her, side by side, and speak to her, I would give the world. Mitchell, the one who made the third of our party, listened to me for some time with a kind of sober surprise; and then, giving a wink to Colby, told me he was acquainted with the actress who had pleased me so much and would introduce me to her that very evening, if I desired. I thanked him a thousand times.

In the interval between the acts, my eyes were attracted by a figure of a young gentleman in the stage-box, (we sat in the pit,) who seemed to me a perfect pattern of perfection in his dress and manners—in fact, a gentleman of the highest order. I saw Mitchell looking at him also.

"Do you know him?" said I.

"Yes," he answered.

"A fine looking fellow," said I.

He assented.

When the play was over, we went out. Along by the theatre there were the glaring gas lights of several fashionable refectories.

"Gentlemen," said our companion, "suppose we go down here and get some oysters."

We agreed, and down we went.

While waiting in our little box, Mitchell called one of the men in attendance:

"John, bring us a bottle of port."

The wine was brought.

"Mr. Evans," said Mitchell to me, "do you know I have a fancy always to be served by a particular individual in this

refectory? Just notice the man's face, now, and tell me what you think of my taste."

When the waiter came again, in obedience to our companion's call, he held him in talk several minutes about some trivial details respecting the cooking of the articles we had ordered. When he went out, I looked up in Mitchell's face—

"Why," said I, "that—that—that man is the very fellow?"

"What very fellow?"

"He is the picture of the gentleman we saw in the boxes at the theatre!"

"I dare say he is the person; in fact, I know he is."

I changed the subject, and we finished our oysters.

"And now," said Mitchell to me, "if your friend Colby will wait here five minutes, I will introduce you to the actress."

My mistake in regard to the *fashionable gentleman* had taught me a lesson, and my country life had taught me also to keep better hours. So I would have excused myself, but Mitchell seemed anxious that I should go with him.

"It's but a step," said he.

So we walked round the block, into a dirty alley leading to the rear of the theatre. Mitchell told me he had the *entrée* there (to the theatre, I mean, not the alley) and in we walked.

I pass over my stares of wonder, and my running aslant dungeon walls, castles, and canvas palaces. We reached an open space, on one side, where there were quite a number of persons idling. At a little table sat a woman, eating some cheese and thick bread, and drinking at intervals from a dingy pewter mug, filled with beer. She was coarse—her eyes had that sickly bleared appearance which results from the constant glitter of strong light upon them; her complexion was an oily brown, now quite mottled with paint, and her feet and ankles were encased in thick ill-blacked shoes.

Mitchell went up to the table, (I leaning on his arm,) and engaged in chit chat with the delectable creature. He introduced me. I was thunderstruck! *She* was my charmer, of the hoyden in the farce! Her voice was coarse and masculine, and her manners on a par with her voice.

After ten minutes [of] conversation, we bade the lady good night, and wended our way back to Colby, whom we found waiting for us. Neither myself nor Mitchell alluded to the subject, and Colby, no doubt understanding how matters stood, did not mention it either.

The occurrences of the night, I may as well confess, taught me to question the reality of many things I afterward saw; and reflect that, though to appearance they were showy, they might prove, upon trial, as coarse as the eating-house waiter, or the blear-eyed actress. I lost also some of that reverence, and that awkward sense of inferiority, which most country folk, when they take up their abode in this brick-and-pine Babel, so frequently show—and which, by the way, is as amusing to the observers as it is unfair to themselves.

CHAPTER VI[1]

Strange that such difference there should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

In the course of a few weeks I became quite at home in my new situation, in the office of Andrews. He treated me very civilly always, though of course he never made any approach to friendliness. I could not expect it, in the situation I occupied.

Under the auspices of my friend Colby, I became pretty well used to city life; and before the winter passed away, I could drink off nearly as much strong liquor as himself, and feel no inconvenience from it. My employer, Mr. Andrews, had become so well satisfied with my performance of my duties, that he advanced me somewhat above my original situation. I had now none of the more menial services to perform. An Irishman, named Dennis, was engaged to act as porter, and to make the fires, open and shut the office, and so on. Andrews occasionally employed him to do business also for the financial institution of which he was an officer.

There is hardly much need that I should detain the reader with a minute account of this part of my career. Though I knew it not at the time, it was the downward career of a drunkard! I concealed from Andrews, as a matter of course, my habits of intemperance, and attended with tolerable carefulness to my duties during the day. Through Colby's means, I soon obtained a wide circle of acquaintance, mostly young men in the same walk of life with ourselves, and having the same habits. We used frequently to go round of nights from place to place, stopping every now and then at some bar-room, and tak-

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 124.

ing a drink all round. This we used to call a 'red circle.' How appropriate a name that was, the reader can judge for himself.

And about this time (I had lived nearly six months in my situation with Andrews) an incident occurred which had an important bearing upon my future course of life. Though I saw my good benefactor, Mr. Lee, but seldom, I was not ungrateful for the kindness he had shown me, and often wished that there might be some way of repaying it. One evening, when I had finished my supper and was going up to my room to prepare for a visit to the theatre, which I had engaged to attend that night with Colby and a party of friends, the landlady handed me a note, which had been left for me during the day. Quite curious to know who could have written to me, and what about, I opened it hastily, and read the following:

—*Exchange Place, Tuesday Morning.*

Dear Young Friend,

The interest I have taken in your welfare has by no means grown cold, though of late I have not seen you, or had any opportunity of showing my good will. The particular reason of my writing is, that one of my clerks has lately left me; his situation, I think, would be an agreeable one for you, and if you choose to accept it, it is at your service. The salary is $800 per year.

Give your present employer a couple [of] weeks notice, before you leave him, in order that he may have an opportunty of getting someone in your place. At the end of that time come to me, and I will induct you in your new duties. If this proposition meets your approval, write me to that effect as soon as convenient.

Stephen Lee.

I was quite overjoyed! Not only was the stipend offered by my old friend more than twice as much as that I received from Andrews, but then I should be in the service of a man I loved, instead of one whom, at best, I could look upon with no stronger feeling than indifference. I sat down immediately and indited a grateful acceptance of Mr. Lee's offer.

My duties at Andrews', of late, had not been, to tell the truth, of the most pleasant description. We found out, after Dennis had been with us awhile, that he had an unfortunate habit of tippling, which sadly interfered with his efficiency at work. For my own part, I could not conscientiously find fault with him, and therefore concealed his mistakes as much as possible. But they became so glaring at length that they could not

be hidden, and Andrews discharged him. Dennis frequented a little drinking-shop which was in one of the streets on my way home, and there I often saw him afterwards. So that my own labors were now as heavy as when I first commenced them.

Besides, I occasionally noticed things which looked suspicious, in connection with Andrews' business arrangements. I heard rumors too, in my intercourse with the neighboring clerks, which by no means increased my opinion of my employer's honesty. Those who were supposed to be at home in such affairs more than hinted that he would before long be summarily removed from his station in the moneyed establishment, before alluded to in these pages. It was asserted also that Andrews had used immense sums of money, the origin of which no one could tell. So I felt not at all grieved at the idea of finding another master, and gave the notice premonitory which Mr. Lee desired, with but ill concealed gratification.

Some days after, as I was passing down to the office from my breakfast, I saw Dennis, the discharged porter, come out of the little grogery I have mentioned. He stepped forward, and stood upon the curb-stone, looking down upon the ground, very miserable to all appearance. Dennis had gone from bad to worse, until he was now at the very lowest stage of degredation. Though I saluted him, I could hardly conceal my disgust at his filthy and bloated looks! How little did I think that one day might find me so little removed from his present condition! Perhaps it will not be without a wholesome moral if I finish this chapter with the relation of poor Dennis's subsequent conduct that day, and [as?] an off-set of the doings of another personage, who has figured somewhat in my narrative—as those occurrences subsequently came to my knowledge.

At the early hour I saw him, Dennis was passing through the agonies which mark the period immediately after a fit of intoxication. Pain and hunger racked him in the corporeal frame; despair, mortification and disgust with himself burnt in his heart. He felt that he was a degraded man. With an unwonted bitterness, thoughts of many chances neglected—of weeks spent in riot—of the scorn of the world—and the superciliousness of those called respectable—cut at his heart with a sharp grief. Heaving an inward groan, he started off, and passed down a by-street, to walk away, if possible, such fearful reflections.

Nearly an hour, he rapidly traversed, at hap-hazard, the nar-

rowest and darkest ways he could pick; for he did not wish to be seen. Then his appetite became acute, and he wished for food. Wishing, merely, was vain; and he had not a single cent. Poor creature! In the preceding two days, he had not eaten a single meal. Should he beg? Should he ask for work? His suspicious appearance might subject him to denial; besides, the immergency was one not to be postponed. In an evil moment Dennis yielded to the tempter. He saw in a small grocery some bread piled upon a barrel top. He entered, and while the owner was busy at a back shelf, the ravenous man purloined a loaf and made off with it. The keeper of the grocery saw him as he went out, discovered the theft, and pursued the criminal. He was brought back, a police officer called, and the bread found upon him.

So the thief was taken off to prison, and being arraigned a few hours afterward, was summarily convicted, and sentenced to the customary place, just out of the city, there to remain for several days at hard labor and confinement.

During the same hour wherein these things were being transacted, in another and distant part of the town, sat a gentleman in a parlor. The carpets were very rich, the curtains glossy silk, and the chairs heavy mahogany. The person who sat there was Andrews, my master. On a table before him lay some written papers. By the opposite side of the table, and just about to depart, stood a second gentleman, elegantly attired, and with a lofty look, which spoke of pride within.

"The time is as favorable now," said Andrews, in reply to something his companion had spoken, "as it ever was. Besides, we must make hay while the sun shines. Who knows whether we shall have the chance five days from this?"

"And yet you are not willing to take the bold steps," rejoined the other; "the transfer ought to have been made a week ago."

"Are you sure it can be made without the other's knowing it?" said Andrews.

"As easy as speak," was the answer; "they never examine."

"But they *might* examine."

"I tell you, only pay them a handsome dividend, and they'll rest easy any length of time."

Andrews put his finger under his chin, and looked down a moment abstractedly.

"Have you not determined yet?" asked the person standing.

"Long ago, sir—long ago," was Andrews' reply. "But it is a dangerous game, and should be played cautiously."

"Well, shall we take this step, or no?"

Andrews raised up his head; his dark eye twinkled as it met the glance of his companion, and the two looked at each other a minute. There was evil fraternity in that look. Then Andrews bent his head two or three times without speaking. The other understood him. He smiled, and turning, left the apartment.

A person looking on as they parted would hardly have thought them to be aught else than two respectable citizens—yet were they two most consummate scoundrels. It was indeed too true—the host of rumors I had heard about my employer's honesty. The situation he occupied he turned to account, by schemes which were nothing more or less than swindling; and his well-dressed companion was of kindred spirit with himself. He had now come to have a private conference with Andrews, and the subject of that conference was a scheme for making a splendid fortune jointly, by means of the peculiar facilities for cheating possessed by both. A long time ago the plan had been marked out; and now the hour was nigh to strike the finishing stroke.

It would be painful to describe, as it would also be to read, all the villainy, the deceit, the underhand swindling, and the imposition which these two wicked men had followed, and were on the eve of closing. In all their rascality, however, they acted warily—with the wisdom of the serpent. They knew that whatever might be the execrations of people, the *law* could not touch them. Opinions, too, might be bought: defense and character might be bought. And what, that it was possible to buy, might they not purchase?

In the course of the succeeding week the conspiracy worked its way out. The bubble burst! The master hands had arranged things well, and they triumphed.

Yet was the tempest a terrible one. Widows left with a narrow competence; young children; sick people whose cases were hopeless but who might languish on for many years; sailors, away upon the ocean; fishermen, whose earnings were scant and dearly bought; mechanics; young men just commencing business; economical doctors and clergymen in their novitiate; all these, and hundreds more, had either deposited sums of money in the institution, or were sufferers by its bank-

ruptcy in other ways. Many lost their all. There was one woman, a widow, an energetic country trader, the mother of a large family, which she supported by her business habits, who had come to the city with what was for her quite a large sum—all she was worth, and some borrowed funds besides. Her intent was to purchase a heavy stock of goods, for sale the subsequent season. For security, she had her money placed in the vaults of the institution—and lost every cent![1]

It would be almost an endless effort to tell who was injured. All classes, all ranks, all occupations, felt more or less of the withering blight.

But the tempest blew over at last. The two men who had provoked it went out still among their fellow-men with forms erect, and with smooth smiles. He of the dark eye was just finishing, a few miles from the city, a palace-like residence, of great size and beauty. Now he had it furnished with the most sumptuous luxury. Cost and pains were not spared until Desire had no further room for wishing. Here this rich man settled himself; and here, when he had become a little used to his grandeur, so that it did not sit awkwardly upon him, he determined to give a superb entertainment. Preparations were accordingly made; scientific cooks were engaged, foreign delicacies purchased, and the most exquisite dishes prepared.

The hour and the company arrived; and the master of the feast looked around with a smile, as each one seated himself at his appointed place. They ate, and drank, and made merry. Delight, and Friendliness, and Content seemed the presiding spirits of the banquet.

After a while, when their glasses were filled with rich wine, it was proposed that they should have a toast. So a benevolent-looking elderly gentleman arose, and after speaking a few minutes, to the purport that he felt sure those present would all cordially join him, he raised his glass aloft—his example being followed by the others, and said—

"*Even-handed laws*—which, in our glorious republic, dispense to all impartially their due."

When the revellers heard this sentiment, they clinked their glasses together, and raised a peal which made the lofty ceiling ring again. Then a second, and then a third—which was a louder and gladder peal than either of the others.

And at the same moment that the echoes died away, there

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 229–230.

was, about a mile off, a human soul writhing in its final struggles. It was that of the poor drunkard Dennis, who stole the loaf in his hunger, and had been sent to expiate his crime in toil and imprisonment. The dissipation of years had made him weak; and he could not bear up against the exposure, joined with hard work. But his task-maker was merciless; and as long as the wretched man could stand, he was kept laboring. At last, he fell very ill. Who would medicine a rascally jail-bird? He went on from bad to worse, and was soon in a dying condition.

Before the splendid dinner party returned to their homes that night, the corpse of the *convicted* thief lay cold and clayey upon the prison floors.

CHAPTER VII

"Look not upon the wine when it is red!"[1]

After I had been a while in my situation at Mr. Lee's store, I thought I might safely indulge myself in adding a little to my expenses. I made improvements both in my style of living and in my dress. The new boarding-house in which I took up my quarters was in the upper part of the town. Colby came to see me quite often, as usual. The reader, probably, by this time, has gained no small insight into the character of my friend. He was by no means a bad man; and yet his early habits, and giving way to temptation, had brought him to be anything else but a fit companion for a country youth just beginning life in the city.

One morning, while I was attending to my usual duties in the counting room, a stranger[2] with a dark and swarthy complexion came in and asked for Mr. Lee. He was not in at the time; and thinking that the business of the dark-faced personage was very likely some trifling affair, I told him that my employer was away, but would probably return in a half-hour, or less. The stranger paused a moment with a troubled expression upon his countenance, then drew from his breast-pocket a couple of sealed documents, and handed them to me.

[1] *Cf.* "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red." "Proverbs," 23: 31.

[2] In "The Fortunes of a Country Boy" this stranger is identified with Mr. Bourne, to the Virginia home of whom Franklin Evans is later sent on business for Mr. Lee.

"Give these papers," said he, "to your master, the moment he arrives. They are of more consequence than you know, and I would that I could have delivered them to his own hands."

"I will do as you desire," said I, laying the papers up in a little partition on the desk.

A few minutes afterwards, I learned from one of my fellow-clerks that Mr. Lee had gone out that morning, leaving word that he would not be back till the close of the day. I thought of the stranger's parting injunction; but he was gone some time, and could not be informed how the fact really was. After all, perhaps the documents might be of no weighty moment, and I reflected no more upon the subject.

On my way down from dinner, Colby met me in the street.

"This is lucky," he exclaimed, seizing me by the hand. "We have made up a fine party for the play to-night, and you must promise to be one of us."

"With pleasure," was my reply; "nothing could delight me more."

So it was all arranged that, when the hour arrived, they should call upon me, and we would all go together.

We did not close our store as early as usual that evening, in consequence of our employer's absence. Though doing an extensive business, he was a man very careful of the details, and was in the practice of being in his counting-room until the last moment. We waited therefore until the very evening, and the neighbors all around had shut up, and left us quite solitary. As the porter was making the usual arrangements of closing, Mr. Lee returned. He looked around him a moment, remarked that he did not know as his presence there was necessary, and was on the point of departing. So selfish was I that, though at that moment the rememberance of the swarthy stranger, and his letters, came to my mind, I debated a moment whether I should give them to Mr. Lee, as that would detain us some minutes longer. I was in haste to get home, that I might be ready in time for our visit to the theatre. Happily, however, duty triumphed.

"I had nearly forgotten, sir," said I, "these papers were left here this morning by a man who desired that you might get them as soon as possible."

Mr. Lee took them, and opened them. The very moment

he began to read, I could see that he was deeply interested. After finishing one, he perused the other with the same eagerness. And thus a second time, with a slower and more careful manner, he read over both the letters again, from beginning to end.

"It's a lucky thing, Evans," said he, "that you did not miss giving me these. Not for half my fortune would I have been without them this very evening."

He then explained to me that he had of late been engaged in some mercantile speculations at the south, which proved a failure. Some traders with whom he had intercourse there were becoming alarmed, and demanded certain moneys, or their value, which Mr. Lee was bound to pay, but which it had been the understanding were to remain uncalled for for several months yet. A statement of this sudden demand was forwarded by Mr. Lee's agent, with a sorrowful acknowledgement that he had not the wherewithal to meet it, and asking directions for his conduct. The swarthy southerner, who was a planter come to the north on business, was going to leave the city the next morning, at an early hour, and prompt action was therefore necessary.

Mr. Lee immediately sat down and wrote to his agent, directing where and how he could obtain the needed funds. He enjoined him to pay the liabilities the moment they were called for, as he would rather be at the expense of them twice over than have his reputation and fair name as a merchant put in danger. Having made up and endorsed his reply, he gave it into my hands, with the address of the planter, who was to take it on, telling me to call at his hotel in the course of the evening and place it in his hands. I promised to do so, of course, and went home to my supper.

As it was now quite in the evening, I had hardly finished my meal before my companions came, according to arrangement, to take me with them to the play. I debated a little while whether I had not better postpone my evening's enjoyment, as I had the planter's letters to carry. But I feared they would suspect that I did not like their companionship; and determined, in my own mind, to go out between some of the earlier acts of the piece and convey my message.

I went to the theatre. We enjoyed ourselves highly, for the performances were creditable, and each of us naturally fond of that species of amusement, and moreover in great spirits.

As the first piece was one I had long wished to see acted, I concluded not to go until that one was finished. Then there was to come a dance, which one of my companions praised so highly that I was determined to stay and see that also. And then the intermission was so very short that, before I knew it, the curtain was up, and the actors on in the after-piece. Feeling that I was not doing right, I made a bold push, and bade my companions good night, if I should not see them again, telling them that I had some business to transact for my employer. They laughed at me, stating the improbability of such a thing at that time of night. If ever there was anything that annoyed me, it was to be suspected of trying to sneak out from the truth by a kind of back door, as it were. Accordingly, when they promised that, if I would wait until the end of the first act, they would all go with me, I sat down again by them. I knew I was culpable, and yet I had not resolution of mind enough to break away.

We went from the theatre. On our way to the hotel, we were to pass one of our favorite drinking-places, where, as we came off against the entrance, we heard the inmates stamping and applauding at a great rate. There was evidently something more than usual going on, so one of our party insisted that we should step in and have a look.

"Only one moment," said he, "and then we will walk on with Evans."

But the moment stretched on to minutes, and the minutes to almost half an hour; at the end of which time we were snugly seated round a table, imbibing fragrant liquors through long glass tubes. And with the contents of the first glass, came a total disregard of anything but the pleasure of drink. Forgetful of my own duty—of my master's honor, and the crisis which would turn against him if I continued sitting there a little while longer, I drank, and drank, and drank; until, as the night advanced, lost to the slightest vestige of remembrance with regard to the pacquet, I was the wildest and most exhilarated of the party.

What fire had burnt in my brain! I laughed, and with garrulous tongue entertained those about me with silly stories, which the quantity of liquor they had taken alone prevented them from being nauseated with. All around us were the scenes which belonged to such a place, and which I have partly described before. The music went on, but we heard it no longer.

The people talked, and the dice rattled, but we heeded them not. The Demon of Intemperance had taken possession of all our faculties, and we were his alone.

A wretched scene! Half-a-dozen men, just entering the busy scenes of life, not one of us over twenty-five years, and there we were, benumbing our faculties, and confirming ourselves in practices which ever too surely bring the scorn of the world and deserved disgrace to their miserable victims! It is a terrible sight, I have often thought since, to see *young men* beginning their walk upon this fatal journey! To reflect that those faculties which have been given us by God, for our own enjoyment and the benefit of our fellows,[1] are, at the very outset, rendered useless, and of not so much avail as the instinct of the very beasts. To know that the blood is poisoned, and that the strength is to be broken down, and the bloom banished from the cheek, and the lustre of the eye dimmed, and all for a few hours' sensual gratification, now and then—is it not terrible! If there were no other drawback, the mere physical prostration which follows a fit of drunkenness were enough. But to the young, it saps the foundations, not only of the body's health, but places a stigma for the future on their worldly course, which can never be wiped out, or concealed from the knowledge of those about them.

CHAPTER VIII

Yet sense and passion held them slaves,
  And lashed them to the oar,
Till they were wrecked upon their graves,
  And then they rose no more.
Oh! God of mercy, make me know
  The gift which thou hast given;
Nor let me idly spend it so,
  But make me fit for Heaven!
—*Christian Examiner.*

Reader, I am coming to the dark and cloudy part of my fortunes. I would that I had not to tell what you will see in the following pages—but a sentiment of good-will for my fellows

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 34.

prompts the relation. I think that by laying before them a candid relation of the dangers which have involved me, and the temptations which have seduced me aside, the narrative may act as a beacon light, guiding their feet from the same fearful hazards.

There is no need that I should pause here to dwell on my meeting with my benefactor Lee, and the shame with which I acknowledge my guilt, and gave him back his letter. But great as was my fault, I was hardly prepared for his storm of anger. I did not know how much he worshipped his good name among the mercantile world, or I might have been better prepared for it. He had jealously guarded his professional honor, as the apple of his eye; and now there was no escape. The mails to the distant place were very irregular; and besides, a letter to that town where his agent resided would not reach it in time, now, if there were no impediment.

Though conscious of my remissness, the irritability which is one of the results of intemperate habits caused me in the course of our interview to attempt an excuse for my conduct. High words arose—in the end I was insolent, and Mr. Lee bade me leave the place and never enter it again! I departed, telling him he should be obeyed.

Dearly, during that day, and many subsequent ones, did I repent my folly. How often did I curse that miserable weakness of my mind which led me to yield to the slightest opening of temptation!

And what was to be done now, for a living? Some employment must be had—I could not starve. Though my salary had been quite liberal, I had spent every cent, and with the exception of a small sum, due me on a back account, I owned not a dollar in the world. Will it be believed, that, in this straight, I was besotted enough to run into the very jaws of the lion? I accidentally learned that the proprietor of a second-rate hotel, where I had in times past been in the habit of going, was in want of a bar-keeper. I made application for the place, and, after some demur, was accepted. But the scenes which I witnessed there, and the duties my situation obliged me to perform, were too repulsive, even for my callous heart: and at the end of a fortnight I left my place.

During my avocations there, I saw many an occurrence which, had I possessed true judgement, might have served as a sufficient warning to me of the curses of intemperance. There

was one of the customers at our bar, quite a small boy, who came almost every evening with a little jug, which he had filled with brandy. I never asked the child—but I knew the principal part of his story from his actions. He had a drunken parent! Their dwelling was nigh the tavern. I had occasion, two or three times, to show some little kindness to the boy, when he was rudely treated by the inmates of our place, who exhibited, at times, all those various phases of temper which brandy can produce.

One evening, when I had respite from employment, I amused myself by my favorite recreation, the theatre. As I was returning quite late, and was passing through a narrow, dirty street, a boy asked me for a few pennies, in a piteous tone. He said he wanted them to buy bread. I thought the voice was familiar—and scanning the lad's features, discovered my little acquaintance who had so often brought the jug. Of late, however, I had missed his accustomed visits to the bar. I spoke kindly to him—and the poor fellow, no doubt unaccustomed to such treatment, burst into tears. More and more interested, I inquired of him what distress had sent him forth at that hour; and he acknowledged that, instead of wanting the pennies to buy bread, he wished to purchase liquor—and for his *mother!*

"I don't know what ails her," said the little wretch, "but she acts more strange to-night than I ever saw her before."

"Where does she live?" said I.

"Not a block off," answered the boy. "Wouldn't you just step and see her, sir? She has been ill for a long time."

I thought it no wonder, when, as the child turned on before and show [showed] me the way, I caught sight of the little red jug, under his jacket. He led me up a dirty rickety stoop, into a dark entry of the same description; and it was not without considerable risk of my personal safety that I arrived at last at the door of a room in the attic, where, he said, his mother was lying. He opened the door, and we entered. Never before had I been in so miserable a place. The furniture of the apartment, what there was of it, would have been scouted from a negro hovel. The bed, in which the woman herself lay in one corner, was a filthy thing of feathers and soiled rags. Another corner was tenanted by a little girl, the sister of the boy who had conducted me: she was asleep. There was no fire—hardly any light; for the flickering of a half-burned tallow candle on the hearth-

stone only served to cast strange shadowy hues around, making the place drearier and still more desolate. I stood and looked upon the scene—then, approaching the woman, I gazed down upon her, and, [at] the very first glance I gave in her face, saw that she was dying! Horror-struck, I stepped away from the bed, and for several minutes was silent and motionless with awe.

Every little while, the woman would turn uneasily, and raise herself somewhat from the bed, and look about—oftenest looking at the spot where her girl slumbered. My little guide crouched down close by my feet—it may be that the knowledge of the presence of death was upon him. Again the woman raised herself—then sank wearily back again, her faint groans sounding through the apartment. Poor creature! She was very wretched—and no doubt she had been as guilty as she was wretched; and thoughts of remorse might be the cause of that restlessness which I saw depicted in her countenance. But amid all her agony—amid the dark rememberances that came trooping up there, like fiends in the silence of midnight, to torment her—amid her doubts and fears about the Dim Beyond—amid faintness, and thirstiness, and pain—the one controlling thought was mightier than all the rest—motherly love. She called in a hoarse whisper,

"Mary!"

There was no answer. A second time she called, and sank down her head, and held very still, to listen if she was heard. The quiet, regular breathing of the sleeping girl was the only sound that broke that terrible stillness—for we were mute with dread. Again the whisper sounded out with even a ghastlier tone than ever before,

"My daughter!"

The hoarse sound seemed to be reëchoed from other voices. It was as if around the room, and peering down from the upper corners of the wall, the death-stricken outcast fancied she saw faces, bodiless, and working with strange grins of mockery. She sat up in the bed—horror giving her strength—and stared wildly about. I was half petrified as her look was directed toward me, and the child at my feet. I stood as still as a statue. With a feeble hand, she drew from its place the rag-heap used for her pillow; she tightened and bound it with her trembling fingers —I looking on in wonder the while—and then she threw it toward *me!* I half shrieked with fear.

The woman was plainly losing her senses, as the dread moment came nigh.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, as she saw her boy near me, "come to your poor mother!"

I raised the child, and bade him obey her. He was frightened at her fearful wildness, and crept toward the bed with trembling steps.

"Dear one, lean to my face!" she said.

The poor lad speechlessly obeyed the injunction. The girl slept on. And now the dying woman lay, her mouth partly open, drawing in the breath at intervals with a convulsive movement of the jaws. Her face was livid, and covered with large drops of sweat, and her eyes turned upward. It was evident that she struggled with the Grim Messenger.

To me, the fearful novelty of the scene almost took away all power of speech or action. What I have narrated was done in the space of but few seconds. Indeed, I was not in the room, from first to last, more than ten or twelve minutes. The woman's arm, numb as it was getting to be, wound itself around her child, and pressed him closer. Something like a smile—a most deathly one—settled upon her features. She tried to speak—but just then her sinking powers forbade the effort. It seemed from her looks and faint gestures that she would have the boy rouse his sister, and bring her there also. Then she probably felt conscious how very short were her moments, and how she might die ere the drowsy child could be fully awakened. Her pallid lips moved—just moved, and that was all.

"Father in Heaven!" was the slight thin sound, "hallowed be thy name—thy will be done on earth as in heaven—forgive us of our trespasses as——"

A ghastly rattle shook the repentant sinner's neck.

"Forgive us our trespasses——"

There was a choking gush, as of wind and water in the throat.

"Forgive us——"

Her head turned slowly, and fell on its side with a kind of leaden sound; her arm relaxed its hold; and the guilty creature lay there a corpse—her last prayer smothered in its utterance, and her immortal part starting from its now useless tabernacle, to waft itself on the journey for the Strange Land.

CHAPTER IX

Her image 'tis—to memory dear—
  That clings around my heart,
And makes me fondly linger here
  Unwilling to depart.
—THOMAS WELLS.[1]

MORE than two years had now passed away since my leaving the country; and I am coming, reader, to tell of things which nothing but a resolution to relate *all* my adventures could wring from me. There is a sacredness in some of our sorrows which prevents them from being fit subjects for the rude and common gaze. Wife of my youth! of my early youth! Forgive me if I transcribe your name, and your worth, for the admiration and example of those who may hear my mention of you!

When I left my bar-keeping duties, for the reasons I have alluded to, I found it necessary to change my residence for a cheaper one. Passing along an upper and quiet street of the city, one day, I noticed a plain, clean-looking house, of wood, with the sign, "Boarding," on the door. I inquired there, and, finding I could be accommodated, soon took up my quarters in it. My fellow-boarders were in the humbler walks of life; but I soon found an attraction which made up for every deficiency.

My landlady was a widow, with only one child, her daughter Mary. She was a modest, delicate, sweet girl, and before I had been in the house a week, I loved her. I do not choose to dwell upon the progress of our affection, for it was mutual. The widow knew nothing of my former intemperance—in fact, I had desisted, during my residence with her, from any of my dissolute practices.

Six months passed away. I had obtained employment soon after taking up my abode there, in a factory not far from the house; where, though I was forced to labor, and my remuneration was moderate, because I did not understand the business well at first, I was in a fair train for doing better, and getting higher wages. The widow grew sick. She was of the same delicate temperament which her daughter inherited from her,

[1] The source of this quotation I have been unable to find.

and, in less than a fortnight from the commencement of her illness, she left the world for ever.

Poor Mary! I have seldom seen such violent and inconsolable grief as followed the death of her mother. She leaned on me for support, and, no doubt, the deprivation of any other comforter forced her to look to one whom with all his faults, had a pure passion for her—as the only resourse from utter friendliness [friendlessness?].

As soon as it could with propriety be done, after her mother's death, Mary and I were married. And a more happy union never took place; for, possessed of a treasure which no temptation could have induced me to jeopardize, I had quite reformed, and no longer visited my former haunts; while Mary was the most industrious, prudent, and affectionate of young wives. My sweet Mary! ah, even as I write, a tear is almost falling upon the words—for, wicked as I have been, my heart is not callous enough to be unaffected by remembrance of that hapless one. My wife was a *good woman*, if ever God made one. She was not learned or accomplished in the branches that constitute what is called a fashionable education; but she possessed something a million times better than all the abstractions of philosophy, or the ornaments acquired at a genteel boarding-school. She had a gentle, kindly heart; she had good temper; she had an inherent love of truth, which no temptation could seduce aside, and which she never failed to put in practice; she had charity, a disposition to look with an eye of excuse on the faults of her fellow-creatures, and aid them as far as she could in their poverty, and console them in their griefs.

The weeks passed on. We were doing very well for people in our humble circumstances. Debt was unknown to us, at least to any great degree. We never purchased until we saw the means of payment, and never promised unless we had made such arrangements that we felt pretty sure we could perform. I say *we*, for though my wife was a meek woman, I never took any step without consulting over the matter with her: there was no such thing as *my* and *thy*.

But about a year after our marriage, the serpent came into our little Eden! Ambition—the poison that rankles in the hearts of men, and scorches all peace, and blights the bloom of content—ambition entered there.[1] What is called low life affords, perhaps, as much scope for this intoxicating passion, as

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 4–5, 19–20, 230, II, p. 125.

that sphere which called forth the ardor of Napoleon, or which brings into play the mighty minds of statesmen. And petty as the objects among the poor may seem, they are striven for as eagerly, and the chase after them is attended with as many doubts, and as many fluctuations and fevers, as mark the gaining of generalships or cabinet offices.

One of the proprietors at the factory where I was employed owned some vacant lots, in a rather pleasant part of the city, one of which he proposed I should purchase from him. Straightway visions of independence and a home of my own, and the station of a man of property, floated before my eyes. I accepted the offer, and as the terms were very favorable, I for a time found no inconvenience from my new purchase. Not long afterward, I thought I had a good opportunity of hiring money enough to put up a convenient house upon my lot—and I took advantage of the opportunity. As ill-luck, and partly my own ill-judgment, would have it, when the house was about half finished, my means fell out, and I could not go on with the work. We pondered, my wife and I, and we worried, and turned a great many projects in our minds—but none were able to be put in effect. At this stage my creditors grew alarmed and demanded what was due them. Had it been to save my life, I could not raise the money. They were inexorable—and at one fell swoop all my towering dreams of happiness and a competency were crushed to the dust, by their seizing on my little property and putting it to a forced sale. The house, unfinished as it was, did not bring one quarter what I had expended upon it. I was half crazed with mortification and disappointment.

Yet—yet we might have been happy. Yet we might have risen, and baffled our evil genius—yet we might have gained our little place back again, in time—and, wiser by experience, kept our wishes within moderate bounds, and journeyed on pleasantly until our appointed number of years had been fulfilled. But the Great Master, in his unfathomable wisdom, allowed it not to be so. For comfort in my sorrows, I frequented my old places of resort, the drinking-shops, and the bar-rooms: I bent beneath the storm, and went back to habits which, until then, my poor Mary had never even suspected as belonging to me.

How well do I remember the first night I returned home and showed my wife that she had bound her fortunes to a *drunkard!* She had been sitting up for me, for many weary hours, until

midnight passed away, and exhausted nature could stand it no longer. She sank her head on the table by her side, and slept. The noise of my shutting the street door awakened her, and she sprang to receive me, and inquire the cause of my absence. Alas! the light she carried in her hand showed her too plainly the bitter reason of that absence—the terrible truth that I was intoxicated! Steeped as my senses were in liquor, I was alarmed at her sudden paleness, and the sickly look which spread over her features. She almost fell to the ground—so agonized were her feelings.

The fatal habit, once taken up again, seemed to revive with even more than its former strength and violence. I disregarded my business, and, before long, grew so heedless of my wife's comforts that I neglected to provide those matters which are indispensable to subsistence. Where was my former love? Where the old tenderness, and the vow I had made to love and protect? Ah, reader! intemperance destroys even the remembrance of love—and this is one of the most horrible of its consequences. To think that the affection of the early years—the kind and innocent tenderness, which was reciprocated from heart to heart, and which was as a fountain of fond joy—to think all this is given up, merely for a beastly and gross appetite, is painful and fearful indeed!

I sicken as I narrate this part of my story. The recollection comes of the sufferings of my poor wife, and of my unkindness to her. I paid no attention to her comforts, and took no thought for her subsistence. I *think* I never proceeded to any act of violence—but God only knows what words I spoke in my paroxysms of drunken irritation to that humble, uncomplaining creature. Yes; I remember well with what agonies she has often leaned over my prostrate form, and the hot tears that fell upon my bloated face. I remember the gathering degredation that fixed itself round our name. I remember how my wretched Mary's face grew paler and paler every day—the silent uncomplaining method of her long, long time of dying—for my conduct killed her at last. I remember the scorn and tears of unfeeling neighbors—the avoidance of me by my own friends—the sinking, grade by grade, until it was at length as though there were no lower depths in which to sink—all are burnt into my mind, Oh, how ineffaceably!

Then came the closing scene of that act of the tragedy. My wife, stricken to the heart, and unable to bear up longer against

the accumulating weight of shame and misery, sank into the grave—the innocent victim of another's drunkenness. Oh, that solemn—that terribly solemn hour of her death! Thank God! I was sober at the time—and received her forgiveness. I did not weep as she died, for my throat and the fountains of my eyes were alike parched and dry. I rushed madly from the house—I knew not and cared not whither. Hell seemed raging in my breast. All my cruelty—all my former love—all my guilt—all my disregard of the sacred ties—seemed concentrated in a thought, and that thought pressing like a mountain of fire all round my heart.

It was night. I walked madly and swiftly through the streets, and though the people stared, I recked not of their notice, but kept my way. What would I have given for power to call back but one little year? One moment only, did I think of drowning my horrible agony in drink; but I cursed the very reflection as it was formed in my soul. Now, I thought upon Mary's tenderness to me—upon her constant care, and regard, and love; and now, the idea of the repayment I had made her filled my bosom.

As I wended thus heedlessly on with long strides, I came off against the entrance of a tavern which, in times past, I had frequently visited. In the door, talking with a party of companions, stood a form which, in the imperfect light, I thought I recognized. Another moment, he turned, and his face was shown [shone] upon by the gas-lamp; I was right in my conjecture—It was Colby. With a sudden revulsion of feeling, I remembered that it was he who had tempted me, and through whose means all my follies and crimes had been committed. I sprang madly toward the place where he stood.

"Devil!" cried I furiously, seizing him by the throat, "you have brought death to one for whom I would willingly have suffered torments forever! It is fitting that you pay the penalty with your own base life. Die! villain, even on the spot where you started me upon *my* ruin!"

I clutched him with a grasp of desperation. Those who stood near were motionless with amazement and fright—and in two minutes more, I had added *murder* to my other crimes. Happily for both, myself and the one I would have made my victim—as he had made me his—the bystanders recovered their self-possession sufficiently soon to interfere and prevent the accomplishment of my sanguinary purpose. They dragged me from his neck, and relieved him from the imminent danger of

his situation; for as sure as there is a heaven above, I would have killed that man, had I been left to myself three minutes longer.

CHAPTER X

Dehortations from the use of strong liquors have been the favorite topic of declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be cured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged—the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal—not to tell lies.—CHARLES LAMB.[1]

DURING the days that followed, one thought alone—apart from my engrossing grief and remorse—possessed my mind. It was a desire to leave the city, where I had come merely to go astray from the path of honor and happiness, and find relief for my sorrow in a new place, and amid the faces of strangers. It may easily be supposed that, after what I have described in the last chapter, I felt no desire to continue in my course of dissipation. Whether my good resolves held out for any length of time will be seen in the sequel. I had my household effects sold, and gathering in several debts that were due me, I found I had quite a respectable sum of cash. Careless where I should cast my fortune, so that I got away from New York, I took passage in a steamboat, and journeyed to a small town some thirty miles distant. Here I stayed for a few weeks; but getting tired at length of its monotony, I started and went inland, continuing my travel for a day and a night, and stopping then to rest. I was pleased, when I awoke in the morning, with the aspect of the place, and determined to fix my abode there.

I informed the landlord of the hotel of my intentions, and asked him if there was any kind of business which I could enter—telling him of the small sum of cash which I had at my disposal. With an appearance of great friendliness, he told me that he was himself just entering upon some speculations which were very safe and profitable and which required the assistance of a pardner. He told me if I would join with him, I could more than double my money, and that my labors would be very light. The man spoke fair, and his projects seemed plausible.

[1] From "Confessions of a Drunkard," first paragraph.

So in the evening, over a bottle of wine, in his own parlor, we sealed our agreement. I found, in truth, that I had but little call upon my services. My leisure I employed in roaming about the surrounding country, and in various country sports.

Though I did not drink to anything like my former excess, I was by no means abstemious. During the afternoon, and frequently when at evening the place was filled with visitors, I indulged myself with wine, and with those drinks originally derived from our thirsty south—drinks that are very pleasant to the taste, but which have led thousands down the path to the lower stages of intemperance, and at last to ruin. As I did not pay for them when they were used, (the landlord and myself having accounts together) I felt no thought of the expense.

Among my amusements, I have said, were walks about the place. In one of these an incident occurred where I was the instrument of performing an action that served as some small offset to the much evil I have ever brought, through my weakness of mind, to those about me. Through the village of my residence passed a railroad, and the cars generally stopped there some ten or fifteen minutes. Not far from the depôt was a mill supplied with water from a large pond, along the dam of which, as is usual, were several short sluices, covered with bridges. It was a pleasant place, and the miller, an intelligent countryman, was frequently favored with my visits at his place of labor.

One day, on the arrival of the cars, several of the passengers, being informed that they were to stop a little longer than ordinary, determined to get out, and stroll a few steps for recreation. Among the number was a lady, elegantly dressed, and leading by the hand a little girl, a child of six or seven years. The lady appeared to be very much pleased with the scenery of the pond, and creek; she strolled along the dam, and occasionally stopped to admire some fine prospect, or cull the beautiful pond-flowers which grew upon the banks in great profusion. While she was resting upon one of the narrow bridges I have mentioned, the child scrambled down the banks to pluck a gaudy blossom that had caught her eyes. I was at that moment standing, leaning on the door of the mill, and gazing listlessly at the bustle around the stopping-place of the cars. All of a sudden, there came a loud shriek! The lady was standing upon the dam, the very picture of distraction, and uttering loud and shrill cries for help.

"She will be drowned! For the love of God, come and rescue her!" she cried to me, as, alarmed by her cries, I ran hastily toward the place.

I saw at once what was the matter; the little girl, reaching over after the flower, had lost her balance and fallen into the pond. With promptness, I divested myself of my shoes and coat, and plunged into the pond. Fortunately I was an excellent swimmer. The current was running in from the other side very strongly, and I knew the child must have been carried some distance. I dashed rapidly out, and, catching a glance of the end of a ribbon, made toward it, and seized the girl, just as she was sinking, probably for the last time. I brought her safely to the shore, and restored her to the arms of her half delirious protector.

Ding-dong! ding-dong! went the bell of the cars, calling the passengers together, and sounding the signal for starting. The lady, carrying the child, hurried toward the depôt, uttering incoherent blessings on my head; and beseeching, if ever I came to New York, the place of her residence, to call at her house. As she seated herself in the vehicle, she threw me, from the window, a card, with her name and the street and number of her dwelling, which I placed in my pocket-book. In the very midst of her flood of gratitude, the train rattled away. As I walked slowly toward the public house where I lived, it may be supposed that my reflections were of a quite complacent nature, for the deed of kindness which I had been performing.

In the course of the ensuing weeks, my want of active employment led me to the glass, as my resource from low spirits. Two or three times I was more than half drunk; and it came to be so, at length, that I could not spend the day as I thought comfortably without drinking five or six times before dinner, and as many more between that and bedtime. What will the reader think of my resolution of mind? I had made a compact with myself, after my poor Mary's death, that I would drink nothing but wine; and though I stuck to that for a while, I soon caught myself indulging in the stronger kinds of liquor. Perhaps, if I had filled up my time with active employment, I might have kept to my resolution, and even in the end totally reformed. But of what mischief is idleness a parent! That time which hung heavy on my hands I drowned in the forgetfulness of the oblivion-causing cup.

Reader! perhaps you despise me. Perhaps if I were by you

at this moment, I should behold the curled lip of scorn, and the look of deep contempt. Oh, pause, stern reverencer of duty, and have pity for a fellow-creature's weakness! I would ask, with the gentle Elia, that thou shouldst mingle compassion and human allowance with thy disapprobation. With him, too, I say, trample not on the ruins of a man. Thou sayest, perhaps—Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful? The first steps, not like climbing a mountain, but going through fire? What if the whole system must undergo a change, violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? What if a process comparable to flaying alive have to be endured? Is the weakness which sinks under such struggles to be compared with the pertinacity which clings to vice for itself and its gross appetites? I have known one (relates the same pleasant moralist I quote above) in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening, though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments; though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it, in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate—I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him. Many, perhaps, on whom liquor never produced powerful results will here laugh at a weak brother who, trying his strength and coming off foiled in the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. On them my remarks are wasted. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak—the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of those around them. Such must fly the convivial class in the first instance if they do not wish to sell themselves, for their term of life, to misery.

A man once, whom I knew well, and whose name was honored over all New-York for his many virtues, was seen by me to take a glass in an obscure drinking-shop. I afterward found that he *had* to drink, or engage in the fearful contest described above. He was of irritable and weak temperament, and though he knew his habits were secretly hurrying him to the grave, he quailed before the agony of the trial. He had commenced it more than once, but was never able to complete his own conquest. Now, though I have an abiding faith in the ability to reform, through the GLORIOUS TEMPERANCE PLEDGE,

and the strength which Providence gives to those who honestly set about a good work—yet I know the awful horrors which such men as the one I speak of must go through. Reader, if you are not one of that sort yourself, you can conceive not of those trials. Not only has habit made liquor necessary to their enjoyment, but to the very action of the vital powers; and at the very time it quickens and brightens their faculties into a dim kind of action, it warns them how it is wafting them onward to the verge of decay with a horrible rapidity!

The pure and virtuous cast scorn upon such as I have been, and as thousands are now. But oh, could they look into the innermost recesses of our hearts, and see what spasms of pain—what impotent attempts to make issue with what appears to be our destiny—what fearful dreams—what ghastly phantoms of worse than hellish imagination—what of all this resides, time and again, in our miserable bosoms—then, I know, that scorn would be changed to pity. It is not well to condemn men for their frailties. Let us rather own our common bond of weakness, and endeavor to fortify each other in good conduct and in true righteousness, which is charity for the errors of our kind. The drunkard, low as he is, is a *man*. The fine capacities, the noble marks that belong to our race, those glorious qualities which the Great Builder stamped upon his masterpiece of works, are with him still. They are not destroyed, but hidden in darkness, as precious gems cast down in the mire. And the object of the truly wise and good will be to raise him up again; to reform and brighten those capacities, and to set in operation a train of causes which will afford him a chance of attaining once more a respectable station in society. Once *thoroughly regenerated*, the remembrance of his old defamation will stand before his eyes like a pillar of fire, and warn him back from any further indulgence in his vicious courses.

I am the more particular in my remarks upon this matter because I have seen so many cases of hopeless and confirmed intemperance made thus by the injudicious severity of the neighbors and relatives of the unhappy victim. Little aware of the strength of the chains which bind him, and the horrors which surround a man in those moments when he is without the stimulus which custom has rendered necessary to him, they cast every slight upon the drunkard, and are unguarded in their expressions of anger and contempt. A little moderation perhaps, a little friendliness and sympathy, bestowed at the proper

moment, would work a complete revolution in his character. But it is not bestowed, and the wretched one goes on from bad to worse, until there is no hope left. I remember a case in point.

While living with my uncle in the country, one of our most esteemed neighbors was a young farmer, lately married, and come with his wife to settle in the town. He had bought a fine little farm, and occasionally, when work was pressing, he employed me to assist him, my uncle consenting. During the time I spent in that way, I became acquainted with the circumstances I am going to relate. The name of our neighbor was Fanning.

As was customary in those parts, in the hot days when we were getting in the harvest of hay, and the early grain, a couple of jugs of ardent spirits were brought into the field for the use of the work-people. It has since been a wonder to me that all of the villagers were so tacitly agreed as to the benefit of this custom. Now, medical men, and not only medical men but all men of common sense, know that intoxicating drinks are highly detrimental to the strength, and improper for use during laborious employment. They sap the very essence of energy, and prostrate the arm of the strong man. A feverish impulse may be given for a moment; but it reacts in a tenfold deficiency of power for twenty times as long a time. Be that as true as it undoubtedly is, however, among Fanning and his fellow-townsmen it was the common custom.

Fanning had a brother, a middle-aged, gentlemanly man, who possessed a small estate, invested in stocks, from whence he drew a moderate stipend. A portion of the year he was employed in a village near by as a school teacher.

I knew the man, and loved him well. He was a quiet, good-natured person, and wherever he went, he made friends. I recollect his looks, too, and some little peculiarities he had. He was small in figure, with bright black eyes and very long fine glossy hair, which used to fall quite down upon his shoulders. Notwithstanding the modest disposition of "the little teacher," as the people used to call him, his laugh and his voice was loud among the loudest at the merry-makings in the neighborhood, which he invariably attended. He wore a round jacket always, which was one of his peculiarities. His size and his juvenile method of apparel made him look like anything but a pedagogue.

The teacher, when he was not employed in his profession, would frequently aid his brother, in the work of the farm. He

used to come into the field, in hay time, and give his assistance there. We always welcomed him, for his pleasant mirth cast a charm on all around.

"Mr. Fanning," said one of the men, one day, "if you work with us, you should do as we do. The jug has passed round, and every person drinks but yourself."

"Is it needful, then," said the teacher, laughing, "that I partake of the liquor, in order to be on even-footing with the rest?"

"Of course," was the general rejoinder; "of course."

"Well, then," said Fanning, "here goes."

And he took down a moderate draft.

The whole conversation was intended as a mere joke, of course—such light talk as work-people amuse themselves with during the intermission between their morning and afternoon labors. But it proved in the end a fatal joke to the poor teacher.

The next day, the same bantering was passed, and Fanning drank again. It is hardly necessary that I should narrate the particulars of the method by which he became a lover of the liquid that at first he regarded with such apathy. It was all, however, plainly to be traced to the accidental invitation given him in the harvest-field. Before the end of the summer, he could drink his two or three glasses with great satisfaction, and even became an habitual visitor at the bar-room.

I have noted down thus minutely the incident which led to the teacher's intemperance because I think it by no means an isolated case. There are many, no doubt, who will get this book who may be witnesses, and even practisers, of a habit of having liquor in the fields during the hot farm-work of the summer. For this lamentable habit, contrary as it is to the dictates of prudence and common sense, is not an altogether exploded one.

The teacher, as I have said, grew to the desire for drink. He conducted his school that winter, as usual, though before the end of the session he had more than one fit of intoxication.

Summer came again. The pernicious jugs were brought into the field, and the elder Fanning was their best customer. Hardly a week passed without his being completely steeped two or three times in drunkenness. I have myself seen him lying beside the hay-cocks, divested of sense and rationality, more like a brute than a human being. He had always been at-

tached to me, and would frequently obey my persuasions to go home, or to desist from any further indulgence in liquor, when, to any one else, he was abusive and obstinate.

"Frank!" said he to me one day, when he was just sobered from a spree, "I am a very wicked and foolish man—if things go on in this way, what is to become of me?"

I made no answer, though I was highly pleased at hearing him talk thus.

"Yes," he continued, "it certainly will not do. I cannot—I *will not* allow myself to become a common drunkard. The thought is horrible!"

A good resolution, once formed, may be broken, it is true; but the very process of reflection which leads to the forming of the resolution is favorable to improvement. If brought back often to such reflections, it is twenty to one but the improvement will be effectual at last.

We had been sitting together, the teacher and I, in his apartment, as he made the remarks I have quoted above. We rose and went down to the common sitting-room, where Mrs. Fanning was engaged in some domestic employments.

"Is my brother home?" asked the teacher.

The woman made no reply, and Fanning repeated the question.

"If he is," was the answer, with a sneer, "it's not likely he cares about seeing a drunken sot!"

The teacher said nothing, but sat down upon a chair near the window. Soon after the farmer came in, but took no notice of the now sobered inebriate. He brushed through the room with a haughty glance, as much as to say, I feel no wish to be familiar with such as thou.

I was standing in the door, just about to depart, and my feelings could not help sympathizing with my poor friend, thus scorned by those who were nearest and dearest to him. True, he had acted wrongly, but they need not have thus wounded him in so unprovoked a manner. He rose from his chair, and we walked forth together. I could see that he felt very much agitated. As I diverged from the road to go my own way, I prayed Heaven to continue in his soul the sentiment he had a few minutes before expressed to me.

Without doubt, had he not been treated thus scornfully by his brother and sister-in-law, the reflections of the teacher would have led to his becoming a temperate man. But in his lone-

someness and weariness of heart, he retreated to the bar-room. He drank deeply, and that night saw him in a more severe intoxication than ever before. Provoked very much at his conduct, the farmer and his young wife would hardly use him with ordinary decency. It was only the odium of having him taken up as a common vagrant that prevented their turning him entirely out of doors.

"Oh!" he has many a time said to me, "if there were only some little fastening of good-will among my family, where I could cast anchor, I feel assured I might be saved yet. But I am maddened by the coldness and contempt of my brother and his wife, when I am in a fit state to feel it. It is more poignant than even the pangs which are the result of my drinking!"

Twenty times, in his lucid intervals, did he express this opinion to me. I have no doubt it came from his very heart.

And now, all his friends dropped off from him. He was considered by them, I suppose, as a disgrace to their name. They would cross the street to avoid meeting him; they would forbid his entrance to their houses; and every contumely was heaped upon him. Of course, he could obtain his old employment of teacher no more; and the children, who formerly loved and respected him, now looked upon him with disgust. This, he told me, was one of the bitterest of his punishments.

I solemnly believe that even yet, degraded as he was, he might have been reformed, by his friends seizing a lucky moment, and by their treating him as a fellow-creature, instead of a beast. But they did not so. His frailties were visited by their virulence; and they forgot entirely that common bond of fellowship which, as we all sin more or less, should have caused them to be lenient. Which of those friends or relatives can say—I have, on my conscience, none of the responsibility of that man's intemperance and death?

The teacher was of naturally delicate constitution, and he could not long hold up under the results of his conduct. Each successive indulgence left him a weaker and a weaker man.

Three years had not passed away, after his taking that draft from the jug in the harvest-field, before he was upon his dying bed—the dying bed of a drunkard. With his last breath he proclaimed that his wretched fate might have been prevented, had not the thoughts of reformation, whenever they arose in his mind, been stifled by the proud and contemptuous treatment he received from his relatives and friends.

CHAPTER X

When'er thou meet'st a human form
  Less favor'd than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm,
  Thy brother, or thy son.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN I had been some five months in this village, I thought one morning that it would not be amiss for me to have a settlement with the landlord. Since the time I had confided my funds to him, I had heard very little of our joint speculations; and I supposed I might have quite a handsome amount of cash due me by this time.

Upon my mentioning the subject, he assented at once—stating that he had for a day or two intended suggesting the same thing to me. We therefore went into his little private parlor, and he drew out his books, and commenced reckoning. What was my amazement when he informed me that the amount due *from me to him* was not quite one hundred dollars! I suppose at first he was in a vein of pleasantry, and laughed at him. But he gravely pushed his accounts over to me, and told me to look for myself. Considerably alarmed, I did so. I saw that one single item, that of *liquor* alone, was summed up to more than the sum I had originally put in his hands, for purposes of profit. I indignantly asked him if he thought I was going to submit to such flagrant injustice. With an impudent coolness, he retorted that if I chose to attempt redress, I might begin as soon as I thought fit. Had he not been liberal, he said, his demand against me would have been much higher.

The man was a rascal—that was evident. But whether I had any chance of recovering back my money was not quite so clear. Upon consulting with a man of the law, in the course of the day, I found that my prospect was gloomy indeed. I have since thought that the landlord himself gave the lawyer his cue. Quite mad with resentment and agitation, when I returned to the house, I told the landlord plainly my opinion of his conduct. He retorted. My temper rose, and I struck him to the earth. I rushed from the house, swearing that I would not stay in so vile a place another night.

I had a small sum of money, and I immediately engaged

passage to New York. In an hour I was on my way thither. The reflections that filled my mind were anything but agreeable. To be swindled—to be the dupe of a villain, and one too whom I had looked on as a friend—was bad enough. Besides which, I could not but be conscious how much I was to blame for my own carelessness, and my want of sobriety, which, after all, was the foundation of the ill-luck.

The latter part of my journey was by steamboat. As the light of day dawned in the east, our craft swung alongside the wharf; and I went on shore in the city, where, four years previous, I had come an innocent and honest country youth. My unsophisticated habits had worn away, but at the expense of how much of the pure gold, which was bartered for dross!

Of course, I had no plan marked out as to any method of life, or any means to get a living. As I walked along the street, but a few rods from the landing-place, my eyes were caught by the sight of tempting bottles of liquor, arranged on a bar. What busy devil was it that tempted me then to go in and drink? Yielding to the fatal impulse, I entered and called for liquor. The ice was broken now, and I felt no more repugnance. There were some jovial-looking fellows there, and I entered into conversation with them. A little while, and we all drank again.

From that moment, I have an indistinct recollection of going through scenes which it makes my stomach now turn to think upon—drunkenness, and the very lowest and filthiest kind of debauchery. Probably, for I never knew for certain, I spent five days upon that spree. Not at any single time was I sober, or near sober.

At last I awoke. It was a little before sunrise. I lay upon the ground, on a pier jutting out into the river. By one side of me was a high pile of wood—on the other side I heard the dashing of water against the wharf. The air, though chill, was fresh and fragrant; but the torments of the damned seemed raging in my head. Oh, that agony of pain; that thirstiness; that searing, burning dryness; that indescribable feeling of horror; that detestable nausea—never shall I forget!

I raised myself on my hands and knees, and my first thought was to throw myself over into the river, and thus put an end to my miserable existence. But, wicked as I was, I dared not rush thus blindly into the presence of an offended God. I lifted myself, and sat on the heavy piece of timber that formed the edge of the wharf.

What a miserable object! The thing I wore upon my head was crushed out of all shape of a hat; my trousers were torn and soiled; I had no coat, and but one shoe. My face, I felt, was all dirty and brown, and my eyes bleared and swollen. What use had I for life? While, at the moment, I feared to die. And as it seemed that even now I felt the icy finger at my heart—I prayed to God that he would not crush the wounded worm.

I arose, and walked forth.

The hours rolled on. The streets filled with clatter and with busy faces; and wherever I passed along, the crowd shrunk from me as from the pestilence.

I remember that about noon I came out into Chatham Square. On one side were little hills of furniture of every description and quality. Many people were scanning them, apparently with the intent to become purchasers. There were also auctioneers, mounted upon tables, or barrels, and crying the goods and the prices that were bid for them. Toward the middle of the Square stood a row of coaches, and several carts, for hire. On the walks, and through the streets, hundreds of men, women, and children were constantly passing, crowd upon crowd. I stood awhile, and looked upon the scene, though vacantly.

Then I sauntered on again. All around was the deafening noise of people engaged in their thousand employments. I gazed curiously at the shops, which exhibited their merchandise in large handsome windows, many of them having a few of their best articles hung out in front, so that the passer-by could not but see them. After awhile, I turned and went up a cross street. So on I wended, and across, and up and down, like a rudderless boat.

Dragging thus about, four or five hours passed away, and I began to grow foot-sore and very hungry.

Signs now appeared of the coming on of night. Lamplighters hurried past me with their ladders; the windows, one after another, began to touch up their gas; and those of the mechanics whose business was earliest through, were to be seen in groups, walking along homeward. As I came out from a narrow street, through which I had been wandering some time, I found myself in the same open place, where at noon I had seen such busy traffic. What could I do? I cast my eyes hopelessly about, and saw no sign of sunshine. I felt quite faint from want of food.

There seemed to be no better plan than to walk down the wide handsome street leading to the east from where I stood,

and knock at every house, stating my destitute situation and asking for the remnants of a meal and shelter or the means of shelter, until I should obtain relief. Beggary! It was a bitter pill, but I saw no medium between it and starvation; and at the best, the chances were ten to one that I should not gain what I sought.

I walked along the street. It was lined on each side with lofty brick houses. There was no flash of shop windows, and much less noise, and fewer passengers than in the thoroughfares I had hitherto seen.

As I wearily trod the flag-stones, my eyes would now and then be caught by the front rooms of the basements, some of them with family groups circling round the cheerful fire, some with the table spread for supper, and with many luxuries and comforts to tempt the appetite. Oh, how my mouth watered! Here and there I beheld through the curtains little children, all fresh and neat, and curled, frolicking about in play.

It was a long time before I could screw my courage to make application at the doors. At last I went up the stoop of one of the houses, and knocked softly with my fist. I waited several minutes, and then knocked again; no one came to open for me, and I was about retreating in despair.

"Pull the bell, my man," said a person passing, who noticed my conduct, "they'll never hear your knock."

So I applied my hand to the knob, and drew it just enough to make a slight tinkle. In a few minutes, a black man came, and swinging the door on its hinges, beheld me standing there, abashed and trembling.

"Well, what is it?" said he, after waiting a moment, and hearing me say nothing.

I began my request, but had not spoken more than four or five words before the menial slammed the door in my face with an execration. Starting like a guilty creature, I hastily rushed down upon the walk again.

I passed several blocks before making another attempt. This time I applied at the lower entrance. A woman appeared, to answer the summons.

"Come in," she answered compassionately, "wait a bit, and I'll speak to the mistress."

She went in through a side door, and I could hear talking in the apartment. After a short time the door partly opened.

"No," said some one within, "imposters are so common, and

you only encourage them in idleness. Tell him to go; and be careful of the bolt, when he passes out."

The woman came from the room, and her face told the cheerless answer she was commissioned to bear, without the necessity for words. The next minute I was in the dark street once more.

A third and fourth trial were as fruitless as the first.

At the next, the servant told me to wait awhile, as the family were at their devotions. I stood, and gazed at the circle in the inner apartment; for the door was open, and I could see all. An elderly gentleman was reading a portion of Scripture, and the rest were listening with sedate attention to all that came from his lips.

"*Inasmuch*," I heard him say, in a slow emphatic voice, his eyes fixed reverently on the book before him; "*Inasmuch as ye have refused it to the least of these my brethren, ye have refused it to me.*"

More he read of the same purport—and then closed the book and knelt, the rest following his example.

For fifteen minutes, nothing was heard there but the accents of fervent prayer. Then all arose, and after a decorous pause, the servant introduced my case. He was sufficiently bred to his station to refrain from urging my claims in any other way than a statement of my destitute condition; yet I could not have had a more favorable advocate. When he finished,

"Richard," said the elderly gentleman, "give the poor fellow this."

The servant took the gift, and put it in my hand. It was *one cent.*

And Richard hurried me out of the light; for he felt his face suffused with a blush. And as I was leaving the door, he unclasped my finger and placed there a silver coin, just twenty-five times the value of what his master had bestowed upon me.

For my life I could not have subjected myself to any more rebuffs. I remembered a low groggery where cheap lodgings were to let, and turned my wretched steps toward the place.

CHAPTER XII

What brings vice and guilt below?
Strong drink brings!—TEMPERANCE SONG.[1]

MONTHS swept onward in their silent course. I know not how I lived; I have never been able, to this day, to account for

[1] "Water *versus* Alcohol." See A. B. Grosh, *loc. cit.*, pp. 58–60.

the method of my subsistence—but yet I did live. Sometimes, finding a chance shelter in a half finished building, left open by the workmen—sometimes, sleeping in the purlieus of the markets, or on the docks—sometimes, going for two days with hardly a morsel of food, for I was a drunkard still; and though necessity at times made me sober for awhile, I always managed to get liquor by one means or another, at last. Can it be believed that, at the very moment the eyes of the reader are scanning these pages, there are hundreds—ay thousands—roaming about the by-places of this mighty city in the same condition, and with the same appetite, which I have described as mine during those fearful months? It seems now, as I look back to it, like a dream—a hideous phantom of a diseased mind. But there came a sudden shock after a time, and I was aroused from that mockery of a dream. Thus it came.

It was the midnight of a Sabbath in winter. Darkness spread over the great city, and the slumbering dwellers therein. The streets, the mighty veins along which currents had coursed all day, were now still and deserted. Every hour the booming of the public clocks pealed out, each stroke falling distinctly and solemnly through the frosty night air. Overhead, the stars did not shine. It had been snowing, and the wind occasionally blew the drifts so as to make a perfect tempest of fine ice, dashing into the face of the late traveller. The drowsy watchman sought some sheltered nook, and drew himself close together, shivering with the rigor of the night.

Starting at one of the eastern wharves, is a street running up from the river—a narrow, dirty street, with many wooden houses, occupied as taverns for seamen and abiding places for degraded women.[1] At one of these taverns, myself and a party of ill-favored, gallows-looking fellows were arranging our persons, preparatory to sallying forth in the streets. What object could we have in view, at that late hour of the night, but wickedness?

There were four of us. The leader of our gang, who was addressed by the name of Picaroon, had several weapons about his person that were evidently capable of doing dangerous work.

"Come lads," said he, "the business we are on will be none the worse for a few glasses. Let us drink."

At the word, we helped ourselves, and tossed the liquor down our throats.

[1] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 6.

We made our egress from the place, and sticking our hands in the capacious pockets of our coats, we walked rapidly after the Picaroon, who strode ahead, as if he knew at once the road to be taken.

The wind whistled, and the fitful blasts, laden with the drift-snow, assailed our progress, and dashed in our faces as we walked along. But our leader turned neither to the right or left, and hardly deigned to bend his head to the heaviest demonstrations of the tempest.

After awhile we reached a section of the city mostly occupied by merchants for their warehouses and stores. The Picaroon now proceeded more cautiously, and turning up Wall-street, led us to a place, not far distant from the Exchange, where we stopped—partly to take breath, and partly to reconnoitre. The night was so dark that a man at a rod's distance could not have been seen. So we listened awhile, to hear if any of the guardians of the hour were stirring.

"I believe," said the Picaroon, in a low tone, "that we are on the right track. This, I think, is the place we seek."

And he pointed to a basement immediately in front of us, which from its appearance, and the sign over the door, looked like a broker's office.

"Now boys," continued our conductor, in the same cautious voice, "let us begin. Banks, where is the key I gave you in charge?"

The person he addressed handed it to him in silence.

"Curses!" exclaimed the Picaroon, vainly trying to put it to successful use, "the thing has failed, after all. I more than suspected it would. The next time, I'll take the duplicate myself."

"Then we'll burst open the door," said one of our party.

"Of course," the Picaroon rejoined, "we have nothing else to do. Here Evans, hold this lantern!"

And coming up at his orders, I took the light, which was shaded on all sides but one, and held it as he directed.

They proceeded to their work of crime. *They?* Why should I not say *we?* For though a passive agent in the affair, I stood by with apathetic consent, and aided in it. Sunk, sunk at last, to be the companion and abettor of thieves!

"D—n the door! how firm it is!" said Banks, as his cautious blows with a sort of crow-bar produced no effect. The Picaroon had previously used two or three saws, and was now at work with a chisel.

Our other companion was assisting actively, also, and I stood and threw the rays from the lantern as they desired.

Crash! crash! went the instruments of our burglary, with a deadened sound, for we knew there were private watchmen in this part of the city—and though we feared little from their vigilance such a night as that, we thought our blows, if too loud, might reach their ears, and bring on a discovery.

Yielding, at last, to saw-teeth, chisel-edge, and crow-bar, the fastenings gave way. One loud thump with the latter instrument, and our entrance was clear. But it was louder than any of the preceding ones.

"Hell!" muttered the Picaroon, furiously, "I would rather have worked two hours longer than heard that blow! But it is too late now; so, Banks, come with me, and you two keep watch here!"

He had hardly stepped out of sight, when a watchman's rattle rang on the curb-stone, not a hundred feet from where we stood. The Picaroon and his companions heard it too, and dashing from the door, threw the lantern on the ground, and fled along the street.

"Quick! quick! for your lives!" cried the Picaroon to us as he passed. "Both of you, run for your lives!"

My companion took advantage of the timely warning; but the watch were now upon our steps. I heard them close behind me, and stumbling in the darkness, fell upon the ground. They seized me, and carried me away a prisoner. The whole occurrence passed over like a whirlwind. Neither of my three companions were taken.

Was I not sunk low indeed? The very stupor, the deadened nature of my faculties—even when not under the influence of liquor which my course of life had superinduced—was not sufficient to hide from me the horrible feature of my situation. A criminal, one who had violated the laws, and was justly obnoxious to their severest punishments—where could I look for a friend, or whence hope for favor?

It were a stale homily were I to stay here and remark upon the easy road from intemperance to crime. Those who have investigated those matters tell us, however, that five out of every six of the cases which our criminal courts have brought before them for adjudication are to be traced directly or indirectly to that fearful habit. I have sometimes thought that the laws ought not to punish those actions of evil which are committed

when the senses are steeped in intoxication. But if such a principle were allowed to influence judicial decisions, how terrible an opening there would be! How great a temptation, even, to the letting loose of the worst passions! An idiot is not responsible for his actions, to be sure; but the drunkard deliberately brings his idiocy upon himself, and must not take shelter under it from the consequences thereof. And yet, that mercy and charity which should ever be present in our minds must lead us to throw the mantle of excuse, as far as possible, over the bad done by the intemperate. None know—none can know, but they who have felt it—the burning, withering thirst for drink which habit forms in the appetite of the wretched victim of intoxication.

CHAPTER XIII

Be free! not chiefly from the iron chain,
But from the one which passion forges, be
The master of thyself!
—Mrs. Embury.[1]

When I was turning over in my mind, the second day of my confinement in prison, the method I had best pursue under all my present difficulties, the darkest and fearfullest despondency fell upon me. It seemed like a cloud stretching all around and over me, and hiding every glimpse of the cheerful light. The thought of my boyhood in the country—of a hundred different scenes in the happy life I had spent there—came to my remembrance. Then my journey to New York, and my companions of the market-waggon. The antiquary, Lee, my benefactor, to whom I had made so poor a return, and Colby, the instrument of my disgrace. I pondered upon all, and even the minutest incidents of that journey. Lee! Should I not apply to him in my tribulation? But no; I had injured him deeply, and my pride revolted at the idea of his knowing my present situation. And as for Colby, since the death of my poor wife, and our rencontre at the tavern, I would as soon have taken a serpent in my hand as received a favor from him.

The despondency I have mentioned clung to me for days. I, a young man, on whom fortune had more than once smiled, whose very start of life in the city was signalized by a stroke of

[1] I fail to locate this in Mrs. Emma C. Embury's collected poems.

good luck that might have led me on to a competence and happiness; and here I was, imprisoned for a heinous crime. More than once the fiendish resolve entered my mind, of foul self-murder! But ever the image of my sainted Mary came to me in those prison walls, and looked down, and smiled pleasantly; and I could not remounce all hope of ever seeing her again, by sealing up the sum of my wickedness beyond all power of pardon.

The time approached for my trial. So callous was I, and so resigned to my fate, that I cared little whether it went well or ill for me.

A day or two before I was to be brought up in court, one of the officers of the prison entered, stating that a gentleman without desired to see me; and he had hardly spoken the words when the person in question was ushered into my cell. He was a middle-aged man, and what he could wish with me I could not conceive.

"Is your name Franklin Evans?" said he.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Do you know that card?"

And he handed me a dirty piece of pasteboard, with a name written upon it. The name was "*Lucy Marchion*—Bleecker-street."

Surprised at the question, and utterly unconscious of what the man's conduct could mean, I made no answer, but stared at him in surprise.

"Listen," continued he. "The lady whose name you hold in your hand was many months since at a distant place in the country, with a dear child. Accidentally the child fell into a dangerous stream of water, and would have been drowned but for the kindness of a brave young stranger, who rescued it, and restored it to the lady. She was hurried away, almost on the instant, leaving in that stranger's hand her name and residence. By some mark upon the card, the whole circumstance was brought to her mind this very morning, when a police officer called, and handed it to us, making inquiries, which it is unnecessary here to repeat."

The man ceased; and I knew the whole affair intuitively. In a preceding chapter I have mentioned the incident where I preserved the little girl's life. The card I had placed in my pocket-book, never thinking of it since. Upon the morning after my arrest, my person had been searched, and everything taken from

me—the authorities thinking that perhaps some clue might be gained to my accomplices. The card, they fancied, could possibly afford some such clue. They went to the address upon it. Mr. Marchion, the husband of the lady, and the father of the little girl I had preserved, was a lawyer, well known for his talent and respectability; and, at the solicitation of his wife, he immediately started upon a mission of benevolence to the prison where I was.

"Tell me, young man," said he, when all this was fairly understood between us, and he knew that he had indeed found the person for whom his wife had never ceased to pray down blessings—"tell me the whole story of your crime, for which you are now in durance. Keep back nothing; and I will see what can be done for you."

"Is there any prospect," inquired I, anxiously, "for acquittal, think you?"

"That question I can best answer," said he, "after your story is told."

I knew that I could place implicit reliance upon his honor, and I related the whole incidents of my folly and crime. I told him that for weeks my faculties had been drowned amid a sea of intemperance. I said that when I started off with the Picaroon and the others I knew not where they were going, or for what purpose; and that, though I stood by, I had no hand in the active commission of the burglary. My defense, I could not help seeing myself, was a very weak one; but it was the best I had to offer, and the love of liberty was strong within me.

"Perhaps it would be wiser," said Mr. Marchion, when I concluded, "for me to express no opinion now; and yet I would advise you not to give up hope. The judge, whom I know well, is one that will not be apt to look upon your conduct, placed in the light you have given to it by the narrative just closed, with a too rigorous eye; and I feel assured that what vou have spoken is the truth."

And as he departed, I felt new cheerfulness spring up in my breast. So pleasant is it, in time of dismay, to have one good heart on whose friendly aid you can rest your troubles.

Before the trial, Mr. Marchion came to me two or three times, to get the locality of the tavern whence we had started, on the night of the burglary. He also took from me the names of two or three persons whom I had known in my better days, for witnesses that I had once borne a fair reputation. I felt some

doubt, as I gave him that of Mr. Lee, among others, whether the character my old friend might give me would prove to my advantage or no.

The crisis came at last. The prosecuting attorney proved by the officers the fact of the crime, beyond the possibility of cavil. The officers swore, also, that, according to all appearance, I was one of the robbers. They had arrested me on the spot, in a vain endeavor to fly.

Mr. Marchion himself conducted my defense. He skillfully enlarged on the danger of circumstantial evidence—produced his witnesses to my former good name and honorable conduct—and then expatiated on the unhappy method of my having fallen into habits of intemperance. The keeper of the low tavern proved my evident ignorance, when the Picaroon led me away, of the business on which I was bound; and with all the dexterity for which his profession is celebrated my fervent advocate dressed up what good points there were in my case, and closed by a pathetic appeal jointly to the jury and the court.

All was of no avail. The jury, after being out an hour or two, came in with a verdict of "*Guilty*." I could hardly support myself under the sickening sensation which followed the utterance of that word. My head swam, my ears tingled, and I heard not the foreman continue, "and recommended to the mercy of the court." Had I done so, I should hardly have hoped for any leniency—so sure had I been, after Mr. Marchion's eloquent appeal, that I must be acquitted.

The judge consulted with those on each side of him for a few minutes, and then rose to pronounce sentence. I could hardly believe my ears when they conveyed to me, as he went on, the intelligence that I was *not* to be sent back to prison. Amazed and overjoyed, I noted but little of the details of his discourse: how that in view of the peculiar nature of my case, sentence was to be suspended, and I discharged—or something of that sort. I only heard the word *discharged*, and could hardly remain in the box until he finished his speech. Then, as the officer in attendance came to me, and took me by the hand, and told me I was free, I rushed aside, and caught Mr. Marchion's arm, which I dampened with my tears. *Free!* Yes, after all—after being on the very verge of punishment for felony—to come off thus! Was it not, indeed, a fit cause for rejoicing?

CHAPTER XIV

Kneel! and the vow thou breathest there
At that lone hour shall float on high;
Spirits of light shall bless thy prayer,
The dead, the crowned, shall greet thy sigh.
—*Mrs. Hale's Magazine.*

THE kindness of Marchion and his wife did not pause merely at saving me from an ignominious fate. I pass over the gratitude of the lady at our first meeting, the very next hour after I was liberated from bondage—simply stating that it was fully such as a mother might be supposed to offer one who had saved her offspring from sudden and painful death.

"All that we could do," said the lady, "would not pay you, generous man, for the service you have rendered me."

And she called the little girl to her side, and bade her thank the preserver of her life. Marchion stood by, and looked on with a friendly smile.

But stop—thought I to myself, my eyes being caught by the sight of my own soiled and tattered garments—am I a fit person for the company of well-dressed and cleanly people? What excuse should I make? But Marchion already knew a large part of my history, and of my former follies; and some good spirit seemed whispering to me, no excuse but the truth. So in answer to their inquiries, I told them my whole life, without any alteration or concealment.

"Young man," said the lady, when I ended, "had you related all this to us some months ago, we should have shrunk from you, or set you down as a liar. But my observation, of late, has led both my husband and myself to the knowledge of cases exceeding even yours in wonder and in depth of misery."

She then told me that her husband, who had in his younger days been an intemperate man, was now a member of one of the societies of the city whose object was to aid the holy cause of Abstinence; and that at the meetings of those societies, which she occasionally attended, she had heard in the "experience," of those who addressed them, tales of wo that might harrow up a soul with sympathy.

As we sat that evening around the cheerful blaze of the parlor fire, our conversation turned upon the same topics that

we had discoursed of in the morning. Mr. Marchion expressed his wonder at the strange and almost miraculous manner in which some persons, who appeared in the very deepest depth of the mire, would become reformed. A little trivial incident—an ordinary occurrence which seemed not worth the importance of a thought—would sometimes change the whole current of their wicked conduct, and present them to the world, regenerated, and disenthralled. One instance, he said, had come to his knowledge in former times, which, if I felt disposed to hear it, he would relate.

I expressed my pleasure at the suggestion, and he commenced his narrative:

"Lift up!" was ejaculated as a signal—and click! went the glasses in the hands of a party of tipsy men, drinking one night at the bar of one of the middling order of taverns. And many a wild gibe was uttered, and many a terrible blasphemy, and many an impure phrase sounded out the pollution of the hearts of those half-crazed creatures, as they tossed down their liquor, and made the walls echo with their uproar. The first and foremost in recklessness was a girlish-faced, fair-haired fellow of twenty-two or three years. They called him Mike. He seemed to be looked upon by the others as a sort of prompter, from whom they were to take cue. And if the brazen wickedness evinced by him in a hundred freaks and remarks to his companions, during their stay in that place, were any test of his capacity—there might hardly be one more fit to go forward as a guide on the road to destruction.

From the conversation of the party, it appeared that they had been spending the earlier part of the evening in a gambling house. The incidents spoken of as having occurred, and the conduct of young Mike and his associates there, are not sufficiently tempting to be narrated.

A second, third and fourth time were the glasses filled, and the effect thereof began to be perceived in a still higher degree of noise and loquacity among the revellers. One of the servingmen came in at this moment, and whispered the bar-keeper, who went out, and in a moment returned again.

"A person," he said, "wished to speak with Mr. Michael. He waited on the walk in front."

The individual whose name was mentioned made his excuses to the others, telling them he would be back in a moment, and

left the room. He had hardly shut the door behind him, and stepped into the open air, when he saw one of his brothers—his elder by eight or ten years—pacing to and fro with rapid and uneven steps. As the man turned in his walk, and the glare of the street lamp fell upon his face, the youth, half-benumbed as his senses were, was somewhat startled at its paleness and evident perturbation.

"Come with me!" said the elder brother, hurriedly, "the illness of our little Jane is worse, and I have been sent for you."

"Poh!" answered the young drunkard, very composedly, "is that all? I shall be home by-and-by."

And he turned to go back again.

"But brother, she is worse than ever before. Perhaps when you arrive she may be *dead*."

The tipsy one paused in his retreat, perhaps alarmed by the utterance of that dread word, which seldom fails to shoot a chill to the hearts of mortals. But he soon calmed himself, and waving his hand to the other:

"Why, see," said he, "a score of times at least, have I been called away to the last sickness of our good little sister; and each time it proves to be nothing worse than some whim of the nurse or the physician. Three years has the girl been able to live very heartily under her disease; and I'll be bound she'll stay on earth three years longer."

And as he concluded this wicked and most brutal reply, the speaker opened the door and went into the bar-room. But in his intoxication, during the hour that followed, Mike was far from being at ease. At the end of that hour, the words "perhaps when you arrive she may be *dead*" were not effaced from his hearing yet, and he started for home. The elder brother had wended his way back in sorrow.

Let me go before the younger one, awhile, to a room in that home. A little girl lay there dying. She was quite rational. She had been ill a long time; so it was no sudden thing for her parents, and her brethren and sisters, to be called for the solemn witness of the death agony.

The girl was not what might be called beautiful. And yet, there is a solemn kind of loveliness that always surrounds a sick child. The sympathy for the weak and helpless sufferer, perhaps, increases it in our ideas. The ashiness, and the moisture on the brow, and the film over the eye-balls—what man can look upon the sight and not feel his heart awed within him?

Children, I have sometimes fancied too, increase in beauty as their illness deepens. The angels, it may be, are already vesting them with the garments they shall wear in the Pleasant Land.

Beside the nearest relatives of little Jane, standing round her bedside, was the family doctor. He had just laid her wrist down upon the coverlid, and the look he gave the mother was a look in which there was no hope.

"My child!" she cried, in uncontrollable agony, "my child! you die!"

And the father, and the sons and daughters, were bowed down in grief, and thick tears rippled between the fingers held before their eyes.

Then there was silence awhile. During the hour just bygone, Jane had, in her childish way, bestowed a little gift upon each of her kindred, as a remembrancer when she should be dead and buried in the grave. And there was one of these simple tokens which had not reached its destination. She held it in her hand now. It was a very small, much-thumbed book—a religious story for infants, given her by her mother when she had first learned to read.

While they were all keeping this solemn stillness—broken only by the suppressed sobs of those who stood and watched for the passing away of the girl's soul—a confusion of some one entering rudely and speaking in a turbulent voice was heard in the adjoining apartment. Again the voice roughly sounded out; it was the voice of the drunkard Mike, and the father bade one of his sons go and quiet the intruder.

"If nought else will do," said he sternly, "put him forth by strength. We want no tipsy brawlers here, to disturb such a scene as this!"

For what moved the sick girl thus uneasily on her pillow, and raised her neck, and motioned to her mother? She would that Mike should be brought to her side. And it was enjoined on him whom the father had bade to eject the noisy one that he should tell Mike his sister's request, and beg him to come to her.

He came. The inebriate—his mind sobered by the deep solemnity of the scene—stood there, and leaned over to catch the last accents of one who, in ten minutes more, was to be with the spirits of heaven.

All was the silence of deepest night. The dying child held the young man's hand in one of hers; with the other, she slowly

lifted the trifling memorial she had assigned especially for him, aloft in the air. Her arm shook—her eyes, now becoming glassy with death-damps, were cast toward her brother's face. She smiled pleasantly, and as an indistinct gurgle came from her throat, the uplifted hand fell suddenly into the open palm of her brother's, depositing the tiny volume there. Little Jane was dead.

From that night, the young man stepped no more in his wild courses, but was reformed.[1]

When Mr. Marchion concluded his narrative, we sat some minutes in silence. I thought I noticed even more than usual interest concerning it as he had drawn to its crisis—and I more than half suspected he was himself the young man whose reform had been brought about by the child's death. I was right. He acknowledged, in answer to my questioning, that he had indeed been relating a story the hero of which was himself.

CHAPTER XV

"The planter's house was an airy, rustic dwelling, that brought Defoe's description of such places strongly to my recollection. The day was very warm, but the blinds being all closed, a shadowy coolness rustled through the room, which was exquisitely refreshing after the glare and heat without. Before the windows was an open piazza, where, in what they call hot weather—whatever that may be—they sling hammocks, and drink and doze luxuriously."

—Dickens's "American Notes."[2]

The benevolence and good will of the Marchion family, as I have before intimated, led them to pause at nothing which might be of substantial benefit to me. It is almost needless to say that one of the first movements for my improvement, through their means, was my signing the Temperance Pledge. This was what is in these days called the Old Pledge, which

[1] This tale was reprinted by Whitman under the title "Little Jane" in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, December 7, 1846, during his editorship of that paper, and was later preserved in the "Collect." The fact that it had first appeared imbedded in "Franklin Evans" was not mentioned in either case. Like "The Death of Wind-Foot," it was omitted from "The Fortunes of a Country Boy."

[2] From "American Notes for General Circulation," 1842, p. 163.

forbade only the drinking of the most ardent kind of liquors, and allowed people to get as much fuddled as they chose upon wines, and beer, and so on. At that time, those who went further were supposed by many to be altogether too ultra in their views. It will be seen in the remaining chapters of my narrative whether the Old Pledge was sufficient to remove the dangers which may be apprehended from habits of intemperance. For, though I had now reformed from my hitherto evil courses, and had always subsequently kept the integrity of my promise, I think it will be allowed that the fruits of temperance were not fully reaped by me in that portion of my life which I am now going to transcribe.

The Marchions supplied me with a moderate portion of funds, and aided me with advice and recommendations in every way. Under their assistance I started myself in a respectable, lucrative, and easy business. I prospered, and the world began to look bright once more.

Some months passed away, when I took a jaunt—partly of business and partly of pleasure—to one of the southern counties of Virginia. In effecting the arrangements I had under my charge, I was now and then forced to wait the convenience of those over whom I had no control. Accordingly, on several occasions, I was detained for days at a time, with no employment on hand except to look about and amuse myself in the best way possible. One of these waiting spells, I well recollect, was at a pleasant, old-settled village, on the banks of a fine stream. I amused the monotony of the time by getting acquainted, as far as I could, with the planters in the neighborhood, and by roaming over their settlements; and even by chatting with the slaves, from whose liveliness and cheerful good-humor I derived no small share of mirth myself. The Virginians are proverbially hospitable, and friendly to strangers; and taking all things into consideration, the time passed quite as comfortably as I could expect.

One day, I strolled off to some distance beyond the more closely settled part of the village, sauntering lazily along, and having no more particular object in view than a listless enjoyment of the natural scenery. My walk skirted the banks of the river. Some two miles I had gone on in this way, when I came out upon a little knoll, sloping down to the shore. Upon the highest elevation of the ground, there stood a house, which I could not help admiring for its look of comfort, and the evident

good taste which had been active in adorning the grounds and walks around it.

As I walked nearer, to admire some rare plants that stood in pots, by the porch, a middle-aged gentleman came out of the entrance, and saluting me courteously, entered into conversation, and invited me to take a seat in the cool shade of the verandah. My long walk had made me somewhat weary, and I complied with his invitation. I rather thought, from his accent and manner, that he was not an American. In the course of our talk, I learned that he was a bachelor, and had inherited the estate on which he now resided from his father; and that, though somewhat lonely, he generally found sufficient amusement in taking care of the affairs of his plantation. He brought out some excellent wine, before we parted, and we finished a couple of bottles together. It was almost evening when I went away; and then my host, whose name was Bourne, only allowed me to depart under a strict promise that I would visit him again on the morrow.

Upon my return to the village, I spoke of my entertainment by the planter at whose house I had passed the day, and inquired into his history. I found, from what I learned in the village and in my after acquaintance with the planter himself, that Bourne's father had come over from France, during the troublesome times there in the latter part of the last century. He was among a large number of gentlemen and citizens who left that country to obtain quiet, even at the expense of exile. The cause of his departure from his native land, however, was not a disapproval of the revolutionizers, just then on the point of coming into power. On the contrary, he assimilated strongly to their doctrines, and afterward took every occasion to instill them into the mind of his son.

Bourne chose America as the place of his retreat because of the liberty he might enjoy there. And here, where I found my friend of the day before, he had bought himself a plantation, and placed upon it the needful requisites of slaves and material for the purposes to which he intended applying it.

Perhaps it may hardly be the appropriate place here to remark upon the national customs of this country; but I cannot help pausing a moment to say that Bourne, as he saw with his own eyes, and judged with his own judgment, became convinced of the fallacy of many of those assertions which are brought against slavery in the south. He beheld, it is true, a large

number of men and women in bondage; but he could not shut his eyes to the fact that they would be far more unhappy if possessed of freedom. He saw them well taken care of—with shelter and food, and every necessary means of comfort: and he wondered in his own mind, as he remembered what misery he had seen in his travels through various countries of Europe, that the philanthropists of the Old World should wish to interfere with the systems of the New—when the merely nominal oppression of the latter is overbalanced, so many hundred times, by the stern reality of starvation and despotism in the former[1].

The next day, and for many days after, I was constant in my visits to my new acquaintance. I found him an intelligent and very affable companion; and, as I had yet to stay some weeks in the place, it may easily be supposed that I was not at all displeased that such means of amusement were at my command. And the planter, too, seemed highly delighted with our companionship. He had been, as it were, buried from the world, and saw few visitors, except what chance threw in his way.

So intimate did we at length become, and so necessary to one another's comfort, that I took up my residence in his house; and forwarded to New York information that I should probably not be home during the season. My business there was under the charge of a faithful and competent person, and I had no fear but what all would go right. The letters I had from him, from time to time, presented the most favorable accounts.

Bourne and I, during the day, were much of the time together, and night always found us over a bottle of wine. I fear that, notwithstanding my strict adherence to the pledge I had given, under the advice of the Marchions, the occasions were not a few wherein I was forced to have assistance in order to reach my chamber.

My residence and walks about the plantation made me familiar with all its affairs; and I even took upon myself, at times, the direction of things, as though I were upon my own property. I cannot look back upon this period of my life without some satisfaction; though, take it all together, it was sadly to my detriment that I ever went to Vurginia, as will be seen in the sequel. My evil genius was in the ascendant, and worked me harm in a method as singular as it has ever since been disagreeable to my reflections.

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 106–108, 160–161, 171–174, II, pp. 8–10.

CHAPTER XVI

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
  And merry on the brain—
They say it stirs the sluggish blood
  And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps,
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
  Its coolness change to thirst;
And by its mirth, within the brain
  A sleepless worm is nursed,
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

—WILLIS.[1]

AMONG the slaves on Bourne's estate lived a young woman named Margaret, a creole.[2] She had once been owned by a lady, at whose decease she had been purchased, with others, by the planter, for his farm. The lady had made something of a favorite of the girl, and given her a good education for one of her class. She was of that luscious and fascinating appearance often seen in the south, where a slight tinge of the deep color, large, soft voluptuous eyes, and beautifully cut lips, set off a form of faultless proportions—and all is combined with a complexion just sufficiently removed from clear white to make the spectator doubtful whether he is gazing on a brunette or one who has indeed some hue of African blood in her veins. Margaret belonged to the latter class; and she only wanted an opportunity to show that the fire of her race burnt with all its brightness in her bosom, though smothered by the necessity of circumstances.

The overseer of the business of the plantation was a man named Phillips. I never liked him—though, as he always treated me well, I could have no occasion to be rude toward him. He was from the north, too—my own section of the country—and with much prudence and industry, he had some of the smaller vices of the human character. His dwelling was a mile, or thereabouts, from Bourne's own residence.

Phillips, it seems, had frequently noticed the beauty of the

[1] I fail to find this in N. P. Willis's collected poems.

[2] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 202–205, 222.

young slave Margaret, and with a licentious eye. The advances which his situation gave him the means of making, however, had been repulsed, and not always without some appearance of scorn.

It happened, about a week after I took up my abode at the planter's, that, Margaret being employed in the field, Phillips came, and, as formerly, offered proposals which the indignant creature rejected with terms of anger. Irritated at her severity, the overseer proceeded to such lengths that the passionate slave lifted the instrument of labor she had been using, and felled him to the earth with a heavy blow. He lay there senseless, and blood flowed from his wound.

A moment's reflection convinced Margaret of the dangerous nature of the act she had committed. With promptitude, she immediately made up her mind what course to pursue. She came at once to the homestead, and asked for her master. We were sitting together at the time upon the verandah, our usual afternoon retreat. Margaret was ushered there, and told her story. As she went on, I could not help being struck with her beauty, and the influence of the liquor from the bottle by my side by no means contributed to lessen my admiration.

"If it were to do over again," said the angry girl, her black eye lighted, and her cheek mantling with the rich blood, "I would act the same. He knows well enough what I have said before, when he has spoken his wicked words to me, and the consequence of his deeds he can only lay to himself."

My countenance, perhaps, expressed the feelings of admiration I have spoken of; for she looked at me, as if appealing to my influence with Bourne in her behalf. The glance I gave her, in return, conveyed that whatever might be the result of her hasty conduct, she would at least have one defender and advocate—perhaps one whose word would be effectual.

In the course of an hour, Phillips made his appearance at the house, with his head bandaged, and his face quite pallid. He had lost some blood, and that, joined with the hate which now appeared in his face toward the offending slave, gave him an appearance anything but inviting. I did not wonder, as I looked at the man, that Margaret had been so obstinate in her conduct toward him.

The room being turned into a kind of judgment-hall, and each party's side having had its say, Mr. Bourne was perplexed in no small degree as to the decision he should give. Margaret

had evidently had more of his good will, as she had of the justice of the dispute; but the planter feared the danger of making a precedent by letting her off triumphantly. He could not bring his conscience to chastize her, and yet something was necessary in the way of punishment. So, leaning partly to justice and partly to expediency, he put on a severe face, lectured the girl upon the enormity of her offense, added a few words and threats—which the grumbling overseer thought smacked far too much of being done merely for effect—and then signified his desire to hear no more upon the subject, by dismissing each one to his or her avocations.

In a day or two the occurrence seemed forgotten. *Seemed* forgotten—but in fact, the pride of Phillips had been wounded too deeply for forgiveness. His breast rankled with feelings of hate toward her who had defied him and made him a theme of ridicule. There was one other, too, in whose mind the beautiful creole had roused strong thoughts, though of a nature very different from those which dwelt in the soul of the overseer.

I don't know whether I have intimated, in the preceding course of my narrative, that my nature was not wanting in susceptibility to female charms. The truth was so, however. And moreover, I had imbibed not a few of the pernicious notions which prevail among young men in our great American city upon conjugal matters.[1] My safety, hitherto, had been from the swiftness with which my passion passed over. Often had I been struck with a pretty face—remembered it for four or five days—and then recovered from my delusion to smile at my own folly.

The loveliness and grace of Margaret had fascinated me; but she was one not of my own race, and her very liberty was owned by another. What had I to do with such as she? Every feeling of prudence and self-respect spoke loudly in opposition to my allowing any sentiment akin to love for the girl in my bosom, or to express it by my conduct. And yet, strangely enough, I thought nothing of all this; but, in my wine-drinking interviews with Bourne, frequently alluded to the subject, and spoke of the regard I had for *his slave*.

There seems to be a kind of strange infatuation permanently settled over the faculties of those who indulge much in strong drink. It is as frequently seen in persons who use wine as in them that take stronger draughts. The mind becomes, to use an expressive word, *obfusticated* [obfuscated], and loses the

[1] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 6.

power of judging quickly and with correctness. It seems, too, that the unhappy victim of intemperance cannot tell when he commits even the most egregious violations of right, so muddied are his perceptions, and so darkened are all his powers of penetration. And the worst of it is, that even in his sober moments, the same dark influence hangs around him to a great degree, and leads him into a thousand follies and miseries.

Something of this kind, I presume, was the cause of my conduct, as I am going to relate it. Certainly, a man with his senses about him would never have acted in so absurd a manner. But, *does* an habitual wine-bibber have his senses about him? Not one day out of the weekly seven but saw Bourne and myself for long hours at the bottle!

In one of these revels, I told my host that my affection for the creole had induced me to come to the determination of marrying her. Instead of placing so singular a proposal in its true colors before me, Bourne expressed his opinion that if I liked the girl, it would be perfectly proper; and he declared, as an evidence of his friendship for me, that he would give her her freedom that very day. Moreover, a young lad, a brother of Margaret, named Louis, whom the planter also owned, was to be given over to me, as I would probably not like to have it said that a *connection* of mine was a bondsman. For some time we discussed the matter, and arranged it highly to our satisfaction. In truth, before we rose from the table, we were neither of us in a state to know whether we were acting the part of fools or wise men.

Will it be believed? That very afternoon, Bourne, who was a justice of the peace, united myself and the creole in matrimony. The certificate of manumission also was drawn out and signed, and given into Margaret's own hand. A couple of apartments in the homestead were assigned to her use—and I signalized this crowning act of all my drunken vagaries, that night, by quaffing bottle after bottle with the planter.

CHAPTER XVII

> Haply, for I am black;
> And have not those soft parts of conversation
> That chamberers have.
>
> —SHAKSPERE.[1]

IT NEEDS not that I should particularize the transactions of the next few days. As may reasonably be expected, not a long

[1] "Othello," III, 3.

time elapsed before I awoke from my lethargy. And *when* I awoke! What disgust with myself filled my mind at view of the conduct I had been pursuing! Though since my first chance interview with Bourne but four or five short weeks had passed away, it seemed, as I looked back over the time, more like an age.

Then I reviewed the uninviting circumstances of my marriage, and my distaste arose toward the creole, *my wife*, who, I felt sure, had done her best to entrap me into all this. The more I thought upon the subject, the more did my dislike to Margaret gain strength. She whom but a little while before I had looked on with the deepest admiration was now almost an object of hate to me.

Whatever aversion I felt toward the woman, however, I could not but be conscious of her evident affection to me, as it was exhibited from day to day. She saw and was pained with my conduct. She tried a thousand fond arts to gain back the love I had once shown for her. She conducted herself in the most decorous and humble manner. But all to no avail.

Was my former love for the creole, then, become totally extinct? Ah, human love, to be lasting, must be pure and worthily bestowed.

The course of my narrative needs now that another character should be introduced upon the stage. My evil destiny would have it that an old city acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Conway, a widow lady, visited the neighborhood at this time, and took up her quarters in the house of the overseer Phillips, to whom she was distantly related. I had met the lady often at the house of persons whom I knew in New-York; and of course nothing was more natural than for me to call upon her.

Mrs. Conway was about twenty-five, and very handsome; not with unformed and unripened loveliness, but in the rich swell, the very maturity of personal perfection. Her light hair, blue eyes, and the delicacy of her skin formed a picture rarely met with in that region; and perhaps on this very account, the more prized. She was a woman of the world, however. Gifted with such singular charms, and her mind ornamented with the most needful and complete culture, she had but one aim, the conquest of hearts. And seldom did she determine to make any individual addition to her adorers but what her efforts were crowned with triumph. Luckless were the stars that led her southward!

The very next day after this woman came among us, she made

up her mind to bring *me* to her feet. Probably it was partly from natural inclination, and partly to find herself some agreeable method of dissipating monotony, that caused the lady to form this determination. She (I afterward found out all this) mentioned the project to her relative, Phillips, who approved of it, and promised to give it any aid in his power. He had never forgotten the indignity bestowed on him by Margaret, before she became raised to her present situation. Policy afterward led him to disguise his feelings; but they were by no means effaced.

It needs not to explain all the artifices which were used for effecting what the plotters desired to accomplish. Fortunately for them, they had a willing subject to work upon; and in much less time than they could have anticipated, I was indeed in the toils.

I do not think I admired Mrs. Conway; at least, I did not at first. But I felt no small disposition to feign that sentiment, if it were merely to mortify my ill-assorted wife. For my dissatisfaction at the marriage was of much longer continuance than my love for the creole; and though I felt ashamed to show the people of the household how bitterly I repented of my drunken rashness—for the marriage deserved no other name—I felt sick at heart whenever I thought upon it. We lived together, Margaret and I, but there was often little of peace and pleasure between us.

"I fear that northern beauty has bewitched you," said Margaret, with a smile, as I returned one evening from calling at the overseer's; "you did not use to be so partial to Mr. Phillips's pathway."

"Matters of business," answered I, a little confused; "nothing but business."

"But is she really as handsome as I hear? I have been told by our people, that fancy can hardly conceive any creature more perfect."

"You have been told the truth," said I; "she is wonderfully fair, not dark and swarthy, which I detest!" and I turned away, sure of the effect of the sharp arrow I had winged.

"Indeed!" burst from the surprised Margaret; and she would have spoken further, but her pride came to prevent her.

Surely, a few short days could not have made this sudden change in my affections. And then the creole thought of many little things that had before been airy trifles, but were now too sure a groundwork for her suspicions.

The fears of the jealous woman were to be consummated but

too soon, leaving her no further ground to doubt. I shortly made no secret of my attachment to Mrs. Conway. Indeed, I believe that, as it often happens in similar cases, the feeling I began by dissembling I after a while really felt in truth. Like an actor who plays a part, I became warmed in the delineation, and the very passion I feigned came to imbue my soul with its genuine characteristics.

Poor Margaret! it was a wild and fearful storm that raged within her bosom, when she came fully to know the truth of her desertion. I have no doubt she had loved me tenderly, ever since the time of my interference in her behalf when she was arraigned for striking Phillips; and with all the fiery disposition of her nation, she now felt torn with strong passions, to think that another had supplanted her. I do not think I have given a faithful transcript of the creole's character in all its strong points. She was, indeed, a very woman, with some of the most beautiful traits, and some of the most devilish, that ever marked her sex. Her ambition of rising above the low level of her companions had been gratified by the act wherein Bourne conferred freedom upon her. Such freedom had been one of the dearest dreams of her life. And to be the wife of one who occupied a respectable station among the masters of the land was an exalted destiny beyond which her hopes could hardly rise.

She felt that her being a free woman gave her much power by the law; and that I was bound to her by indissoluble ties. But with excellent policy, she never allowed her knowledge of this to appear in her conversation or conduct. She had a most difficult part to play; and, as I have in late years cast my mind back, I could not help being struck with wonder at the dextrous manner in which she avoided many a quicksand, and kept from an open rupture with me, where we had so little in common. Hapless girl! I would that her destiny might have been a more fortunate one!

CHAPTER XVIII

No man is safe, who drinks. Actions which are the height of injustice are often committed under the influence of liquor, to those whom we are bound to cherish.—TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

WHETHER Mrs. Conway returned my admiration, and whether she would have accepted the offer of my hand had I

been in a fit condition to give it, I cannot say. The probability is, however, that in our intercourse the same current of events took place which I have described in my own case. In the first stages, she no doubt acted the part of a most unqualified coquet. But in our subsequent meetings, she may have been touched by the ardency of my love, which was more intense, as it might have been called more legitimate, than that I had borne the creole.

As I gazed on the widow's bewitching beauty—her soft sunny complexion, and her mild eyes—as I listened to her conversation, charming for itself alone, and doubly, so from the musical tones it flowed in—I felt myself steeped indeed in the ecstasy of passion.

One day, after drinking with Bourne, I had been visiting the widow, and pouring into her ears some of those wild thoughts and protestations which wine and love can generate. The beauty listened complacently, for when was homage distasteful to a woman? All of a sudden, a capricious thought entered her brain.

"Come!" said she to me, "I wonder if you would prove, by something more tangible than words, the reality of all this fine sentiment."

"If there is anything, lady, you wish done," I replied, "that mortal man can do, I will attempt it."

And I spoke with an energy that showed my mind.

"In a stroll I took two or three days since," continued the widow, "I saw a fine boy of some eight or nine years old. They told me he belonged to you. Now I fancy I should like just such a little fellow to be my page, after the fashion of the damsels of old."

"What was his name?" asked I.

"They called him Louis. And now I think of it, someone said he was the brother of the woman Margaret, who lives at your dwelling."

I started, and felt the blood rushing up in my face like fire. Could the widow have intended to strike that chord? Louis was indeed the brother of the creole, and was beloved by her, as a woman might cling to her own child.

The widow waited for an answer several moments in vain.

"How soon gallantry cools when its labor or its money is required!" she said at length, with a contemptuous smile.

"Forgive me, lady, it is not that," and I spoke very earn-

estly, "it is not that. Ask of me something else. There are reasons," added I, in a quick and confused voice, "reasons I may not mention why that request must be denied. But some other surely will do as well. There are many children among the slaves, and you shall have your choice of them all."

The widow knew the reasons I alluded to full well.

"My choice is made," she replied, calmly and cooly; "it was but an idle notion, and I have done wrong to trouble you with it."

"I beg you," rejoined I, "let some other take the boy's place in your wish."

"Speak no more about it, sir"; the lady answered, in a tone as if intended to cut short the subject; "it is not worth your while to think of a silly woman's whims. Though I don't know, indeed, which are worse—false words, or foolish fancies. I beg you, speak no more about it."

But I did speak further about it. I entrated her to select some other, any dozen others, instead of Louis. Her answer was still the same.

Those who have read the preceding chapters of this narrative, and who know the great failing which has attended me from my very outset of life—weakness of resolution, and liability to be led by others[1]—can conceive the result of this interview. Before I left the widow, I promised to comply with her request about the boy. He was mine, I argued, and why should I not do with my own property as I liked, and bestow it as I listed?

The creole, I have said, loved her young brother very fondly. Who may describe, then, what took place in her bosom when this matter was broken to her? At first it caused a kind of stunning sensation of surprise, almost of incredulity. Then came the tempest. All the fearful propensities which had slumbered so long in her soul were aroused. Was this stranger—this fair-faced interloper from abroad—not only to destroy the love which had been to her as life; but her very brother to be taken away and made a servant, for *her* beck and command? What right had she, this delicate child of another climate, to invade the privileges and the happiness that had been so pleasant? The spirit of her fiery race swelled in the creole's breast, as she thought of these things: and she cursd her rival with a sharp and bitter tongue.

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 230.

Louis was sent to his new mistress. Before the time of his departure, his sister was observed to have several long and close interviews with him. What the subject of those interviews was, they alone knew.

At length came the capstone of the misfortunes of Margaret. Rumors floated to her ear of preparations for an intended divorce between myself and her, and of a marriage in prospect of the widow and me. The latter part of the story was an addition of the busy tongue of common report.

The creole occupied the same apartments in the homestead yet: but their accommodations were no longer shared by me. I spent a great portion of my time at the overseer's. Bourne was busy with his plantation, it being a season when its weal depended on his active supervision. We had our daily drinking-bouts, however, and our friendship was as firmly knit as it had ever been.

As I sometimes glance back at this period of my life, I think with more regret and dissatisfaction upon it than upon any other portion of my conduct. My early follies were the result of inexperience in the ways of the world, and of the errors of impulse; hardly any of them but have some excuse. They were either committed or begun when I was under the influence of liquor, and had lost the control of my faculties; or were forced upon me by circumstances, and might be attributed to the great failing I have before alluded to—weakness of resolution. But my acts during the few weeks I resided at Bourne's were done more in the method of deliberate and premeditated folly. I had my eyes open, and still went on, as though I were blindfolded.

The true explanation of the mystery is, I think, to be found in my former and present habits of drinking spirituous liquors. Those habits were of the most insidious, sly, and fatal detriment to me. They relaxed my energy of character, what little I had, and left me like a ship upon the ocean without her mainmast. I was tossed about by every breeze of chance or impulse, and was guilty of a hundred foolish things which the relation of makes my story appear indeed like a work of imagination, instead of what it honestly is, a record of real events. So evil are the consequences of dissipation!

I can trace the outset of all these frailties, as well as all the calamities that have befallen me in my life, to that fatal night when Colby drew me into the drinking place; where,

amid music and gayety, the first step in my downward road was taken.

CHAPTER XIX

In vain the flattering verse may breathe
  Of ease from pain, and rest from strife;
There is a sacred dread of death,
  Inwoven with the strings of life.
—BRYANT.[1]

WHILE matters were in the situation described in the last few paragraphs, a danger was preparing that threatened destruction not only to the love of myself and the widow, but to our lives, and the lives of the whole family and neighborhood. One of those epidemical diseases that prevail in the South made its appearance, and began to spread in all directions. Alarm and consternation fell upon the people. Beginning at first with striking down a man here and there, the fearful Plague Spirit, after a time, became as it were insatiate in his demands.

At the first appearance of the scourge, Mrs. Conway would have flown back to her native north. I, however, to whom her presence had become very dear, represented the evil as far less than rumor attempted to make it. I smiled at her terrors, and though my own heart accused me of untruth, I told the widow that there was little danger.

Thus she remained in fancied security until it was too late; when the real facts could no longer be kept from her knowledge, it was quite as dangerous to leave as to remain. And yet, so deeply seated was this woman's love of admiration that she really forgave me for deceiving her, in consideration of the motive that led me to be guilty of it.

One of the last places where the sickness came was the village near Bourne's plantation. It was a place of not much travel, and being in a more than ordinarily healthy location, its inhabitants had flattered themselves with a hope of escaping the pestilence which desolated their fellow towns. Vain were their hopes. One day authentic information was brought to the planter that the disease had made its appearance there; and, un-

[1] I have been unable to locate this passage in Bryant's verse.

fortunately for him, its first stroke was levelled at a poor family whose house stood near the confines of his estate. He was advised to be very cautious, and furthermore enjoyned by his medical attendant, who sent the information just mentioned, that fear and anxiety concerning the matter were precisely the things that would bring about the result most dreaded.

All this was kept from Mrs. Conway's ears. I already began to blame myself for my deceit. I took every earthly means to guard her from the dangers that surrounded the place, and never allowed her to hear aught that might produce in her mind those disturbed thoughts which the physician deprecated. New to the climate, and more liable than a native to its deleterious influences, I knew she would stand little chance of recovery, if once attcked by the dreaded malady.

But amid the general alarm and precaution, there was one person who paid small heed to either. That person was the deserted Margaret. She cared little about bodily danger, for she pined in a deeper rooted sorrow, and not only pined, but with feelings of one much injured, she fostered in her soul the desire of retribution on her injurer. Me, she could not bring herself to regard with any other passion than fondness; but her rival was hated with as deep a loathing as ever swelled the soul of a jealous woman.

When she heard of the epidemic, her first thought was a desire that the widow would be one of its victims. When the news was brought that it had broken out in our immediate neighborhood, she arranged in her mind a scheme, subtle and worthy the brain whence it sprung—a scheme of revenge. The whole of the thoughts and conduct of the woman, though at the time unknown to me, were afterward fixed too firmly in my knowledge and my memory.

The next day, Louis, her brother, came to the planter's house on some errand for his mistress. Whether that errand required his sister's personal attention or not, I cannot say; but for a long time the boy was closetted with Margaret in her apartment. As he left the place, there flashed in his eye a spice of lurking devil, which spoke him to be not a slack partaker of his sister's soul.

Down one of the winding-lanes of Bourne's plantation, that very afternoon, two figures were slowly walking. One was a lady, passing beautiful; the other was a boy, a fine-looking

youth, his cheeks tinged with a slight color, betraying though feebly his taint of African blood. The lady was Mrs. Conway; the boy, her attendant Louis.

"It is pleasant," said the widow, "to get once more a taste of the open air; I have been cooped up so long that it comes to me like something strange and unwonted."

The boy walked on near her in silence.

"Do you not think, Lewy, we are strangely kept in by Mr. Bourne's and Mr. Evans's whims? It was but the other day the latter told me not to stir out of the house to any distance on any account. You don't have robbers here, I hope?"

"I never knew of one about the place, in all my life," answered the child.

"And this sickness," said the lady, "what a fearful thing if it should appear among us! They say, boy, such as I, coming from another clime, stand a double danger from it."

The child looked up in his companion's face with a strange look, and continued to walk on in silence.

"How sweet the air is!" continued the lady. It was more like talking to herself than a listener; but the foible of her sex is proverbial, and Mrs. Conway was no exception to any of her sex's foibles. "How sweet the air is! Life seems pleasant in the South, if it be only for the mild, warm air. Then, the beautiful flowers bloom all around, and are reared with so little trouble; and you have rich fruit here, such as never grows in the rigor of our stormy north. But as much as anything else, I love to hear the birds—the sweet singing birds of the South!"

"What do you think of a bird that can sing tunes?" asked Louis, suddenly.

"I think he would be well worth owning," said the lady.

"Would you like to see such a bird?" rejoined the boy, looking up into Mrs. Conway's face, and with something like a tremor in his voice.

"Certainly," said she, smiling at what appeared to be his childish earnestness; "I should like any variation, however small, of the sameness of this quiet life. Where shall we find the curiosity of which you speak?"

"Through the path yonder," answered Louis, "a little beyond that wood. Andy Warner lives there, and he has the bird hung up in a cage in his room."

"Come on then," said the widow, laughing: "Andy Warner shall show us this prodigy."

And she motioned to go; but the child stirred not. His eyes stared in a wild manner, and he trembled from head to foot.

"How, boy?" exclaimed the lady. "What is the matter? You are sick, Louis, you are sick, I fear!"

"No, I am quite well," answered he, recovering his former appearance. "Come, let us go on to Andy's."

They walked down the lane, and along the path which Louis pointed out. It led to a kind of bye-place. The house he had mentioned was situated at some distance from the principal wagon-way, and on the present occasion exhibited no sign of tenancy or life. They knocked at the door, which after a moment or two was opened by a woman, who received them with a look so full of startling surprise that Mrs. Conway knew not what to make of it. They told the woman the reason of their visit—and then she stood looking at them again, in a second long stare of wonder and wildness.

"There!" said Louis, pointing with his finger, "there is the bird!"

Mrs. Conway glanced up, and beheld one of the southern mocking birds, in a cage attached to the wall. The little songster seemed in a sulky vein, however; he hung his head and was totally without cheerfulness or animation.

"Could you make him sing some gay, lively strain now?" said the visitor, turning to her hostess with a sprightly air.

As she looked more fully in the face of the one to whom she spoke, Mrs. Conway started back in alarm. The woman seemed like a ghost—her face pale, and her whole aspect bearing an indescribable appearance of strangeness and insanity. Mrs. Conway was instantly impressed with the idea that she was deranged, and turned in alarm to leave the room.

"Good God!" exclaimed the pale-faced female, "she talks here of singing gay strains!"

Fairly terrified, the widow now made a quick exit, and only recovered her self-possession when she found herself in the open air with Louis by her side. They walked swiftly along the path on their return; for the day was now somewhat advanced, and they had strayed quite a distance from Phillips's house.

That very afternoon I had called at the overseer's, and been told that Mrs. Conway was out on a walk. I started forth to look for her, that I might accompany her back. So it hap-

pened, that as she came by the dwelling of Bourne, near which she had to pass, I met her.

She immediately began telling me of her afternoon's adventure. As she mentioned the course of her walk, I started, for a dim fear took possession of my mind, to which I dared not give credit, and yet thought too probable.

"But never mind," exclaimed the widow, in continuation, as she finished her story, "I suppose Andy Warner will be at home himself some day, and then I shall, no doubt, get treated with more politeness."

"Did you," gasped I faintly, as the name struck my ear, and a feeling of deadly sickness crept over my heart—"did you say Andy——?"

I staggered and clutched the air, as a man grasping support to keep from falling.

"Did you say Andy Warner?" came up again from my throat in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, yes, that was the name, I think"; and the alarmed lady turned with an inquiring look to Louis.

"Then you are lost, indeed," cried I, in tones of shrieking horror. "In that house was the first case of the horrid fever. Andy *died* this very morning, and if you had looked farther, you would no doubt have found his corpse, for it lies there yet!"

One moment more, and a wild shrill cry sounded out upon the air, waking the echoes, and sailing off in many a sharp cadence. Another followed—and another—and the widow sank down upon the grass in a senselessness so deep that I thought the contagion would have no chance of working its effect upon her. I was almost out of my senses with agony and alarm. But time pressed, and lifting that form so dear to me, in my arms, I bore her into the planter's residence, and there had those attentions paid which the urgency of the case demanded. In an hour, the widow was somewhat recovered from her fit. But she was still as languid as a babe, and the physician who had been summoned spoke strongly against the propriety of carrying her the mile's distance which intervened between the house and Phillips's residence.

So I had it arranged that she should not be removed. In the south range of apartments, there was one with long low windows, opening to the ground. That room was prepared for her reception and there I had her carried.

CHAPTER XX

I'll tell you friend, what * * *
Where'er I scan this scene of life
Inspires my waking schemes,
And, when I sleep, * * *
Dances before my ravished sight,
In sweet, aerial dreams.
—Professor Frisbie.

How refreshing it is to pause in the whirl and tempest of life, and cast back our minds over past years! I think there is even a kind of satisfaction in deliberately and calmly reviewing actions that we feel were foolish or evil. It pleases us to know that we have the learning of experience. The very contrast, perhaps, between what we are and what we were is gratifying. At all events, it is acknowledged that retrospection becomes one of the delights of people immediately after arriving at mature years. When merely on the verge of manhood, we love to think of the scenes of our boyish life. When advanced in age, we fondly turn our memory to the times of the early years, and dwell with a chastened pleasure upon what we recollect thereof, beheld through the medium of the intervening seasons.

From no other view can I understand how it is that I sometimes catch myself turning back in my reflection to the very dreariest and most degraded incidents which I have related in the preceding pages, and thinking upon them without any of the bitterness and mortification which they might be supposed to arouse in my bosom. The formal narration of them, to be sure, is far from agreeable to me—but in my own self-communion upon the subject, I find a species of entertainment. I was always fond of day-dreams—an innocent pleasure, perhaps, if not allowed too much latitude.

For some days after Mrs. Conway's death,[1] I shut myself up in my room, and hardly went out at all, except in the evening, or early morning. A kind of morbid peculiarity came over me during this while, which, though it fortunately passed off with a change of scene, was very powerful for the time. It was the result, no doubt, partly of my confinement and the sombre reflections I held—and partly of my former intemperate habits.

[1] Apparently this chapter should come later in the story.

It was a species of imaginative mania, which led to giving full scope to my fancy—and I frequently remained for two hours at a time in a kind if trance,[1] beholding strange things, and abstracted from all which was going on around me. On one of these occasions, the incident occurred which I shall now relate.

I was sitting in an easy chair at twilight one evening, near the open window. Upon my knees lay a newspaper, which I had been reading. It contained some extracts from an eloquent temperance address. The quietness of the scene, and the subdued light, and the peculiar influences that had been surrounding me for a few days past had their full chance to act at such a time, as may well be imagined.

Methought I was wandering through the cities of a mighty and populous empire. There were sea-ports, filled with rich navies, and with the products of every part of the earth, and with merchants, whose wealth was greater than the wealth of princes. There were huge inland towns, whose wide and magnificent avenues seemed lined with palaces of marble—and showed on every side the signs of prosperity. I saw from the tops of the fortresses the Star-Flag—emblem of Liberty—floating gloriously abroad in the breeze!

And how countless were the inhabitants of that country! On I went, and still on, and they swarmed thicker than before. It was almost without boundary, it seemed to me—with its far-stretching territories, and its States away up in the regions of the frozen north, and reaching down to the hottest sands of the torrid south—and with the two distant oceans for its side limits.

With the strange faculty of dreams, I knew that two-score years had elapsed, as I stood amid this mighty nation. I was in one of their greatest cities—and there appeared to be some general holyday. People were hurrying up and down the streets. The children were dressed in gay clothes. Business seemed to be suspended—and each one given up to the spirit of the time.

"Is it not," I heard one of the passers by say to a companion, "is it not a glorious thing?"

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 72–78, for a very similar use of the dream device employed earlier in the same year. *Cf.* also *infra*, I, pp. 39–44. There evidently was a close psychological connection between these early dreams or trances and the fits of mystical inspiration which burst forth first in the 1847 "Notebook," and later in the First Edition of "Leaves of Grass."

"Most glorious!" said the second.

I lost all further hearing of their remarks, for they walked on, smiling in each other's faces.

Before long, following a crowd, I came into a wide open kind of amphitheatre, where a man stood up in the midst addressing the assembly. The address seemed to be preparatory to something which was to take place at its conclusion.

"The Snake-Tempter," said the man who was speaking, "is this day to be deprived of his last vassal! Long, long have we looked for the coming of this day. It has been our hope, our beacon of encouragement through seasons of toil and darkness. Who would have supposed, years ago, that it could so soon have arrived?

"Now man is free! He walks upon the earth, worthy the name of one whose prototype is God! We hear the mighty chorus sounding loud and long, Regenerated! Regenerated!

"Oh, could those who have wrought and sickened for the coming of this hour—could they but be present with us—how would their hearts leap with joy! But do we know that they are *not* present with us? Who can tell that their spirits may not be soaring in the viewless air near by, and looking down pleasantly upon us, and blessing us? Who can say but that they are rejoicing in their hearts, and praising the Almighty that these things have come to pass?

"The last vassal of the Tempter is indeed lost him. This day, our charter receives the name of him who finishes the Great Work! We can say then that of all who live among us there is none but has his title upon the bond, and his claim to its prerogative."

For some time the man went on in this strain. Then the assembly dispersed, apparently for the purpose of engaging in the other ceremonies of the occasion.

I had wandered to and fro for an hour or more, when I came out in a wide street, to the sides of which I saw the people flocking from every quarter. Away in the distance there sounded bands of music, which grew louder and louder, as if they were coming toward us.

At length a long and splendid procession was seen, marching with stately pace. First came a host of men in the prime of life, with healthy faces and stalwart forms, and every appearance of vigor. They had many banners, which bore mottoes signifying that they had once been under the dominion of the

Tempter but were now redeemed. Then I saw a myriad of youths, with blooming cheeks and bright eyes, who followed in the track of those before, as in time they no doubt would occupy their stations in the world. There were rich equipages, also, containing the officers of the state, and persons of high rank. Long, long it stretched, and still there seemed no end.

Not the least beautiful part of the procession was composed of bands of women and young girls, dressed with taste, and ending their smiles to enliven the scene. I saw many children also, whose happy and innocent looks were pleasant to behold.

All through the long sweep of the multitude there were innumerable banners, and mottoes, and devices, expressive of triumph and rejoicing. One of them, I noticed, had the figure of a fair female, robed in pure white. Under her feet were the senseless remains of a hideous monster, in whose grapple thousands and millions had fallen, but who was now powerless and dead. The eyes of the female beamed benevolence and purity of heart; and in her hand she held a goblet of clear water.

Toward the end of the march came a large car, upon which was a single personage, a man of middle age, who, as he passed along, was saluted by the shouts of the crowd. He seemed to be the theme, in fact, of all the ceremonials and the rejoicing.

"Who is he?" said I to a by-stander. "Who is he, for whom the people raise their voices so loudly?"

The man turned to me in amazement.

"Have you not heard," he answered, "of the great triumph of this day? The one upon the car is the Last Vassal of the Snake-Tempter; and he goes now to make a formal renunciation of his old allegiance."

"And is this the cause, then, of all the public joy?" said I.

"It is," answered the man.

How it was I cannot say, but I understood his meaning, though he spoke with strange phrases.

So, yielding myself to the passage of those about, I wended on, until at last we came into a wide field, in the middle of which was an uncovered scaffold. Upon it was the person whom I had noticed in the procession—the Last Vassal. Far around, on every side, countless multitudes of nothing but human heads were to be seen, in one compact body.

"Rejoice!" cried a man from the crowd. "Our old enemy is deserted, and we triumph!"

Then there arose such mighty shouts from the huge concourse that it seemed as if the sound might pierce the very heavens.

And now, he who stood on the scaffold spoke:

"It gladdens me," he said, "that I shall this day make one of the Army of the Regenerated. You have wrought long and faithfully, and your reward comes in good time. It is well."

Loud shouts evinced the pleasure of the multitude at hearing him utter such remarks.

"We welcome you!" they cried, as with one voice.

"This day," continued he, "I throw off the chains, and take upon myself the pleasant bondage of good. It may not be a truth to boast of, that I am the *last* of the serfs of Appetite; yet I joy that I occupy my position before you now, as I do!"

A venerable old man came forward upon the scaffold, and presented a document to the speaker. He received it with evident delight; and snatching a pen from a table, he wrote his name under it, and held it up to the view of the people.

It were impossible to describe the thunder-peel of hurrahs that arose in the air, and sounded to the skies, as the Full Work was consummated thus. They cried aloud—

"Victory! victory! The Last Slave of Appetite is free, and the people are regenerated!"

CHAPTER XXI

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

—SHAKSPERE.[1]

COULD it be possible that the widow might escape the fatal effects of her visit to the cottage? Whatever chance there might have been for some other more equable mind, I saw that her agitation and ceaseless fear left none for her.

Before the end of the second day after that hapless walk the signs of the coming horrors appeared on her cheek. They

[1] "Macbeth," II, 2, 56–60. The punctuation of "Franklin Evans" has been corrected by inserting a comma after *walk* and omitting a semicolon after *fear*.

were the signals for a general desertion on the part of the attendants. So great was the panic struck to the souls of people by the stories they had heard of the pestilence that I found it difficult to get for Mrs. Conway the attentions absolutely necessary to her existence. Even before the disease had made its complete appearance, the servants refused to go near her. The unhappy woman had, however, one most devoted servant. Night and day was I ready at the entrance of her apartment, holding a sleepless watch over its inmate.

I shall not think it worth while for my story to give a minute account of the lady's illness. The sick chamber is a scene which few love to look upon, or to have pictured for them. The sight of this beautiful tabernacle with its foundations broken, and its mysterious furniture out of place, and its strength bowed down in weakness—whose eye had such unhealthy craving as to delight in the grievous spectacle? The soul of a man loves its dwelling, and though itself not thereof, looks on when that dwelling is harmed by evil, and feels in its recesses a sympathizing sorrow.

At length the time arrived which at some period or other arrives for all cases of bodily disease—the time of the crisis. The doctor came, and with a wise look told the listeners that his patient was at the most dangerous part of her malady. He prepared some mixtures of his nauseous drugs, gave directions about the order of their being administered, and then closed by remarking to me that, in the course of the evening or night, the suffering lady would probably fall into a continued slumber, from which she would awake to a new life, or to death.

And where was Margaret of late? The wretched creole lived in her former situation, as far as locality was concerned; but her heart and her happiness were fled for ever. She seldom left her rooms, staying there almost alone, and brooding over her griefs and her injuries, which fancy made many times greater than they really were.

It seems to have been the case that with this creature's good traits her heart had still a remnant of the savage. When Mrs. Conway's illness appeared favorable, Margaret's bosom felt heavy and sorrowful; and when the sick woman was hovering on the confines of the grave, the other's soul danced with a joyous feeling of life.

When the creole heard that the doctor announced the critical period to have arrived—and heard also what was said about the

probable lethargy—the discarded favorite asked her informant again. Receiving the same account, she sat a full minute, apparently gazing on some vision in the air. At length, it seemed to melt from her sight; she drew a heavy breath, and resumed her ordinary appearance.

The God of Mysteries only can tell what passions worked in the woman's breast then, and during the rest of that fearful night. What deep breathings of hate—what devilish self-incitement,—what unrelenting, yet swaying resolves—what sanguinary brain-thoughts—what mad, and still clearly defined marking out of fiendish purposes—what of all these raged and whirled in the chambers of that unhappy creature's soul will ever stay buried in the darkness of things gone, a darkness which falls alike on the dreadful motives of the murderer and the purity of hearts filled with abundance of good!

Midnight hung its curtains round about the planter's dwelling. Sleep and Repose were there with their pleasant ministerings, and Silence, the handmaiden of both. In the chamber of the sick one there was a lamp, sending forth its feeble beams, and looking as if it were about to gasp its last gasp—ominous emblem of the life that lay flickering near. From the bed which held the beautiful sufferer, sounded breathings faint but regular. There was no nurse or watcher there, for the physician had said it was of no importance, and all were worn out with their long-continued attending upon the invalid. Even I myself had sunk into a deep sleep at the door of the room, exhausted nature refusing to allow any further demand upon her powers.

One of the long windows was partly open, and only a thin piece of gauze was between the ground to which it led and the room. At that window appeared, time and again, two bright small orbs, fixed, and yet rolling in fire. Ever and anon they would draw back into the shadow; then again they would peer inward upon the room, their direction ever being to the bed whereon the sick one lay.

It was wrong to say that couch had no watcher! Three long hours did those glittering things, which were human eyes, continue to keep the vigils of that noiseless spot. Three long hours, while hardly a motion, except the swaying back and forth, before spoken of, disturbed the constancy of their gaze, or a sound broke the solemn stillness.

In the deep hour of that night the widow awoke; and as she awoke, her cool blood, for the first time during five days,

coursed through veins that did not throb with loathsome heat. Then she knew that she should live.

All around was motionless and soundless, and the lady felt glad that it was so; for her heart was in that mood of blissful calm to which the least jar produces pain.

"Thank God!" sounded in a low murmur from her tongue; "thank God! I shall not die!"

The sounds came faintly; but faint as they were, they sank into ears besides those of the speaker. They sank and pierced, with a dagger's sharpness, the soul of Margaret, the creole; for she it was whose eyes had been during those long three hours almost winkless at the room window.

And was her rival, then, to get well once more? And were all her late hopes to vanish? That pale-browed northerner *married* to him she loved? Never should the sun rise upon that marriage!

Horrid purposes lighted up the creole's eyes as she softly put aside the curtains, and stepped into the room. With a stealthy pace she drew near to the sick woman's bed. One moment she paused. The widow lay there, still very beautiful, and calm as a sleeping infant. As Margaret approached, the invalid turned and looked at her a moment, but it was plain she knew her not, and probably thought her to be some hired attendant.

Still nearer and nearer came the wretched female: and now she stands by the very bedside. Unconscious yet, the lady is quiet and composed—fearing nothing and suspecting nothing. An instant more and her throat is clutched by a pair of tight-working hands. Startled with terror, she would shriek, but cannot. What torture fills her heart! She turns, and struggles, and writhes; but those deadly fingers loosen not their grasp.

The murderess presses upon her. Poor lady! Her soul feels very sick, as in one little minute whole troops of remembrances, and thoughts, and dreads, come over her. She grows fainter and fainter. Her struggles become less energetic, and her convulsive writhings cease. Still those terrible hands release not. Their suffocating span is continued yet for several minutes.

And now, no longer is it necessary that Margaret should keep her hold; that last faint gurgle tells the consummation of the fell design. Her deed is done. Her revenge triumphs!

Like some ghost condemned to wander on earth for the actions done there, a figure stalked about the garden and the

grounds near by, during the remainder of that night. Bright stars shone down, and the cool breeze swept by; but the Shape heeded them not, walking swiftly on in zigzag directions, apparently without any particular point of destination. Sometimes stretching off down a lane, and stopping by the fence, and leaning thereon, and looking at the cattle that lay doubled on the grass reposing: sometimes bending over a flower, and taking it very carefully and inhaling its fragrance; and sometimes standing like a marble statue, motionless, and gazing vacantly for a long time in the bodiless air: these were the freaks of the strange figure.

It was the murderess who wandered there and thus. And as the first streak of light appeared in the east, she started like the guilty thing she was, and returned to her abiding place.

CHAPTER XXII

> This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
> To our own lips.
>
> SHAKSPERE.[1]

UPON the distraction which filled my breast, when it was found in the morning that the widow had died—and the burial of the body—and the cunning smoothness of the Creole during the intervening time—I shall bestow no more than this passing mention. Whether any suspicions of foul play were as yet aroused in the breasts of other persons, is more than I can say. As far as I was concerned, however, I had not the most distant idea of the kind; and taking all things into reflection, the likelihood is that no one thought Mrs. Conway's death, under the circumstances, aught more than was to have been expected.

But guilt has a vital power, which gives it life, until it is held up to scorn. It happened so in this case. Louis, the brother of Margaret, was taken sick with the same disease of which the widow was supposed to have died. Strangely enough, when the Creole plotted with the boy to entice his mistress into the infected cottage (for that occurrence was the result of design,) she did not think how the danger would be shared by Louis too. Her soul had strained its gaze with the

[1] "Macbeth," I, 7, 10–12.

single purpose of revenge; and she saw not each incidental effect. Thus it is with evil intentions. I have noticed that the bad are always short-sighted: in the plots they form, and the manœuvres they engage in, some little thing or other escapes their view, and proves, after a while, to be a seed of punishment and remorse.

Again the curtains of darkness hung around the planter's dwelling; and again had the balancing point of the sickness arrived for a sufferer there. That sufferer was little Louis. He had left the house of the overseer, and now lived at his old abode. There was the same breathlessness and the same want of movement as on the preceding occasion; but instead of the sick room being almost deserted, as in the former case, many persons waited there. Perhaps they had become more callous to fear, because it was not a new thing; perhaps it was that they thought the influences of a sick child's apartment more gentle and less dangerous than the former one. Margaret stood in a position so quiet, and with eyes so stony in their gaze, that she seemed like one entranced. On the result of the pending sleep of her brother it seemed as if her reason and her life were wavering.

At last the slumberer awoke. The Creole shrieked! for it was plain Louis but aroused himself for a moment, to sink shortly in that deep senselessness which knows no waking here on earth. He shifted himself uneasily on his bed. A film came over Margaret's eyes—a film of fear and agony; and when it passed off and left her sight clear, she saw, laying before her, the quiet ghastly corpse of her brother.

Those who were present felt awed at her terrible grief. She screamed aloud, and threw her arms around the boy, and pressed his forehead to her lips. She called him by all the old endearing epithets, and seemed crazed with her sense of desperate sorrow. The wild exclamations that started from her mouth the listeners heard with wonder.

"Do not go!" she said, looking on the inanimate form of the boy. "Do not go. The pleasant days are not all passed. If you leave me, my heart will crack!"

Then in a whisper:

"O, never tell me of her kindness. Lead her into the hut, I say. She is a witch, and can steal hearts."

She paused, and looked intently at some phantom before her.

"Why, how long she sleeps! She shall sleep longer, though, and deeper, after to-night. Softly! softly! softly!"

The heartstrings were too much wrought, and the Creole sank heavily down upon the floor, in a fit. Those who stood by looked strangely into each other's faces, but no one spoke.

It was evident that something wrong had been done, and weighed heavily on the wretched woman's mind. Her words, and her strange gestures, could not but have a meaning to them. Gossipping tongues, once started upon such matters, are not easily put to rest; and before long the dark rumor came to Mr. Phillips's ear that his kinswoman had been murdered—murdered by her, too, on whom, of all who lived around, he wished an opportunity of showing his dislike.

The overseer, whatever might have been his deficiencies, was a shrewd clear-headed man, and in ferretting out a mystery had few equals. In the present instance, his wits were sharpened by a sense of duty toward the dead widow, and a desire for revenge. He worked with sagacity, and allowed no incident to escape him, small or large. As might be expected, he soon discovered enough to make his surmises a positive belief.

Many of what the people would have called trifles were noted down by this man; and the sum of these trifles presented an array dangerous enough to warrant the suspicions even of the most incredulous. The strange appearance of Mrs. Conway's body was remembered—how the bed was all disordered, as if from a violent struggle—the livid spots upon her neck—the open window—and the tracks of some person's feet from the ground without through the room—even the fact that Margaret's couch had the next morning borne no sign of occupancy the preceding night—were hunted out by the indefatigable overseer. Many other minor and corroborating incidents were also brought to light—the whole making the case of the suspected woman a dark one indeed.

Mr. Phillips applied to the proper authorities for a warrant, and had Margaret lodged in prison as one who, at the very least, was involved in deep clouds of suspicion.

In the meantime, I myself was as one petrified. Never in all my life did I receive such a shock as when authentic information was first brought me of the charge against the creole! I could not join the overseer in efforts to worm out the facts in the case; neither could I do aught to screen the murderess of one whom I had so loved. I shut myself up in my room

for several days, waiting the conclusion of all these horrible circumstances.

Let me hasten toward that conclusion. I have already dwelt long enough, and too long, on this part of my history, which, notwithstanding the space I have given it, did not occupy more than five or six weeks from the commencement of my acquaintance with Bourne. And I feel glad that I have arrived at the end of the chapter, for my mind revolts at the ideas the narration of these things has already called up in most disagreeable distinctness.

The overseer continued his investigations, but he might as well have spared himself the trouble. From some train of motives which the great Heart-Viewer alone can fathom, the creole soon after sent for Phillips and myself and made a full confession. Upon her story as she told it me, and her own acknowledgement, I have given many of the incidents in the preceding two chapters, which, at the time they took place, were totally unknown to me. That very night she committed suicide in her cell. I never saw her again.

CHAPTER XXIII

What can mar the sweetest peace?
Alcohol!

—Temperance Song.[1]

Thinking over what had taken place, as I prepared for my journey back to New York, I sometimes fancied that I had been in a dream. The events were so strange—and my own conduct, in respect to some of them, so very unreasonable—that I could hardly bring myself to acknowledge their reality. Bourne was loth to part with me. Our short friendship had been in many ways very pleasant to us both. It was seldom, indeed, that his retirement was enlivened with the voice of a stranger, or his lonesome hours made glad by the company of one he loved. At the last interview but one which we had before my departure, we discussed in soberness the transactions of the past month. I think that both of us, though we did not so express ourselves at the time, arrived at the conclusion that

[1] From "Water *versus* Alcohol," in A. B. Grosh, *loc. cit.*, pp. 58–60.

the drinking-bout where I and he settled the wretched step of marriage between myself and the creole was the starting point of all the late evils.

I had hardly arrived in the city, and was at my home there, before a messenger came with a request that I would visit Mr. Lee, my old antiquary friend, who lay very ill. I went, and found him quite as sick as was reported. He knew me at once, however, and rose in his bed to give me a cordial shake of the hand.

"The reason I have sent for you," said he, "is to prepare you for an evidence that, notwithstanding what has passed between us in days gone by, I have thought proper to bestow upon you a portion of that wealth which it has been my honest pride to gain."

I was amazed with wonder.

"Sir," said I, "what reason can you have for such favor toward one who is to you almost a stranger?"

"My own fancy, Evans," he answered, "my own whim, perhaps. But we are not strangers. And I have always taken blame to myself that I did not watch over you with a more fatherly care when you were first thrown, as it were by the hand of Providence, under my charge."

"Indeed, sir," said I, agitated and affected almost to tears by the old man's kindness, "I did not expect this."

"No matter," said he, "I have made inquiries from time to time about you, though you knew it not, and have kept the track of your course of life. I feel assured that your wild days are over—that experience has taught you wisdom, and that the means I shall place at your command will not be put to improper uses."

The sick merchant raised himself, and, propped against his pillow, enjoined me to listen a few minutes, and he would briefly relate the story of his life—and why it was that in his old age he was alone in the world, without family or intimates. I shall give his story in my own words.

Stephen Lee, at an early age, received from his father a sufficient capital to enable him to start himself in business, in the mercantile profession. Though he was ambitious, he was prudent, and soon sailed on the forward and brilliant track to success. Fascinated by the charms and accomplishments of a young female cousin, he paid his addresses to her, and they were shortly married.

For several months happiness seemed hovering over them, and all prospects were fair for a life of cloudless content. A year elapsed, and Lee's wife bore him a son. The delighted father now thought that the measure of his joy was full. A few days after her confinement, there began to be a strange lassitude about the young merchant's wife—her health was as good as is ordinary in such cases, but, as the time passed, her countenance grew more pallid and sickly and her eyes lost their lustre. The physician could give no satisfactory account of all this; and Lee himself for some time was in the dark also. But too soon did the fatal truth come to his knowledge, that *ardent spirits* was the cause of that pallor and that lassitude. His wife was an habitual gin-drinker! Lee, though shocked at this disgusting fact, imagined at first that the habit had been formed by using drink as a stimulus to keep up her powers of body in her sickness. But it was not so. During the time that had intervened between their marriage, the miserable woman, for very shame, had desisted from the practice. But a single taste revived the old appetite in all its strength.

It happened one day, when the infant was some ten weeks old, that the mother, stupefied by excess of liquor, let her babe fall against some projecting article of furniture, and [it] received a blow from which it never recovered. In the course of the week the child died, and though the physician never stated the exact cause of its death, it was well understood that the fall from the arms of its drunken mother had been that cause.

Two or three years passed on. Another infant was born to Lee—but it met with a fate not much better than the first. Its death came from neglect and ill nursing.

And the mother—the lovely and educated wife, with whom the merchant had expected to see so much happiness, she was a drunkard. She lingered not long, however, to bear witness to her own and her husband's shame. She sank into the grave, the victim of intemperance.

It was many years before Lee recovered his former tone of character. Naturally cheerful, however, he could not long remain that gloomy being which his misfortunes had for a time made him. He was fond of sporting, and loved the country, which he frequently visited. He loved, too, the old traditions, and reminiscences of the earlier part of our American history, to which he gave up a considerable portion of his leisure. Thus,

and in the affairs of his trade, which he still kept on, he had made life pass as evenly and pleasantly as he could.

"You say you are a stranger," he said to me, before I left him, "but you are not half so much so as the rest of the world. My nearest relatives, who were never friendly to me in life, have long since been laid in the grave; and I can make no better disposition of my profits than to give them to one whom [who] I feel confident will not be unwilling to use some part thereof for suppressing the fearful fiend Intemperance that has brought such wo upon us both!"

I mused, as I left the place, upon the singular notion of the old man, in remembering me thus. Of course, it was anything but unpleasant to me that I should inherit a respectable competency; and yet I could not help wondering at the method of it.

Not many days elapsed before Lee died and was laid away to his repose. His will, though the theme of much grumbling to some far distant connections, could not be gainsaid, and I came into possession of the property left me.

CHAPTER XXIV

The temperance flag! the temperance flag!
It is the banner of the free!
The temperance flag! the temperance flag!
An emblem of our liberty!
—WASHINGTONIAN MINSTREL.

So, AT an age which was hardly upon the middle verge of life, I found myself possessed of a comfortable property; and, as the term is, [an] "unincumbered" person—which means that I had no wife to love me—no children to please me and be the recipients of my own affection, and no domestic hearth around which we might gather, as the center of joy and delight. My constitution, notwithstanding the heavy drafts made upon its powers by my habits of intemperance, might yet last me the appointed term of years, and without more than a moderate quantity of the physical ills that man is heir to.[1]

The Marchions were still my firm friends. I visited them often.

[1]*Cf.* "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," "Hamlet," III, 1, 62–63.

"I think, Mr. Evans," said Mrs. Marchion to me one day, "that there is still one thing for you to do, in connection with what has already been your movement upon Temperance. Lately, I find, there is more progress made than we are aware of. People now are not content to abstain merely from the stronger kinds of drinks, but they disuse *all*. I have been reflecting in my own mind upon the subject, and I came to the conclusion that *total* abstinence is indeed the only safe course."

I too had been reflecting in my mind upon the same thing, and I had arrived pretty nearly at the same conclusion.

"My dear madam," said I, "there is more truth in your words, perhaps, than even you yourself imagine. I have tried the old pledge, and I can conscientiously say that I have adhered to it ever since the day of my signing it; yet, if I were to tell you all the horrors that have been transacted since that time, in reference to my own life, and which I can trace directly to *wine-drinking*, you would be appalled with fear! Total abstinence is indeed the only safe course, and I will put the principle in effect this very evening."

My deeds were as good as my word. Before the sun rose again I had signed the bond—the holy charter with myself, which has never yet been broken; and which, under the blessing of Providence, shall remain inviolate while I continue among the living.

I do not intend to relate the occurrences of my after life. Indeed, were I so disposed, it would be impossible; for I have brought the chain of events down almost to the very day when the reader will be perusing my story. True, several years have passed since my Virginia visit, which resulted so disastrously to some of those with whom I was brought in contact; but the tenor of action has flowed on so smoothly since then that I have little to tell which would be interesting.

There is one person, however, who has figured in these pages on whom I would bestow a paragraph before I close. I allude to my old friend, Colby.

As I was passing one day along a street on the eastern side of the city, my course was impeded by [a] crowd, gathered around a tipsy loafer, who was cutting up his antics in the street. The miserable man, it seemed, had been promised by some idle boys enough money to purchase a drink of gin, if he would dance for their amusement. And there he was, going through his disgusting capers.

Pausing a moment, and looking in the man's face, I thought I recollected the features. A second and a third glance convinced me. It was Colby, my early intimate, the tempter who had led me aside from the paths of soberness.

Wretched creature! Had I even wished for some punishment upon his head, in requital of the harm he had done me, a sight of the kind I saw there would have dissolved all my anger. His apparel looked as though it had been picked up in some mud hole; it was torn in strips and all over soiled. His face was bloated, and his eyes red and swollen. I thought of the morning when I awoke upon the dock, after my long fit of intemperance: the person before me was even more an object of pity than myself on that occasion. His beard had not seen the razor for weeks, and he was quite without shoes.

The spectators laughed, and the heedless children clapped their hands in glee—little thinking of the desecration such a spectacle brought upon the common nature all shared. I felt sick at heart, and hurried away from the place. How had it happened that I myself did not meet with the same degraded fortune? Was it not indeed miraculous that I—instead of being a counterpart of the poor sot whom I had just been witnessing with feelings I shall not attempt to describe—was occupying a respectable station in society, and on the fair road to a remainder of my life passed in honor and comfort? I blessed my Maker as I thought of these things, and besought His favor on that holy Cause of Reformation where I had myself cast anchor, and where thousands besides were moored, safe from the wild storm, and from the boiling waves that so threatened to ingulf them.

As it is the usage of story-tellers to give some passing notice of all who have figured in their pages before those pages are brought to a close, I will here follow the custom; though the small number of such persons, apart from the I, who have been the hero of the tale, will render the task an easy one.

My country relations were not forgotten by me in my good fortune. The worthy uncle, who had kindly housed and fed me when I was quite too small to make him any repayment for that service, received in his old age the means to render his life more easy and happy. My cousins, too, had no reason to be sorry for the good-will which they had ever shown toward me. I was never the person to forget a friend, or leave unrequited a favor, when I had the payment of it in my power.

The tavern-keeper to whom the reader was introduced in the first chapter of my story dragged out a life of intemperance, a discredit to his family and with little comfort to himself. He was found dead, one winter morning, in a room where in a fit of passion the preceding night he had gone, from that which he usually occupied with his wife. An overturned bottle of brandy was at his side. After his death, the tavern was closed.

My friend, the driver of the market-wagon, became by chance an attendant at some meetings of the temperance advocates. He was a sensible fellow, and listened with open ears to their arguments. In a visit I lately paid to the island of my birth, I found him a whole-hearted and most ardent Washingtonian.

Demaine, I have never been able to light upon more than once or twice, and therefore cannot fully say what are his fortunes. Probably, however, he is to be numbered among those hundreds of men in our city whose god is fashion and dress; and who, when they are out of sight of their "genteel" acquaintances, have to practice the most miserable economy to "keep up appearances," in the ball-room or the public promenade. Such fellows are as far removed from true gentlemen as the gilded sun, in stage melo-dramas, from the genuine source of light himself.

The Marchions continued to prosper, as their kindness of heart and their honorable benevolence to the needy deserved. They are among the most respectable and respected families in the city.

I hear now and then from Bourne. Things are going on in the old way. Phillips has left him, and bought a plantation of his own.

Andrews, my old master, died of grief at the failure of some stock-jobbing operations, wherein a cunning fellow-broker overreached him. His immense possessions, after his death, were found to be as fallacious as the basis on which they had been reared.

The landlord by whom I was so swindled in the country village, after my poor Mary's death, was caught at last in one of his tricks; and not having been as cautious as with me, he now has to repent his wickedness within the walls of the county jail. I hope he will be taught better by the time that he is at large again.

I have never heard anything further of the Picaroon, or either of his two companions. Undoubtedly, they reached the

confines of Sing-Sing before long after I had the honor of their acquaintance.

Boarding-houses are no more patronized by me. The distaste I formed for them in my memorable search for quarters, when I first came to New York, was never entirely done away with.[1] The comforts of a home are to be had in very few of these places; and I have often thought that the cheerless method of their accommodations drives many a young man to the bar-room, or to some other place of public resort, whence the road to habits of intoxication is but too easy. Indeed, the thought has long been entertained by me that this matter is not sufficiently appreciated. I would advise every young man to marry as soon as possible, and have a home of his own.

Reader! I have brought my narrative quite to an end. I may be presumptious to flatter myself that it has been of much amusement to you, though I have had that partly in view. Partly—but not wholly. For I have desired, amid the path we have travelled together, and which is now at an end—that a few seeds of wholesome instruction might be dropped at the same time that we gather the fruits and the flowers.

CHAPTER XXV . . . CONCLUSION

As works of fiction have often been made the vehicle of morality, I have adopted the novel experiment of making one of the sort a messenger of the cause of Temperance. And though I know not what the decision of the reader may be, I am

[1]The dissatisfactions of boarding-house life here described may well have been due to unpleasant experiences of Whitman's own. In a letter to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, printed March 11, 1848, almost certainly from his pen, he complains of the poor and unclean boarding-houses in New Orleans, contrasting them with the ones he had known in Brooklyn. But the boarding-houses of his early New York days appear to have been a permanent and an unpleasant memory. In an editorial essay which Whitman wrote for the Brooklyn *Daily Times* (May 10, 1858) on "Poor Devils," he has this to say of such struggling young writers as he was when first he went to New York from the country, in 1841:

"A literary poor devil! Behold him, an ill-dressed ghost, haunting the regions of Ann street, ["Franklin Evans" was published at 20 Ann street], Nassau street, and Spruce street, in New York. He has partaken of a great many boarding-houses—being a kind of Wandering Jew of such places. An old-experienced landlady would know him at a glance, and, without demur, would inform him, 'every room occupied.' The literary poor devil is an eater of four-cent pieces of pie—also coffee and cakes. He has had engagements in different capacities in the newspapers. He has even dreamed of writing a book. [*Cf. infra*, I, p. 37]. He drinks lager beer; nor are his lips strangers to gin." For a list of Whitman's boarding-places, see *infra*, II, pp. 87–88. *Cf. Infra*, II, p. 59 note 3.

too strongly armed in the honesty of my intentions to suppose that there can be any doubt as to [the] propriety of the *moral* intended to be conveyed—or to fear any attack upon the story, as regards its principles.

To expatiate upon the ruins and curses which follow the habitual use of strong drink were at this time almost a stale homily. A great revolution has come to pass within the last eight or ten years. The dominion of the Liquor Fiend has been assaulted and battered. Good men and strong have come up to the work of attack. Warriors, with large hands, and with girded loins, are waiting with resolution, and their energies are devoted to the battle. They are taking the place of those who are wearied, and in their turn give way to others, who have new and greater strength. Will the old fortress yield? It *must* sooner or later. It may be compared to some ivy-crowned castle, some strong tower of the olden time, with its flanked battlements, and its guards pacing on the top of its walls and laughing to scorn all the devices of those who came against it. The red banner floated on its topmost height—inscribed with its fearful watchword, "Disgrace and Death!" And a million victims came every year, and yielded themselves to their ruin under its control. But the foes of the Castle of Orgies stepped forth in array, and swore to one another that they would devote their lives to the work of reform. Long did that haughty structure resist every blow—firmly did it defy every besieger. But the might of a good motive is more than the highest strength of wickedness; and at last the bars of the gates began to give way, and the thick walls cracked. An outpost was driven in, and a tower fell. How tremendous the shout then that arose from the men who were fighting the good fight, and the faces of their antagonists paled with fear! So they kept on. And other parts of the foundation were undermined, and the heavy stancions were burst asunder, and the forces of the Red Fiend have been routed, band after band, until but a little are left; and they will soon have to retreat, and go the way of their brethren.

The good of the present age are smiling upon the cause of Temperance. It is indeed a holy cause. How many widows' tears it has assuaged—and how many poor wretched men it has taken by the hand, and led to reputation and comfort once more. It seems to me that he who would speak of the efforts of the Temperance Societies with a sneer is possessed of a very heedless and bigoted, or a very wicked, disposition. It is true that

the dictates of a classic and most refined taste are not always observed by these people; and the fashionable fop, the exquisite, or the pink of what is termed "quality," might feel not at home among them. But to persons with clear heads, and with breasts where philanthropy and a desire for the good of their fellows have a resting-place, I am fully content to leave the decision whether, after all, there be not a good deal of *intellectuality* engaged in the Temperance movement.

The Reformers have one great advantage, too, which makes up for any want of polish, or grace. They are sincere, and speak with the convictions of their own experience. In all ages, a revolution for the better, when started, has found its advocates among the poorer classes of men. From them, it gradually rises, until it pervades all ranks of society. It has happened so in this case. The few men who met together in Baltimore and formed a compact with themselves to abstain from those practices which had been so injurious to them little thought how their principles were to spread, and how they would be pointed back to with admiration, from the rich as well as the poor—the learned as well as the ignorant.

They called themselves WASHINGTONIANS. Long may the name be honored—and long may it continue to number among those who are proud to style themselves by the title upright and noble spirits, determined never to turn back from the work, or to discredit the name they bear, and the Society to which they belong!

Any one who has attended the meetings of the temperance people cannot but he amazed and delighted at the enthusiasm which pervades them. It is not confined to one sex, or to any particular age or class. It spreads over all. Men and women join in it. Young people, even boys and girls, are inoculated with the fervor, and are heard about the streets, singing the temperance songs, and conversing upon the principles of the doctrine by which their fathers or brothers have been regenerated and made happy. The enthusiasm I mention has not been limited, either, to one City or one State. It is felt over every part of this Republic, and accounts come to us of the wondrous doings of Temperance in Maine, while the same hour in the Western mail we receive the story of how many new converts there are in Illinois. Perhaps on no occasion has there been a spectacle so full of moral splendor. A whole nation forsaking an evil mania, which has hitherto made it the mark

of scorn to those who, coming from abroad, have noticed this one foul blot in contradistinction to all the other national good qualities—and turning a goodly portion of its mighty powers to the business of preventing others from forming the same habits, and redeem [redeeming], as far as practicable, those who have already formed them: I consider it a sight which we may properly call on the whole world to admire!

In the story which has been narrated in the preceding pages, there is given but a faint idea of the dangers which surround our young men in this great city. On all sides, and at every step, some temptation assails them; but all the others joined together are nothing compared with the seductive enchantments which have been thrown around the practice of intoxication, in some five or six of the more public and noted taverns called "musical saloons," or some other name which is used to hide their hideous nature. These places are multiplying. The persons engaged in the sale of ardent spirits are brought to see that their trade, unless they can join something to it, as a make-weight, will shortly vanish into thin air, and their gains along with it. Thus they have hit upon the expedient of MUSIC, as a lure to induce customers, and in too many cases with fatally extensive success.

I would warn that youth whose eye may scan over these lines, with a voice which speaks to him, not from idle fear, but the sad knowledge of experience, how bitter the consequences attending these musical drinking-shops. They are the fit portals of ruin, and inevitably lead thither. I have known more than one young man whose prospects for the future were good—in whom hope was strong, and energy not wanting—but all poisoned by these pestilent places, where the mind and the body are both rendered effeminate together.

To conclude, I would remark that, if my story meets with that favor which writers are perhaps too fond of relying upon, my readers may hear from me again, in the [a] method similar to that which has already made us acquainted.

THE AUTHOR.

BROOKLYNIANA;[1]

A Series of Local Articles, on Past and Present

No. 1

Preserving Traditions.—Dutch Foundation of Brooklyn.—Ours the Real First Settlements.—Paumanok.—1671.—Narcissus de Sillé.—Michael Hainelle.—The English Governorship.—The First Dutch Minister.—Rebellious Spirit.

A New York journal, a few days ago, made the remark in the course of one of its articles that the whole spirit of a floating and changing population like ours is antagonistic to the recording and preserving of what traditions we have of the American Past. This is probably too true. Few think of the events and persons departed from the stage, now in the midst of the turmoil and excitement of the great play of life and business going on around us. Especially is this the case in the huge cities of our Atlantic seaboard, like Brooklyn and New York, filled with a compara-

[1]This series of twenty-five historical and reminiscential articles was published in the Brooklyn *Standard*, a weekly newspaper. The first two chapters appeared in the issue of June 8, 1861, but no more were published until December 21 of that year, when the first article was reprinted entire. On April 23, 1862, another interruption in the publication occured, when, under the serial caption (and continuing the serial numbering) of Whitman's articles, was begun the reprinting, in eighteen instalments, of Gabriel Furman's "Notes Geographical and Historical relating to the town of Brooklyn" (1825), despite the fact that a similar reprint of Furman's little book had been made by the *Evening Star* only a few months previous. The Whitman sketches were resumed on August 30 and were continued, irregularly, until November 1, a few weeks before the departure of their author for the war front at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where his brother George had been wounded in battle.

The articles are unsigned, but their authorship can be established in several ways: (1) Whitman is declared to be the writer by W. A. Chandos-Fulton, a local antiquary and at one time president of the Long Island Historical Society (see his "The Local Press," published in the *Standard*, December 3, 1864); (2) the *Standard* referred to Whitman, in February, 1863, as "an old acquaintance of the readers of the *Standard*," and he is not known to have contributed anything else to that paper; and (3) many autobiographical details preserved in Whitman's "Complete Prose" are recorded also in these early sketches (see, among others, the well-known Lafayette incident in Chapter 15). Moreover, since announcing the discovery of this history (in the *New York Times Magazine*, September 17, 1916), I have been allowed to see a list of the manuscripts,

tively fresh population, *not* descendants of the old residenters, and without hereditary interest in the locations and their surroundings. Of course, such traditionary interest is not to be expected in the Great Far West, either, at present. The settlers there have to construct the foundations of their own and society's edifice, with due firmness and security, long before they can have leisure for such retrospections.

Still, there will come a time, here in Brooklyn, and all over America, when nothing will be of more interest than authentic reminiscences of the past. Much of it will be made up of subordinate "memoirs," and of personal chronicles and gossip—but we think every portion of it will always meet a welcome from the large mass of American readers.

The foundation of the personnel of the settlement of Brooklyn, as is well known, comes from the Holland Dutch. In some respects, this side of the river has more claims to be considered the representative first settlement of the Dutch in the New world than the location of our neighbors over westward of the East River. For the Island of Manhattan, when pitched upon by the first voyageurs from Amsterdam, was selected mainly as their outpost or place for a trading station, a store and fort—and not for residences. Their residence, even from the beginning, was *here*.[1] Manhattan Island, sterile and sandy, on a

books, etc., left by his will to Whitman's three literary executors, which contains the following item: "'Brooklyn'—a bundle of MS. containing extensive notes, seemingly for a history of Long Island or Brooklyn—with numerous newspapers and pamphlets bearing on the same subject." This is probably the preserved manuscript, or the notes, of the present sketches, but it is probably either mutilated, or incomplete, for surely it would otherwise have been announced, or given to the public, before this. It happens, however, that no mention of the "Brooklyniana" (with the exception of my article in the *Times* just referred to) has, so far as I have been able to discover, ever been made in any volume or article about Whitman.

When it is remembered that the first two years of the Civil War have been a rather obscure period in Whitman biography, the significance of these sketches in filling the gap in his life story becomes at once apparent. But in addition to their autobiographical value, they were, so the editor of the *Standard* claimed, the first serious attempt at recording local history to be made by a Brooklyn newspaper, and they doubtless proved, as the *Standard*, in summing up the series, asserted, very popular. Either Whitman or the *Standard*, or both, attached unusual significance to them, for, contrary to the custom of the day, they were specially copyrighted. The editor advised his readers to "preserve them for future reference; they will prove to be the most reliable record of the Past and Present History of Brooklyn ever furnished to the public." Whitman himself hoped that they would live, for he says, "We put it down for the benefit of future readers (if we ever get them) * * * *" Yet he made no effort, it seems, to preserve them himself, possibly because by 1881, when he began collecting his fugitive prose, he had come to see how defective they are as history and how careless as to style and plan.

[1] *Cf. post*, pp. 300–301.

foundation of rock, was not an inviting looking spot, but bleak, sterile, and rough. So the first employees of the great Amsterdam Trading Association, (the Dutch West India Company,) made their settlement here on the aboriginal Island of Paumanock, (or *Paumanake*, as it is also sometimes spelt in the old Indian deeds.) Here, on the west end of this said Paumanok Island, they found a beautifully rich country, sufficiently diversified with slopes and hills, well wooded, yet with open ground enough—to their eyes, indeed, (used to the flats and dykes, and treeless tameness of their Belgic dominions,) a superb paradise of a country. And here they settled.

We do not design to undertake, at present, a sketch of the early settlement of Brooklyn by the Dutch, although we purpose doing so in another of our papers—or in some other form—for it is in every way worthy of being preserved, for the use of future Brooklynites.

The official records of Brooklyn are to be traced back, in an unbroken line, as far as 1671—although we believe the existence of the township, as an organization, dates a number of years before that period. At that date, authority was wielded under the umbrage of a charter granted by the States General of Holland to the Amsterdam Trading Company, (the Dutch West India Company), who deputed both civil and ecclesiastical power as to them seemed fit—yet always, with candor be it said, for the advantage and improvement of the common people, and not for the selfish interests of a few. In this respect they made a marked contrast with the action of the powers afterward, under the English royal charters, whose action seemed to be wielded with reference to the glory and profit of some minion of the court—and whatever franchises the people secured they only got by turbulant complaints, sullen anger, or hard fighting.

Under the Dutch charter, a town organization was early effected, the principal officer being simply a "town clarke." In 1671, this position was held by Herr Narcissus de Sillé—who continued in place for several years afterwards. The subordinate trustees were, during the same period, two other worthy men, immigrants also from Holland, named Frederick Lubertse and Peter Pernideau.

In 1675 the direction of their primitive municipal affairs, by the settlers, was confided to Michael Hainelle, who seems to have given great satisfaction, for he was continued in office down to 1690—being only re-chosen every year.

During this period, however, the English held the governorship of the province, having taken it in 1664. It is true, in the war of 1672, commenced by the English Charles 2d against the Dutch, the latter had, for a short time, resumed possession of their own colony, taking it under a fleet of ships from Holland—but the English soon re-took it again—or rather it was returned to them in 1674. Sir Edmund Andros was then [sent] over from England as governor.

Still, the settlement of Brooklyn and Manhattan Island, to all intents and purposes, was essentially Dutch, not only in its social and religious, but in its political customs and institutions. Be it remembered, too, that the Dutch were ahead of all other races in their regard for moral and intellectual development. At the very earliest schools and churches were established.

In this connection, as there has been, among Brooklyn and New York antiquaries, something of a dispute as to when the first Hollandic clergyman was sent over, we may mention a discovery made by our Minister to the Hague, Henry C. Murphy,[1] which sets this question at rest. It is proved that almost contemporary with the settlement of Brooklyn and New York, (1623-30) the thoughtful providers in the mother country, under the grant from the States General, thought it incumbent on them to send out a "Dominie," almost in the first party of emigrants. The discovery we allude to is of an original letter, in the old Amsterdam archives, of which Mr. Murphy sends a translation, which we have seen. It proves, as we say, that there was an accredited minister sent out at the very commencement. The name of this minister was Johannes Michaelius, and this letter is written, "at Manhatas, in Nieu-Netherland," in the year 1628. It describes his coming out to this same Brooklyn of ours, his experience on the voyage, and the appearance and condition of the county and people here and at what is now in New York City. The letter is a very great curiosity, and undoubtedly authentic. It is addressed to Dominie Adrianus Smoutries, minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Amsterdam. It was found among the papers of the late Jacobus Korning, Clerk of the Fourth Judicial District of Amsterdam, and comes to light through the researches of Mr. Nijenpias, an explorer of Dutch records. We think our readers will join us in the assumption that this letter, with the mould of over two hundred and thirty years upon it, and relating ex-

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 165, II, pp. 1, 2, 5, *post*, p. 295.

clusively to the settlement of these parts by one of the most interesting races of the earth, is a relic of profound sanctity to all Brooklynites, and that we ought to have it verbatim.

The schoolmaster was also provided for from the beginning. A school was required to be kept up in the settlement, and provision made for the support of the teacher. We have data of such old Dutch schools, here in Brooklyn, and at Flatbush, very far back. The original Dutch, it ought to be known, were among the most learned nations of Europe. The universities of Holland were among the best. Libraries were well stocked—and the invention of printing was really discovered there.

As an evidence of the sturdy spirit of those ancient days, existing in Brooklyn, we find the following old record, relating to 1698. At this time the English Governor, Schuyler, was not very popular among the people; and there was a war (simply a king's quarrel), carried on between the English authorities and the French in Canada. The following is the record:

A SMALL TREASON IN BROOKLYN, BY SOME DUTCH CITIZENS, in 1696.

September 14.—About 8 o'clock in the evening, John Rapale, Isaac Remsen, Joseph Yannester, Joras Dainelse Rapale, Jacob Ryerson, Alert Aersen, Tunis Buys-Garret Cowenhoven, Gabriel Sprong, Urian Andres, John Williams Bennett, Jacob Bennett, and John Messerole, jr., met armed, at the Court House of Kings, where they destroyed and defaced the King's arms, which were hanging up there.

So you see there was rebellion in the blood of the settlers here, almost from the beginning.

In architecture we used to have a few notable specimens of early Dutch building existing in the city of Brooklyn, but we believe all are now removed. There is, however, one exception. Have our readers never heard or seen "the old iron 9's"?[1]

This is the slang name among the boys of Brooklyn for probably the oldest house on Long Island, yet standing in Gowanus. It is in part stone and part brick, and was built in 1690 [1699?] by Nicholas Vechte, and is known as the Cortelyou House. It was the headquarters of the Commander-in-chief previous to the battle of Long Island. The body of the house is of

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 240.

stone; the gable ends, above the eaves, of brick imported from Holland; and the date is in iron figures upon one gable end, in the mason work.

No. 2

Original Stock of Kings County.—First Discovery, 1609.—Settlement —1613-1623.—Emigration of Walloons.—First European Child, Sarah Rapelje.—Tradit ons by Genera Johnson.—Unbidden Visit of Dutch Governor.—Romantic Stories of the Rapeljes and Jansens.—Incident of Physical Strength.—Rulef Van Brunt.—Descendants of this Original Stock.

It is well known that the original stock of the settlement of Kings County was from Holland. We do not think, however, it is generally appreciated how superior in physical, moral and mental qualities, that original stock certainly was. Nor have our readers, probably, at least many of them, any definite and fixed dates in their minds of the settlement and growth of what is now our great city. To fill these deficiencies, we will devote this paper to those dates, and to some reminiscences handed down of the early stock.

The year 1609 was the era of the discovery of Brooklyn, and of Manhattan Island, by Hendrick Hudson, who was prosecuting a voyage of discovery, having for its main purpose the long-desired object of a direct western passage from Europe to the Indies. Hudson entered here and discovered the North River, Long Island, and what is now New York island. His representations induced his employers, the Dutch, to take steps for the immediate occupation of the new region.

In 1613 there were four houses on Manhattan Island, occupied by Europeans—these were down toward where the Battery now is. By the succeeding year the new comers had ascended to what is now Albany, and built a strong edifice, called a "Block house," (Fort Nassau,) for purposes of security and trade.

In 1614 the government of the Hague specifically claimed the whole territory between Canada and Virginia as theirs, under the name of the New Netherlands. This was the first determined official recognition.

In 1621 the States General gave a Charter or act of incorporation to a powerful company under the name of the Dutch West India Company, who, among other franchises,

were invested with full powers to govern the above-mentioned province. This was the commencement of the existence of Brooklyn as a political community.

The first serious attempt at planting a settlement here was in 1618. At that time the West India Company above named sent out a vessel from the Hague filled with emigrants to the Netherlands. These emigrants consisted mostly of Walloons, as they were called. Others followed—a vessel being dispatched every four or five months. In 1623, there were over two hundred European settlers in the colony, including those on Manhattan Island, and on this side of the river also—for all those who determined to settle here for good, for agricultural purposes, preferred Long Island to Manhattan, for obvious reasons.

Indeed there was no comparison between the two which was not obviously to the advantage of Long Island. It was fertile, beautiful, well-watered, and had plenty of timbers; while Manhattan was rocks, bare, bleak, and without anything to recommend it except its situation for commercial purposes, which is without rival in the world. The consequence was, as just intimated, that the best and permanent portion of the emigrants immediately fixed on this Island, and settled in the neighborhood of what is now our "Wallabout."

In this Wallabout (Waalboght) region, in 1625, was born the first child of European parents, Sarah Rapelje. This fact is confirmed, inasmuch as some thirty years afterwards when Sarah had grown up to woman's estate, and had married, and then lost her husband, being left a widow with several children, she petitioned the municipal authorities for a grant of land, and it was given her, on the ground that she was the first born of the colony.

We will also relate in this connection a tradition which we have heard from Gen. Jeremiah Johnson, in reference to this Sarah Rapelje. We forget now the sources the General relied on for the legend.

When Sarah's father, George Jansen De Rapelje, was settled on his farm in the Wallabout, Peter Minnet was Dutch Governor in New Amsterdam, and lived on Manhattan Island. It happened one day that this Governor, with several companions, crossed over to Long Island on a hunting excursion, and after a good tramp they found themselves extremely hungry in the neighborhood of Rapelje's house. This they entered in search

of food and drink; but found nobody at all in the house, the wife with the rest being engaged at work out in the field. But Minnet and his friends had discovered a savory dish of "Indian dumplings"—the only thing apparently the larder contained—to which they helped themselves, and, constrained by their voracious appetites, made a clean dish of the whole fair [affair]. Just as they were concluding their repast, Frau Rapelje, with her little girl (Sarah) in her arms, returned from the field, to get ready the meal for husband and child. To her dismay and indignation she found the eatables the house had contained just devoured by the Governor and his friends; and in her anger, and without the least respect for authority, she unloosed her woman's tongue, and gave them such a blast as only an enraged woman can. She particularly complained that when she had come home to feed her hungry child she found everything eaten up by great overgrown thieves and robbers! To pacify her, and make it all right, the Governor, in the emergency, promised her that, if she would say no more about it, he would pledge his gubernatorial word that, in lieu of the dish of dumplings, he would, when the next ship came in, make the Frau a present of a good milch cow—which in due time he did, according to his promise.

Romantic stories were told in early times about these same Rapeljes. For George Jansen's two brothers came over here and settled also. One of the stories was that they were Moors by birth and of prodigious strength. As to birth, they were really the sons of French exiles, who had settled in the Low Countries, as often happened in those times. The reputed stature and strength of George Jansen's brother Antony were probably not without foundation. For according to Gen. Jeremiah Johnson, the grandson of this Antony, who lived in Gravesend, was six feet four inches high; and on one occasion, to give a sample of his bodily powers, he carried ten bushels of wheat from his barn to the house, and up the chamber stairs. Gen. Johnson said that, in his youth, he had visited and seen this grandson, whose name was William Jansen. Gen. J. inquired of him the truth of this story of carrying the ten bushels of wheat, and how he did it. William told his young visitor, "I took one bag on each shoulder, one in each hand, and one in my teeth"; and then opening the chamber door, he showed Gen. J. the stairs he had ascended, and the floor where he had deposited the wheat. This William lived to be 80 years of age, and died so late as 1805.

As another evidence that great bodily strength is hereditary in the line, Gen. Johnson mentioned that in the last war another descendant of this same Antony Jansen, by the name of Rulef Vanbrunt, in New Utrecht, caught two men stealing on his premises and on his confronting them, they attempted to attack him, but he gript one of the robbers in one hand, and one in the other, and thus bounced their heads to and to together, till, when he unloosed them, they were glad enough to run away as fast as their legs could carry them.

These Jansens all seem to have been a long-lived stock, and also to have had a faculty of adding largely to the population. The mother of the just-mentioned Rulef Vanbrunt was a grand-daughter of Antony Jansen, and was living a few years ago at New Utrecht, in the 95th year of her age—but has doubtless since deceased.

The families of Johnsons, Rapeljeas, Vanbrunts, etc., now so numerous in Brooklyn, and Kings County, are descended from this stock. The name of George Jansen's descendant soon changed to be written Rapelye, or Rapelyea. His brother Antony's descendants wrote their names Jansen, which has now for a long time been written Johnson.

Gen. Jeremiah Johnson was a lineal descendant in the fifth generation from Antony. It is a good stock, all round, and Kings County has no reason to be ashamed of it.

We shall continue the résumé of these incidents and dates in another number.

No. 3

A Snow Scene in Brooklyn in the Olden Time.—Anecdotes of the Painter, from a Personal Acquaintance.—The Locality of the Picture.—The Figures Likenesses [The Originals of the Figures].—Some of the Old Residences of Front Street.

Among the few relics left to remind the present inhabitants of Brooklyn of the days and scenes of their grand-fathers, few are more valuable than the large, somewhat time-stained picture known as "Guy's Brooklyn," of which the above is a faithful representation.[1] This work is to be seen at the Brooklyn In-

[1] In the *Standard* some of these articles were illustrated with etchings made from original drawings.

Guy's "Snow Scene," well preserved, is in the Brooklyn Club.

stitute, corner of Concord and Washington streets, and, though not attractive to the fashionable taste, will amply repay a visit from anyone who feels an interest in local antiquarianism. Soon after the painting was made, in the earliest part of the present century, it was exhibited here and in New York, under the title of "A Snow Scene in Brooklyn," by F. Guy, of Baltimore. We have heard from an old residenter, who personally knew this Guy, that the way he used to paint his pictures was in the following manner: A position and direction were fixed upon, looking out of a window if possible, and when the place to be pictured was well conned and determined, Guy would construct a large rough frame and fix it in the window, or in such a position that it enclosed in its view whatever he wished to portray—and outside of the frame all was shut off and darkened.

He would then rapidly sketch in his outline; and it was in this manner he prepared for painting the "Snow Scene." It was made, we have been informed, from one of the old houses still standing on the North side of Front Street, a hundred feet or thereabout east of Fulton.

Front Street at that time included some of the best dwellings in Brooklyn, those of the Grahams, Sandses, Birdsalls, &c. These fronted toward the South, and had large gardens, sloping northward down to the river, of which they had a beautiful open view, making altogether a charming and most picturesque situation.

This picture of Guy's, we believe, was thus a literal portrait of the scene as it appeared from his window there in Front street, looking south. The houses and ground are thickly covered with snow. The villagers are around, in the performance of work, travel, conversation, etc. Some of the figures are likenesses. We have heard that the full-length portraits of Mr. Sands, Mr. Graham, Judge Garrison, Messrs. Titus Birdsall, Hicks, Meeker and Patchen, then leading townspeople here, are some of the principal ones in the composition.

The tract of surface represented is what now constitutes the sweep of Front street, from Fulton to Main street, and the region toward the south, in the neighborhood of what is now Brooklyn market. As to time, it is a picture of some sixty years ago—a picture of a thriving semi-country cluster of houses in the depth of winter, with driving carts, sleighs, travelers, ladies, gossips, negroes (there were slaves here in those days), cattle, dogs,

wheelbarrows, poultry, etc.—altogether a picture quite curious to stand on the same spot and think of now.

We have thus attempted to give a sketch of the spot and persons commemorated in the print from Guy's composition, which, though perhaps not of superior excellence in art, is still of great value as a reminiscence to all Brooklynites. Moreover, it is in some respects not without high merit simply as a piece of composition. Its perspective appears to be capital. The sky is also good in the original work. We will add that our informant before alluded to as a personal acquaintance of Guy's told us years ago that the painter was always aided and assisted by his wife—that she, in fact, was a woman of great energy and talent, and that this picture is probably as much indebted to her hands as to her husband's.

No. 4

Comparison of Brooklyn with the settlements of New England and Virginia.—The Indian Aborigines—the Kanarsies.—Remnants existing until lately.—Original Spelling of Brooklyn.—Buttermilk Channel.—Original Price of Bedford and of New York Island.—First trade of New Netherlands.—Importations and exports.—Peaceful purchases of land.—Description of the Indian money, of which Long Island was the great manufactory for the continent.

A SERIES of articles on Brooklyn with special reference to its origin and past history would hardly be complete without a glance at the conditions of this section of the island when it was first planted by the Dutch, with some brief mention of the natural advantages, etc., of the spot. The histories of our country have much to say on the subject of the Puritan foundation of New England, and the rival foundation in Virginia, with accounts of the tribes found there; and yet here on this island are some points of interest transcending either of those celebrated beginnings of European colonization.

If the reader will but carry his mind back to the times of the original settlement of Kings County, (1614–50)[1] he will easily perceive that there [are] many interesting circumstances connected with the locality, the original inhabitants, etc., etc.

[1]A peculiar whim of Whitman's punctuation appears here and there in the "Brooklyniana," though not elsewhere in this collection, whereby he employs brackets for parentheses. I have converted them into the latter, in order to avoid confusion with my own brackets.

When the Dutch first planted themselves here (and for some time afterward) the whole of Kings County was possessed and ruled by the Kanarsie tribe of Indians. The principal settlements were at Flatbush and, according to tradition, the locality toward the shore that still goes by the name of the tribe. In the latter spot was the residence of the sachem.

Our readers may not be aware that down to a comparatively late period of time remnants of this tribe still continued to exist in Kings County, and were occasionally seen as visitors, selling clams, fish, baskets, etc., in Brooklyn.—(Descendants of the Indians or half-breeds still remain on the east end of the island, around the neighborhood of Peconic Bay, and especially on the peninsula of Montauk. We have repeatedly seen them there; but we have never seen any of these Kanarsie remnants. The last one, we have heard old Brooklynites say, became extinct between forty and fifty years ago).

So, here these aborigines lived, on fish, clams, berries, wild fruits, and game.—They paid little attention to the cultivation of the land, except, perhaps, a little corn. Besides their canoes, of which some were large and of elegant workmanship, and their bows and arrows, almost the only manufactures among them were stone hatchets, and rude vessels of earth, hardened in the fire. And yet, they had one article of manufacture which is deserving of special notice—an article which made this specific portion of the New World possess a character different from any other, and superior to any other. We mean the manufacture of aboriginal money, which we shall presently describe.

The produce of the settlements of the New Netherlands, and of the station at Albany, were principally furs, peltries, &c., with which the West India Company's return ships were freighted. The commerce spring [springing] out of the settlement increased regularly from the very outset, and with great rapidity. From the years 1624 to 1635 the number of beaver skins exported from New Amsterdam was 60,192, and of other skins, 9,437, valued at 725,117 guilders.

Then the colony furnished a market for many products of the mother country. Almost everything required by civilized tastes was for a long while imported—even to the tiles for roofing the houses; of these latter, sufficient specimens even yet exist in the limits of Brooklyn and New York to give the reader a visible demonstration of what they were.

Following the peaceful and prudent method of the Dutch, the

new comers made specific purchases of the land from the aboriginal inhabitants, as their first move. Our records have numerous evidences of these purchases, even yet.

Of the west of the Island, in possession of the Kanarsie tribe of Indians, though it would be interesting to some degree to enter into an account of those aboriginal inhabitants at the time of the appearance of the *Half-moon* and Hendrick Hudson in these waters, our time does not now admit.

The name given to our city in old times spells in different modes. "Breukleyn" was a very common style still to be found in the old records. "Brookland" is another. Some have traced the etymology of the first of those terms to the *broken land* (namely the mixture of hill and dale,) which characterizes the topography of our region of the island. Others have formed [found?] the cause of the record in the *brooks* of fresh water that used to ripple along the surface. As to these, and all other such explanations, we give them for the reader's amusement, without much reliance ourselves on any of them.[1]

Among the differences in the character and "lay" of the land, especially of the shores, between the present day and the times following the original settlement, we will state, it is well known that even so late as the Revolutionary War cattle were driven across from Brooklyn, over what is now Buttermilk Channel, to Governor's Island—then Nutten Island. The deeping [deepening] of this channel since is attributable to the carrying out and extention of the wharves and piers on both the New York and Brooklyn sides of the river, greatly narrowing it, and increasing the force of the currents.

As to the peaceful purchases before alluded to, they were repeated, in behalf of all parties who assumed to have any claim on the lands. Not only the Dutch purchased of the Indians, but when the English governors came into possession, they also purchased the same ground over again, and had deeds made out.—These deeds, and the considerations paid, are, to modern ideas, extremely amusing. For instance, in 1625, the Dutch governor, Peter Minnet, purchased from the aborigines the whole of Manhattan Island, including all the land that now forms the city and county of New York, for sixty guilders, (twenty-four dollars)! And in 1670, under the English, the

[1]Brooklyn seems to have been named for a town in Holland, variously spelled *Broecke*, *Broeckede*, *Broicklede*, *Broeklundia*, all derived from a word meaning marshland. Variants found in America are *Breucklyn*, *Breuckland*, *Brucklyn*, *Broucklyn*, *Brookland*, and *Brookline*. See Ostrander, *loc., cit.*, I, pp. 59–61.

authorities of Brooklyn purchased from the Indians the large tract comprising Bedford, and a large stretch towards Flatbush and Jamaica, for the following price: "100 guilders, *seawant*, half a tun of strong beer, three long-barrelled guns (with powder and lead proportionably,) and 4 coats."

Our neighbors owning house lots in New York city, and those in Bedford, and about the Clove road and East New York, can now tell on what foundation the title of their property actually rests. The purchase-money just mentioned contains the term "seawant." This was the name of the *Indian money*, of which this same region now comprised in Brooklyn, (and indeed Long Island generally,) appears to have been the principal manufactory for the whole continent. This supposition is warranted by many facts, among the rest that the principal Indian name that this end of the island went by, when discovered, meant, "the money-manufacturing island." This money was made from the shells of quahang,[1] (large round clams,) and from those of the periwinkle, oyster, &c. The inside portion of these shells were broken, rubbed on stones, and wore [worn] down smooth into bead-shaped dried pieces, and then strung upon the sinews of animals, through holes bored through with sharp stones. These strings, braided together a hand's breadth, and of more or less length, were the celebrated "belt of wampum," or seawan. Three beads of this black money, and six of white, were equivalent to an English penny, or a Dutch stuyver.[2]

The process of trade between the Indians and the settlers here and in New York was as follows: the Dutch and English sold to the Indians hatchets, hoes, combs, scissors, guns, black and red cloth, &c., and received the seawan shells, in strings or belts, for pay; and then in return bought furs, corn, venison, &c., and paid in seawan. The Indians laughed at the idea of gold or silver money and would not touch either. The seawan was also strung upon the persons of the savages, for ornament. It was the tribute paid by the Indians here, when conquered by the Six Nations, the Mohawks, &c., with whom the aborigines of Kings County had frequent wars.

These points are worth putting on record, when we remember that this Island, and especially this end of it, surpassed all the continent in the permanent manufacture of this curious article.

[1] A misprint for *quahaug*. This is the abbreviated form of the Indian word *poquauhock*; hence the similarity to *Paumanok*.

[2] Dutch *stuiver*, a stiver.

No. 5

The British Prison Ships of 1776–83.—Captives from Sea and Land.—Patriotism—scene in 1782.—Andros' Account of the Miseries on Board.—Number of the Martyrs—where buried.—Relics Gathered in 1807.—Vault Prepared and the Dead Deposited, 1808.—Procession, Ceremonies, etc.—Present Condition of the Vault.

THE much-talked-of American prison ships of the Revolutionary war,[1] four or five old hulks, strong enough to hold together, but condemned as unfit for sea purposes—which hulks the invading British army brought round and anchored in our river during the years 1776-7-8 and 9. It will be remembered that the British, after the disastrous (to the Americans) Battle of Brooklyn, took possession of the city of New York at the very commencement of the war, and held it to the end. As their naval power gave them every advantage here, they made this the depôt of their troops, stores, &c., and the largest receptacle of the numerous American prisoners they took from time to time in battle.

The principal of these prison-ships was the *Old Jersey*, a large 74 gun frigate. She was dismantled and moored on a spot now included in the dry land of our Brooklyn Navy Yard. Others lay off what is now the Battery. Then there were others, off and on; the *Whitby* (she was the first, and was burnt toward the latter part of the year 1777;) the *Scorpion*, the *Good Hope* (!) the *Hunter*, and the *Stromboli* were the names of the others, or most of them. But the one which seems to have been most relied on was the *Old Jersey*.

The British took a great many American prisoners during the war—not only by land, but also by their privateers, at sea. When a capture was made in any of the waters near enough, the prisoners were brought with the vessel to New York. These helped to swell the rank of the unhappy men, who were crowded together in the most infernal quarters, starved, diseased, helpless, and many becoming utterly desperate and insane.—Death and starvation killed them off rapidly.

The *Scorpion*, *Stromboli*, and *Hunter* were called hospital ships—but mighty little health was there on any of the others.

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 22–23; also "The Wallabout Martyrs," in "Leaves of Grass," II, p. 296, "The Centenarian's Story," *ibidem*, II, p. 58, and *post*, pp. 266–267.

The American Government, after a while, appointed Commissioners who, by consent of the British Generals, were permitted to visit New York and contribute to the relief of the prisoners—but they could only advance a very moderate degree of assistance. The British put out the keeping of the prisoners by contract, and as there was no one to look after the contractors, and their jobs were like all such favoritism, they made fortunes out of the starvation of thousands of unhappy men. The food was often the refuse of the English soldiery and of the ships of war in commission. There was the most frightful suffering from the want of water. The air was fetid, in warm weather, to suffocation. Still with all these facts, these thousands of men, any one of whom might have had his liberty by agreeing to join the British ranks, sternly abided by their fate and adhered to the cause of their country to the bitter end.

The patriotism of these prisoners appeared indeed to be all the more intense from their wrongs. On the anniversary of the 4th of July, one time (1782), they resolved to celebrate the occasion as well as they could. They arranged and exhibited among themselves thirteen little flags, sung the patriotic songs of those times, (and there were many such in circulation in those days, with others also on the British side, deriding Americans,) and occasionally joined in giving hearty rounds of cheers for the day, till at last the angry British guards drove them all below, and fastened the gratings upon them. Irritated at this, the prisoners raised their songs louder than ever, when the infuriated guards rushed down, charging in on the unarmed crowd, with fixed bayonets. Many were wounded frightfully, and several killed in the melee.

One of the prisoners on the *Old Jersey*, after the end of the war, when he was liberated, wrote an account of the proceedings aboard this ship, and published it in a book. This was Thomas Andros, who was a great patriot, and afterwards settled as minister of a church in Berkley, Massachusetts. According to his account, there were a thousand men confined much of the time on the *Old Jersey*—sometimes increased to as many as twelve hundred. And as, at that time, the hospital-ships had also become overcrowded, the sick were no longer removed from the *Jersey* but remained with the rest. The following extract from Andros's seems to us interesting in the greatest degree, especially to us who live in the neighborhood of the scene:

In a short time we had two hundred men, sick and dying, lodged in the fore part of the lower gun deck, where all the prisoners were confined at night. Utter derangement was a common symptom of yellow fever, and to increase the horror of the darkness which surrounded us (for we were allowed no light between decks), the voice of warning could be heard: "Take heed to yourselves, there is a madman stalking through the ship with a knife in his hand." I sometimes found the man a corpse in the morning by whose side I laid myself down at night. At another time he would become deranged and attempt in the darkness to rise, and stumble over the bodies that everywhere covered the deck. In this case I tried to hold him in his place by main strength. In spite of my efforts he would sometimes rise, and then I had to close in with him, trip up his heels and lay him again upon the deck. While so many men were sick with raging fever, there was a loud cry for water, but none could be had except on the upper deck, and but one allowed to ascend at a time. The suffering then from the rage of thirst was very great. Nor was it at all times safe to attempt to go up. Provoked by the continual cry for leave to ascend when there was already one on deck, the sentry would push them back with his bayonet. By one of these thrusts more spiteful and violent than common, I had a narrow escape of my life. In the morning the hatchways were thrown open, and we were allowed to ascend all at once, and remain on the upper deck during the day. But the first object that met our view in the morning was a most appaling spectacle—a boat loaded with dead bodies, conveying them to the Long Island shore where they were very slightly covered [with] sand. I sometimes used to stand to count the number of times the shovel was filled with sand to cover a dead body. And certain I am that a few high tides or torrents of rain must have disinterred them. And had they not been removed, I should suppose the shore even now would be covered with huge piles of the bones of American seamen. There were probably four hundred on board who never had the small-pox; some perhaps might have been saved by inoculation. But humanity was wanting to try even this experiment. Let our disease be what it would we were abandoned to our fate. Now and then an American [physician] was brought as a captive, but if he could obtain his parole, he left the ship, nor could we blame him much for this, for his own death was next to certain, and his success in saving others by medicine in our situation was very small. I remember only two American physicians who tarried on board a few days. No English physicians, or any one from the city, ever to my knowledge came near us. There were thirteen of [in?] the crew to which I belonged, but in a short time all but three or four were dead.

The most healthy and vigorous were last seized with the fever and died in a few hours. For them there seemed to be no mercy. My constitution was less muscular and phlethoric, and I escaped the fever longer than any of the thirteen except one, and the first onset was less violent.

Most of the crowding of the prisoners, and the more odious part of the treatment occurred in the earlier years of the war. Toward the last the British themselves appear to have grown ashamed and shocked at the proceedings of their officers. The Americans also indignantly interfered and produced a change toward the last.

The whole number of those who died aboard these ships of death is reliably computed as close on twelve thousand men, mostly in the flower of their age. It is a profound reflection that Brooklyn, in its Wallabout region, holds the remains of this vast and silent army. Few think as they cross the City Park, or pass along Flushing avenue, of the scenes here witnessed in the early part of our national history.

All the terra-firma of the present Navy Yard, and much of the land adjoining it also, has since been reclaimed from the dominion of old Neptune—that is, it has been "filled in." Of course, the whole face of the scene has been completely changed from what it was in the times of the Revolutionary war, when the ships lay here. At that period, the spot that is now just west of the wall along Flushing avenue was a low stretching sand hill, and it was in and adjacent to this spot that the thousands of the American martyrs were mostly buried. They were dumped in loose loads every morning in pits, and the sand shoveled over them. The writer of these lines has been told by old citizens that nothing was more common in their early days than to see thereabout plenty of the skulls and other bones of these dead—and that thoughtless boys would kick them about in play. Many of the martyrs were so insecurely buried that the sand, being blown off by the wind, exposed their bleached skeletons in great numbers.

The work of "filling in" here, for the purpose of completing the Government Navy Yard, commenced 1807-8. And it was at this time that public attention (and even public decency) were directed to some means of preservation, beyond the destiny of common rubbish, of these patriotic relics. Garret Sickles and Benjamin Romaine, of New York city, (we believe Mr. R. afterward came to be a resident of Brooklyn,) were prominent in the good work. At their instigation, the Tammany Society of New York made a formal business of it. Large quantities of loose and disjointed bones were collected, and it was determined to deposit them in a spot near at hand, deeded to the Tammany Society for that purpose by John Jackson, Esq. (from whom the

old name of Jackson street, and not from Gen. Jackson, as generally supposed.) A vault was constructed here, a corner-stone prepared, and the occasion was made one of the most imposing and expensive ceremonies, very disproportionate to the present appearance of the "temple," or "ante-chamber," now visible over this vault to the passer-by along Hudson avenue, adjacent to the Navy Yard wall.

The ceremony alluded to consisted of two parts, one on the 12th of April, 1808, and a following one on the 26th of May. The first was the formal laying of the corner stone of the existing vault. A procession was formed at the Fulton Ferry, composed of United States marines, under command of their officers, and of the Tammany Society, and various civic societies, who proceded to the ground, where an oration was delivered by Joseph D. Fay, and then the corner stone was duly lowered in its place—on it being cut the following inscription:

IN THE NAME OF THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTED, Free, Sacred to the memory of that portion of American Seamen, Soldiers, and citizens, who perished on board the Prison Ships at the Wallabout, during the Revolution; This corner stone of the vault is erected by the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order; Nassau Island, Season of Blossoms, year of Discovery the 316th and of the institution the 19th and of American Independence the 32d.

Jacob Vandevoort, John Jackson, Burdett Stryker, Issachar Cozzens, Robert Townsend, Jr., Benjamin Watson, Samuel Cowdry, Committee. David and William Campbell, Builders.

April 6, 1808.

But on the 26th of May following a still larger demonstration (the second part) was made. This was in the form of a procession to escort the relics of the martyrs to their place of burial, and deposit them there. Various societies and military companies met in the Park, in front of the City Hall, in New York, in the forenoon, under the direction of Brigadier-Generals Jacob Morton and Gerard Steddiford, and of Garret Sickels, Grand Marshal. A very lengthy and imposing procession was then formed with much of heraldic device and, it must be confessed, theatrical accompaniment. This lengthy procession was preceded, for instance, by a trumpeter, dressed in deep black, on a black horse, with trailing plumes and a black silk flag on his trumpet, with the following motto:

Mortals, avaunt! 11,500 spirits of the murdered brave,
approach the tomb of honor, of glory, and of patriotism!

Of course the "cap of liberty" bore a conspicuous part in the show. In the 10th section of the cortege were thirteen coffins, significant of the martyrs from the old Thirteen States. These were attended by one hundred and four Revolutionary characters, as pall-bearers. This must have been the most impressive part of the procession. In another and following section was a "grand national pedestal," bearing the American flag, on the top of which staff was a globe, on which sat a bald eagle, enveloped in black crepe. This pedestal was rather a formidable affair; in front it had the inscription, "Americans, remember the British." On the right side, "Youth of my country! Martyrdom prefer to Slavery." On the left side, "Sires of Columbia! transmit to posterity the cruelties practiced on board the British Prison Ships." On the rear,

> Tyrants dread the gathering storm
> While freemen freemen's obsequies perform.

In another part of the procession were Gov. Daniel D. Tompkins, with members of the Legislature and Congress—and in another, the Mayor of New York, Dewitt Clinton, with members of the Common Council. The Freemasons, the Tammany Society, the Clergy, the Shipwrights, the Hibernian Society, the Societies of Tailors, Hatters, Coopers, etc., etc., all had places in the line. It must have been a very great affair indeed, for those days—for New York had not then seen any of the mighty turn outs, such as these characteristic of modern times.

All the above procession crossed to Brooklyn, by slow degrees in barges, and then re-formed and marched up through Sands street to the location of the vault, where it now is on Hudson avenue. The music of the bands, when the skeleton relics were taken in the line, was of the most mournful description. The sentiment of the occasion became overwhelmingly sorrowful and impressive. Many a one was in tears.

On the ground, after the relics were deposited, an oration was delivered by Dr. Benj. Dewitt. The huge coffins containing the remains were then gazed upon in silence by the immense crowd, who soon slowly and gradually dispersed.

Of the vault thus canonized by a great and expensive ceremony, it appears to have remained ever since without anything further being done—except that, some time afterward, the title falling into the hands of Mr. Benjamin Romaine, before alluded to, (who had himself, when a young man, been one

of the American prisoners in the *Old Jersey*,) he had a temporary "Ante-Chamber," of wood, constructed, with an inscription, at considerable length, to commemorate the facts set forth in the foregoing article. This wooden structure, in a ruinous condition, still exists, and may be seen as above engraved. We have been informed that such was the deep feeling which Mr. R. had about these relics, and the reminiscences connected with them, that he expressly provided in his will that his own remains should be deposited with them in the vault—and that they now rest there, his executors having obeyed his wishes.

At one time and another, there have been movements made for putting up some memorial worthy of the martyrs of the Prison Ships, in Brooklyn. The one most likely to be carried out, when a favorable period occurs, is that for raising an appropriate monument on the highest point of old Fort Greene, Washington Park[1]. If this is ever done, we hope it will not be spoilt by adopting any such absurd designs as by some adverse fates have been fixed upon all other American monuments—the Washington monument at the Capital—the Worth monument, in 5th avenue, New York—and even the chimney-shaped Bunker Hill monument, in Boston.

ADDITIONAL

The engraving given above presents the appearance of the little old wooden "temple," the only existing memorial of the martyrs of the Prison Ships, sufficiently well to give our readers an inkling of its condition; except that this "temple" has really a much more dilapidated look than appears in the picture. It is in Hudson avenue, (formerly Jackson street,) between the line of the street and the Navy Yard wall.

Since the preceding part of our article on the prison ships was written, we have gleaned one or two additional items that we dare say our readers will find of interest on this subject.

The water that supplied the Jersey, and the other old hulks used as prison ships at the Wallabout, 1776-'82, was brought from a spring near what is now Kent avenue, but a few rods from the well-known residence of Barnet Johnson—at that day approached by a creek much nearer than at present. Between this spring and the hulks, a water-boat was kept constantly

[1] In time, though not in Whitman's time, this wish was fulfilled by the erection of the stately monument designed by Stanford White.

plying, as thirst was indeed the greatest torment of the crowded prisoners.

On the *Jersey*, it is recorded that a resolute guard, with drawn cutlasses, was kept over the water-butts constantly, the regulation being that no prisoner should be permitted to help himself to more than a pint of water in his turn.

4TH OF JULY, 1782

We alluded in the first part of this article to the attempt of the prisoners at the Wallabout, in 1782, to commemorate the 4th of July. The British guards and officers were so enraged at this that they drove the prisoners below at four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of leaving them their usual privileges on deck till sunset. This treatment irritated the Americans to such a degree that they kept up their patriotic songs and cheers, down in their close and hot confinement. An hour or two after dark, the guard came down, attended by some holding lanterns; and with fixed bayonets they charged right and left on the compact mass of prisoners, after which cowardly exploit they returned again to the upper deck.

This must have been a most lamentable night. It was described afterwards by Thomas Dring, one of the prisoners who lived through it, in the following terms:

> Of this night I can hardly describe the horrors. The day had been very sultry, and the heat was extreme throughout the ship. The unusual number of hours we had been congregated together between decks, the foul atmosphere and sickening heat, the additional excitement and restlessness caused by the wanton attack which had been made—above all, the want of water, not a drop of which could be obtain [obtained] during the whole night to cool our parched tongues; the imprecations of those who were half distracted with their burning thirst; the shrieks and wailings of the wounded, with the struggles and groans of the dying, together formed a combination of horrors which no pen can describe.
>
> At length the morning light began to dawn, but still our torments increased every moment. As the usual hour for us to ascend to the upper deck approached, the "working party" were mustered near the hatchway, and we were all anxiously waiting for the opportunity to cool our weary frames, to breathe for a while the pure air, and above all to procure water to quench our intolerable thirst. The time arrived, but still the gratings were not removed. Hour after hour passed on, and still we were not released.

Our minds were at length seized with a horrible suspicion that our tyrants had determined to make a finishing stroke of their cruelty, and rid themselves of us altogether. But about 10 o'clock that forenoon the gratings were removed.

We hurried on deck and thronged to the water cask, which was completely exhausted before our thirst was allayed. So great was the struggle around the cask that the guards were turned out to disperse the crowd.

Not until long after the usual hour were our rations delivered to us. During the whole day, however, no fire was kindled in the galley. All the food which we consumed that day we were obliged to swallow raw.

The number of dead found that morning was ten.

Such, is [in?] the words of one who was afterwards a citizen of the United States, gives a specimen night and day aboard one of these Wallabout prison ships, the old Jersey, during the Revolutionary war. This old Jersey held about 1000 prisoners at that time. Sometimes fifty or sixty would be carried off by death in the course of the week.

OF THE "TEMPLE"

When Mr. Romaine had the temporary mausoleum built, of which we present above an engraving, he had it covered with such inscriptions as the following, now rendered almost illegible:

In 1778, the Confederation proclaimed thirteen British colonies, United States—E Pluribus Unum. In 1783 our grand National Convention ordained one entire Sovereignty, in strict adhesion to the equall[y] sacred State Rights.

The Constitution of the United States consists of two parts—the Supreme Sovereignty, and the un[a]dulterated State Rights, one and indivisible.

In the city of New York, 1783, Washington began the first Presidential career—the wide spread eagle of Union [a]waited the order, then instantly raised his flight in the heavens, and like the orb of day, speedily became visible to half the globe.

We have remarked in what a ruinous and sluttish condition the only existing memorial of the Martyrs now exists. Just at present is not the time for inaugurating any expensive enterprise, but we hope that when the affairs and business of the country return to the usual prosperous channels, some effective means will be taken to redeem the disgraceful neglect that has

too long continued in regard to putting up some enduring and appropriate memorial to the Martyrs of the Prison Ships.

No. 6

The first Brooklyn Newspaper.—Thomas Kirk.—William Hartshorne, the veteran of United States printers.—Early type-setting experience.—The *Long Island Patriot*, Mr. Birch.—S. E. Clements.—Judge Rockwell.—Peculiarities of printing the paper and serving subscribers.

Among the most significant hints of the difference between these days of 1862 and the days from 1830, and so on backward to 1800, would be those furnished by looking over some volume of newspapers published between the two last-mentioned dates. To people who have not availed themselves of the opportunity of such an examination, it would be almost incredible what a "great gulf" there is between the Press of the present day, and a New York or Brooklyn newspaper of that aforesaid period.

As we have never been able to procure or get sight of a copy of the very first newspaper established in Brooklyn, we have long ago made up our mind that there is probably no copy of that paper in existence. Still, there *may* be some preserved somewhere, in old records or perhaps garret rubbish—and they may turn up yet, to gladden the eyes of antiquarians, and give point to local contrasts and reminiscences. We have now within reach of the hand that is writing these lines a copy of the *New York Mercury*, printed in 1760, some fifteen years before the commencement of the Revolutionary War, and "containing the freshest advices foreign and domestick,"—but, as we said, although there are many files and odd numbers of old New York and New England newspapers preserved in one place and another, there are none, as far as we have yet been able to trace them, of any of the aforementioned first newspapers printed in Brooklyn. Or possibly the publication of these lines may succeed in bringing to light some odd number or numbers of such antique print.

The first newspaper printed in Brooklyn was in 1799. It was called the *Courier and Long Island Advertizer*. The venerable Wm. Hartshorne, (a most worthy member of the craft preservative of all crafts,) to whom we are indebted for our information, was present at the first issue of this paper. Of its history,

appearance, peculiarities, &c., we are unable to give any detailed account at present—except that it was published, and had a job-printing office attached to it, for some six or seven years; and at the end of that time its proprietor, Mr. Thomas Kirk, either abandoned the publication of the *Courier* altogether, or else, for some reason or other, transformed it into another paper, called the *Long Island Star*.

One old aboriginal Brooklyn newspaper, however, we have seen, that was published as far back as 1808, by parties who seem to have been competitors with Mr. Kirk. This is called the *Long Island Weekly Intelligencer*,[1] conducted by Robinson & Little. The printing office announces itself as at the corner of Old Ferry and Front streets. (By Old Ferry our readers will understand the present Fulton street.) This number publishes the list of letters remaining in the post office uncalled for for the previous three months. The list comprises about fifty letters.

It must have been in 1808 or 9 that the old *Long Island Star* was first issued by Thomas Kirk. It was a small weekly, and gave what would now be called very meagre gleanings of current news, old political intelligence, jokes, scraps of items, and advertisements of local wants, etc. Among others, may be noticed the hiring of slaves, both male and female. For we suppose our readers are aware of the fact that it is but a little while since slavery existed here in this very town, and all through Long Island, and all over the State.[2]

Scant and poor, however, as was the literary nutriment presented by one of these old weekly issues, it was eagerly sought for by the limited reading public of those days, and welcomed and conned over with perhaps just as much satisfaction as the full-blown modern daily or weekly now is by their [its] readers. Those were the days when "literature" had not become the dissipation which our modern days have created it.

We have spoken of William Hartshorne—he was the veteran printer of the United States. His quiet life, and his never having taken a part in momentous affairs of any kind, make it impossible that he should ever have a biography—but he deserves one full as much as more eminent persons. He died a little over a year ago, at the age of 84, having lived in Brooklyn some 65 years. He came here from Philadelphia, a little before the close of the last century. He remembered well, and has

[1] *Cf. post*, pp. 282–283.

[2] *Cf.* "Complete Prose," p. 414.

many a time described to the writer hereof, (who listened with a boy's ardent soul and eager ears,) to the personal appearance and demeanor of Washington, Jefferson, and other of the great historical names of our early national days.

Mr. Hartshorne had a very good memory, with an intellect bright, even in his old age, and was willing, to an appreciative listener, to give copious reminiscences of the personages, things, and occurences, of 70, 60, or 50 years ago, and so on downwards to later times. In worldly circumstance, he held that position in life which consists of neither poverty nor riches. He had the old school manner, rather sedate, not fast, never too familiar, always restraining his temper, always cheerful, benevolent, friendly, observing all the decorums of language and action, square and honest, invariably temperate, careful in his diet and costume, a keeper of regular hours—in bodily appearance a small man, hair not very grey, and though not at all of robust habit of body (indeed rather fragile), and of a trade considered unhealthy, he lived to the extended age of eighty-four years.

In 1831 Mr. Hartshorne occupied part of an old Revolutionary building in Fulton street, east side, third door below Nassau St., in the basement of which he had a small printing office of a few printer's stands, &c., where he set up type for a weekly newspaper (printed up stairs), and he also kept a small stationary store. It was in the just mentioned year that the writer hereof, (then a boy of 12 years,) received from Mr. H. in the little office in the basement of that old Revolutionary house, with its brick walls and its little narrow doors and windows, the first instructions in type-setting—the initiation into the trade and mystery of our printing craft.

What compositor, running his eye over these lines, but will easily realize the whole modus of that initiation?—the half eager, half bashful beginning—the awkward holding of the stick—the type-box, or perhaps two or three old cases, put under his feet for the novice to stand on, to raise him high enough—the thumb in the stick—the compositor's rule—the upper case almost out of reach—the lower case spread out handier before him—learning the boxes—the pleasing mystery of the different letters, and their divisions—the great 'e' box—the box for spaces right by the boy's breast—the 'a' box, 'i' box, 'o' box, and all the rest—the box for quads away off in the right hand corner—the slow and laborious formation, type by type, of the first line—its unlucky bursting by the too nervous pressure of the

thumb—the first experience in 'pi,' and the distributing thereof —all this, I say, what jour. typo cannot go back in his own experience and easily realize?

Of [As for] William Hartshorne, for the fifteen or twenty years previous to his death, the old man was often to be seen walking slowly in pleasant weather, through Fulton street, or some neighboring thoroughfare, with broad-brim hat, his cane, and chewing his quid of tobacco. For our own part, we used always to stop and salute him, with good-will and reverence. And so, age and decay creeping on, after a stretch of longevity very remarkable for a printer, in December 1859, the venerable man died, probably the oldest, most remarkable, and certainly one of the most upright and intelligent, of the working printers of the United States.

We don't know at what year the publication here in Brooklyn of the *Long Island Patriot* was commenced, but we remember the paper well, and held for a time the distinguished position of one of the juvenile devils,[1] so important to its concoction and general manufacture. This was after our initiation by Mr. Hartshorne. Of the previous fortunes of the *Patriot*, we know not, except that it was the original Democratic organ of Kings County. We remember Mr. Birch, its first proprietor, very well, and we remember the paper equally well—for the male parent hereof was one of its steady patrons from the beginning. The paper was left for its subscribers with great care, each one's name being written on the edge. We remember seeing the aforesaid male parent's name plainly written on the *Patriot* as it was left every week at the house. This paper, and those previous, and indeed for a while afterwards were all printed on old-fashioned wooden hand-presses, an edition of a few hundred copies being considered fully satisfactory. It was not an uncommon thing for the editor and proprietor of the paper to serve them with care to the subscribers through the town with his own hands.

Early in Jackson's administration, Mr. Birch sold out his concern to Samuel E. Clements,[2] a very tall and eagle-nosed Southerner, who was also appointed post master, and occupied for his printing establishment and his post office the old Revolutionary building aforementioned. The *Patriot* (the name was changed not long after to the *Brooklyn Advocate*,) continued

[1] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 2.

[2] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 3–4.

to be the Democratic and Jackson organ. Political excitement and partisan fury ran just as high then as now. It was the time of the great contest between Old Hickory and the United States Bank.

In addition to the above reminiscences of the press, and of its publishers and printers here in Brooklyn, we may mention that the late Judge Rockwell succeeded S. E. Clements as editor of the *Patriot*, and continued it as a Democratic weekly paper —and that subsequently a Mr. Douglas purchased the paper and changed its name—as above mentioned—to the *Brooklyn Advocate*.

Mr. Hartshorne was at one time appointed by a vote of the Common Council to the post of city printer, and continued for several years to print the pamphlets, blanks, handbills, etc., for the city departments.

Between '30 and '40, two or three attempts were made to establish daily papers in Brooklyn, but they only lost money to their projectors.

No. 7

Population.—Defectiveness of the late census.—Brooklyn well known abroad.—List of the Manufactures and Products.—Edifices. —Capital.—Stock Companies.—Surface Situation of Brooklyn. —Ours is to be a city of over a million inhabitants.—Private Dwellings.

We will occupy this paper of our series with some remarks on the situation, advantages, healthiness, &c., of Brooklyn—and with a bird's eye view of its manufacturing industry. Probably, in both particulars, the very citizens that live in our midst pass on their way from year to year without giving a thought on the subject.

Our population is probably this day fully 300,000 persons—although the census summer before last puts the number considerably below that. To our personal knowledge, however, that census was taken in the most defective manner.

It may not be generally known that our city is getting to have quite a world-wide reputation, and that it is not unfrequently specified, as a familiar name in the Old World, in the discussions there, in their literary periodicals. We noticed, for instance, in a leading article in the great London *Times*, in a number dated about a month since, that Tycoon of the European

press alluded to the city of Brooklyn, to point one of its illustrations—as if the name and facts of the said city would be familiar enough to its readers through the British islands, and on the continent.

And now to our manufactures.

Few persons have any idea of the immense variety of manufactures, works, foundries, and other branches of useful art and trade carried on in the limits of our expansive and thriving city. For illustration, we will append a list of manufactures, (many of which we have at one time or another personally visited), and all of them in operation now in different parts of our city. It will, we are sure, be quite a curiosity to many of our readers:

ANNUAL MANUFACTURES AND PRODUCTS OF BROOKLYN, ACCORDING TO THE STATE CENSUS, 1855, (NOW LARGELY INCREASED, AND WITH NEW BRANCHES, PROBABLY DOUBLE.)

Market produce. .	$120,078	Stoves	85,000
Ag. Implements. .	30,000	Steam engines . .	75,000
Brass & copper foun'ds . . .	400,000	Ship's blocks. . .	70,000
Silver plating . .	7,000	Ship building . .	945,000
Bronze castings . .	26,000	Steamboat finishing.	150,000
Copper-smithing .	375,000	Tree nails . . .	20,000
Fish-hooks . . .	10,000	Thermometers . .	1,500
Furnaces. . . .	9,000	Sashes and blinds .	120,000
Gold and silver refining	224,000	Coaches and wagons	70,000
Iron pipe. . . .	350,000	Registers and ventilators	100,000
Francis' metallic life boats	80,000	Pumps	15,000
Safes	200,000	Steam pumps . .	200,000
Silver ware . . .	60,000	Flour and feed . .	1,000,000
Tin and sheet iron .	150,000	Packing boxes . .	25,000
Wire sieves . . .	25,000	Casks and barrels .	13,000
Cotton batting . .	75,000	Planed boards . .	500,000
Felting and wadding.	5,000	Camphe[n]e . . .	2,000,000
Dressed flax . . .	6,000	Chemicals . . .	60,000
Fringes and tassels .	40,000	Refined sugar and syrup	2,000,000
Dressed furs. . .	120,000	Confectionary . .	20,000
Paper.	20,000	Drugs and medicines	15,000
Rope and cordage .	2,500,000	Dyewood. . . .	100,000
Twine and nets . .	12,000	Fish and whale oil	200,000
Lager beer . . .	750,000	Gas	462,000
		Glue	150,000

Distilled liquors	6,000,000	Ivory black and bone manure	110,000
Clocks	16,000	Japanned cloth	200,000
Pianos	250,000	Lamp-black	4,000
Brown powder	10,000	Lard oil	10,000
Soap and candles	250,000	Shingles	10,000
Refined liquorice	50,000	Veneering	16,000
Malt	100,000	Glassware	800,000
Oil cloth	200,000	Lime	12,000
Linseed and other oil	300,000	Marble	100,000
Paints and colors	54,000	Cut stone	250,000
*osiu[1] oil	25,000	Leather (ordinary)	50,000
Kerosine	200,000	Patent leather	250,000
Saleratus	50,000	Morocco	2,000,000
Starch	30,000	Paper hangings	30,000
Vinegar	12,000	Rugs and mats	100,000
White lead	1,250,000	Window shades	50,000
Whiting	68,000	Gold pens	100,000
Lamps, lanterns, & gas fixtures	125,000	Hats and caps	100,000
		Tobacco and cigars	200,000

This is all that is given in the last State census.

But large as the foregoing list is, it leaves out unmentioned very many of the principal productive interests of Brooklyn, such as those giving employment to house-builders, the cartmen, drivers, City Railroad employees, &c., &c. There were in 1855 the number of 22,573 buildings in Brooklyn. Of these 511 were of stone, valued at $5,000,000; and 8,039 were of brick, valued at $40,000,000. The rest were, of course, wooden edifices, and were valued at $30,000,000.

Of the foregoing list, several points in connection may be here mentioned. The manufacturing of hats is put at far too low a figure. There is one establishment alone in the city that turned out, either then, or immediately afterward, probably twice or three times that amount of work—to say nothing of numerous other large hat factories. Of the Distilleries, one of the largest, when in full operation, absorbs 3000 bushels of grain per day. There are about ten rope-walks, employing from ten to fifteen hundred men and boys. There are from fifteen to twenty Breweries in the Eastern District, in the neighborhood of Bushwick; these are the sources of the mighty outpourings of

[1] *Sic* in *Standard*; I am unable to discover what the missing letter or letters were.

ale and lager beer, refreshing the thirsty lovers of those liquids in hot or cold weather. There are eight or ten ship-yards at Greenpoint, employing from five to seven hundred men, when in operation. Brooklyn has the only plate-glass manufactory in the United States. The White Lead factory gives employment to two hundred and twenty-five men. Immense quantities of spirits are shipped direct from the Distilleries here to France (to return, we suppose, in the shape of pure French brandies, wines, &c.).

We can only hint at, without specifying, the immense amounts of capital employed here in the Bank, Insurance Offices, the Union Ferry Company, the Brooklyn City Railroad Company, the Central, the Long Island Railroad (capital of the latter $3,000,000), and the Atlantic Dock Improvements, the Gas Companies, and the immense and [in] every way triumphant Brooklyn Water Works.

Our Navy Yard also employs 3000 men, and turns out works to the annual amount of tens of millions of dollars.

And now a few words on our geographical situation, &c.

The topography of the city of Brooklyn is very fine. Indeed it is doubtful if there is a city in the world with a better situation for beauty, or for utilitarian purposes. As to its healthiness, it is well known. No wonder it took the eyes of the early Holland immigrants. It is hilly and elevated in its natural state—and these peculiarities, graded down somewhat by the municipal improvements, but still preserved in their essential particulars, give us a sight of unsurpassed advantage and charming scenery. With much greater attractions for residence than our neighboring island of New York, Brooklyn is steadily drawing hither the best portion of the business population of the great adjacent metropolis, who find here a superior place for dwelling. So that it is not at all improbable that, at the end of the century, we may have here a larger number of inhabitants than will be eventually within the limits of New York city.[1]

We have now marked advantages for residents. There is the best quality and cheapest priced gas—the best water in the world—a prospect of moderate taxation—and, we will say, for our city authorities, elected year after year, that they will compare favorably with any of similar position in the United States. Much slang is always expended on city officials—but as to ours,

[1] If "New York" be taken to mean Manhattan, this prophecy was almost justified by the census returns of 1920.

they are generally men of probity and intelligence, and perform their duties to the public satisfaction.[1]

Why then should not Brooklyn, in the experience of persons now living, become a city of a great million inhabitants? We have no doubt it will.[2] We can not go over the list and description of our public institutions in this paper, although we intend to do so one of these days. We have not, in a modern city like Brooklyn, such marked specimens of magnificent architecture as the ancient or mediaeval cities presented, and many of whose ruins yet remain. For *our* architectural greatness consists in the hundreds and thousands of superb private dwellings, for the comfort and luxury of the great body of middle class people —a kind of architecture unknown until comparative[ly] late times, and no where known to such an extent as in Brooklyn, and the other first class cities of the New World.

Still, we have some public edifices creditable in a high degree. The City Hall is a handsome structure enough. Several of the churches are noble buildings, and the new Academy of Music is a sufficient success in an architectural point of view outside. But, after all, there are private rows of buildings in some of the choice streets of our city that transcend any single public edifice among us that we know of.

The Reservoirs of our Water Works,[3] and the buildings connected with them, and some of the monuments in Greenwood Cemetery, are worthy of being specially mentioned before conclusion.

No. 8

Site of the Academy of Music.—First Brooklyn Theatre, 1828, and its Failure.—Brooklyn Museum and its Management.—Old Time Amusements.—Celebrations.—A 4th of July Patriotism.—Reception of Lafayette in Brooklyn, 1825.—the Boys and Girls.

Now that we have our magnificent *Academy of Music*, so beautiful outside and in, and on a scale commensurate with similar buildings, even in some of the largest and most polished

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 261-262.

[2] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 263; *post*, p. 292.

[3] As editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Times* Whitman had urged the necessity of a modern system of water-works as zealously as his *Eagle* editorials had championed the Washington Park project. (*See* letter in Ostrander, *loc. cit*, II, p. 89; also *infra*, I, pp. 254–255.)

capitals of Europe, it will not be amiss to recur to what our city has had, in former times, of theatres, and places of kindred amusement.

The same neighborhood—indeed the very locality—occupied by this temple of Italian song has many a time, in former years, been covered over with the circus-tent, barricaded with big baggage-wagons and iron-grated cages of animals belonging to some perambulating "show." These circus exhibitions, by the way, have always been a sure card in Brooklyn. The proprietors have repeatedly told us that they have always relied on making up for slim attendance elsewhere by "full houses" here —and have never been disappointed.

Probably very few of the readers who peruse these lines will be aware that we had a very handsome and respectable theatre put up in Brooklyn as early as 1828.[1] Yet such is the case; and it would not have made a discreditable show, even for the requirements of the present time. It was a large and neat wooden edifice, and stood on the east side of Fulton street, immediately below Concord. It was so arranged in its interior that it could be changed in a few moments from a theatrical stage into accommodations for a circus, or vice versa. It had three tiers of boxes, and was about as large and convenient as the "old Richmond Hill," the play-house which stood, and was popular some years ago in Varick street, New York.

For some reason or other, however, the Brooklyn theatre we speak of never "took" very well. There were performances there, but with long intervals between; one or two attempts being made to get up rather showy "horse spectacles," of the style of "Timour the Tartar," &c., but they were received with chilliness by the Brooklyn public of those times. The corps of actors and actresses were of a very inferior order; and consequently the more educated families of our town avoided the place on play-nights. It therefore soon became resigned to audiences of a third-rate description at very cheap prices, and thus declined and died.

The edifice, not paying for the purposes originally contemplated, was transformed into a small row of neat dwelling-houses, and thus occupied for some years—when the big Brooklyn fire occured in 1848, and destroyed that row amongst much other property.

No theatre was established in Brooklyn, after this failure,

[1] *Cf. post.* p. 295.

till the sometime popular Brooklyn Museum was put up at the corner of Orange and Fulton streets, a few years ago, by Mr. John E. Cammeyer. It is but justice to say that while they lasted the performances of this second Thespian establishment were of a very excellent character, being all in the range of "the legitimate drama." The company was really a good one, though small; and two or three of the performers were of superior talent and national reputation. The attendance, for a while, was up to the paying point, and at one time, it was thought we were going to have the theatre as "a permanency" in our city. But by degrees the fickle favor of the public cooled; the audiences declined—New York perhaps offered greater inducements—and the consequence was, Manager Lovell and his talented wife had to shut up shop.

Since then, nothing has occurred till the establishment of our noble Academy—which has already commenced giving regular stage performances.

What did we have, for our amusements, previous to these theatres, and during the blanks, generally long drawn out, when they held not their revels? Well, a variety of ways of passing the time presented themselves that would now be voted decidedly slow, but "did" for the Brooklyn of those days. There were the churches, especially the Methodist ones, with their frequent "revivals." These last occurences drew out all the young fellows, who attended with demure faces but always on the watch for deviltry. Then we had various sorts of "celebrations"—sometimes of the Sunday Schools, sometimes the regular educational establishments, sometimes of an anniversary of one kind or another. Of course we came out great on a Fourth of July celebration. This was always an affair to be carefully seen to and planned deliberately—and the "oration" was something talked of both beforehand and long afterward. Great were the jealousies and heartburnings among the young lawyers over the preference and selection to this important post, namely, that of orator to the annual Fourth of July celebration. It created as much buzz and electioneering by-play, on a small scale, as among the cardinals in Rome, when the Pope's chair is vacant, the choice for his successor.[1] Next to the orator was

[1] Whitman neglects to mention the singing of odes sometimes written for the occasion. In 1846 he had himself written such an ode, and the Reverend T. B. Thayer another. It appears that these, however, were voluntary contributions rather than elective honors. Both were sung by a Mr. Freeborn, Whitman's coming just after the oration, as the other had preceded it. See *infra*, I, p. 22 note 1.

the lucky individual who should be selected to "read the Declaration of Independence." Next again to him was the "Grand Marshal," of whose responsibilities, and the dignity of whose position, words are hardly immense enough to make out the statement.

Sometimes there was quite a godsend. Some distinguished person, for instance, would visit New York, and then it would go hard with us if we did not get him over to Brooklyn. Perhaps it would be the President of the United States.[1] Once it was no less a personage than the great and good Lafayette.[2] This was on the 4th of July, 1825. The writer of these veracious pen-jottings remembers the whole occasion and scene with perfect distinctness, although he was then only a little boy in his seventh year.

The day was a very pleasant one. The whole village, with all its population, old and young, gentle and simple, turned out en-masse. The principal regular feature of the show was, (for want of any military,) the marshalling into two parallel lines, with a space of twenty feet between them, of all the boys and girls of Brooklyn. These two lines, facing inward, made a lane, through which Lafayette rode slowly in a carriage. It was an old-fashioned yellow coach; and, indeed, the whole proceeding was of an ancient primitive kind, very staid, without any cheering, but then a plentiful waving of white pocket handkerchiefs from the ladies. The two lines of boys and girls ranged from Fulton Ferry landing along up to Henry street. As our readers will understand, it was something very different from such a turnout of modern date, as that which welcomed the Prince of Wales[3] or the Japanese Ambassadors,[4] or president Lincoln last Spring. Still, as near as we can remember, it must have had an air of simplicity, naturalness and freedom from ostentation or clap-trap—and was not without a smack of antique grandeur too. For there were quite a number of "old revolutionaries" on the ground, and along the line of march; and their bent forms and white hair gave a picturesque contrast to the blooming faces of the boys and girls to be seen in all directions in such numbers. The sentiment of the occasion, moreover, made up in quality and in solemnity what

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 118.

[2] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 2–3; post, pp. 284–288.

[3] *Cf.* "Year of Meteors (1859–60)," "Leaves of Grass," 1917, I, p. 291.

[4] *Cf.* "A Broadway Pageant," "Leaves of Grass," 1917, II, pp. 1–5.

was wanting in spangles, epaulettes, policemen, and brass bands —not the first sign of any of which graced the occasion.

Lafayette rode to the corner of Cranberry and Henry streets, where he laid the corner stone of the Apprentices Library Building, (now superseded by the Brooklyn Armory.) From there he was driven a pleasant route along the Heights, (Clover Hill), and so to a collation, if we remember rightly to the Military Garden.

We shall have something further to say of this visit of Lafayette in a future article, giving a history of the old Apprentices Library.

Such were some of the "events" of those former times in Brooklyn. There were not wanting, during the winter nights for any who enjoyed them, livelier "frolics," balls, sleigh rides, (we had good sleighing almost every winter then), parties, lectures, concerts, and various itinerant shows; to say nothing of the always popular "singing school"—now quite among the things that were, but are not.

Upon the whole, we guess people, old and young, of six or seven lustrums gone, had just as good a time without our more modern excitements and amusements as we do now with them.

No. 9

Religious Record of Brooklyn.—First Minister of the Colony.—Form of Doctrine.—Heretics.—Quakers treated with severity.—First Church in Kings County, at Flatbush.—Population of Brooklyn in 1660.—A Church in Brooklyn, 1666.—Description and history of this church and its locality.—Classis of Amsterdam.—New Church of 1807.—Another in 1834, which is the present one. —Indian preachers in Long Island.—Samson Occom.

THE religious growth and character of a settlement is by no means the least important part of its record. We will, in this paper, present the statement of some of the first beginnings and subsequent continuations of "the church," especially of one venerable edifice, before alluded to,[1] that stood in Brooklyn for over a hundred years.

The first regularly ordained minister in the settlement of the

[1] Whitman probably refers to II, p. 225, *infra*, though no reference is there made to a specific "edifice." See *infra*, II, p. 4; *post*, pp. 262, 264, 297.

New Netherlands was the Reverend Everard Bogardus, who was brought over with Governor Van Twiller, in 1629. Previous to his arrival (and, indeed, for some time afterward), as there was no church built, the congregation carried on their exercises in a barn, said to have been situated at the corner of Broad and Stone streets, in New York. We have, however, authentic records of the Reformed Dutch Church in the colony only back to the date of 1639.

It will be remembered that the English settlers were interspersed with the Dutch, almost from the very beginning. But there was little or no difference of belief. The doctrine generally taught was from the confession of faith adopted by the Assembly of Divines at Westminister in 1642. The congregational form of church government prevailed till the year 1747, when the Presbyterian order was chosen as better adapted to preserve the purity of doctrine. Indeed, from the first, the organization of churches, under authority, in the Dutch settlements here (as among the Puritans to the east), was considered one of the earliest things to be attended to.

During the Dutch administration, and partially during the English afterward, the Governors claimed the sole right of licensing preachers, which was generally acquiesced in as necessary to keep out interlopers and promulgers of false doctrine. Some of these were occasionally treated with severity. During the administration of Governor Stuyvesant, a very respectable member of the Quaker faith was arrested, imprisoned a while, and then transported in the next ship to Holland, as a dangerous heretic. Another was confined in the jail in Queens County for over a year. It will be remembered, however, that the Quakers, for a while after the sect originated, were the subject of general persecution and prejudice. In New England they were even condemned to death.

No doubt, according to what has been intimated, the settlers instituted religious meetings of an informal character from the very first. But, for some years, those who desired to attend the ministrations of a regularly ordained clergyman, on the Sabbath, had to cross the river to Manhattan Island. There Dominie Bogardus continued his ministrations till 1647, when he was succeeded by Dominie Johannus Backerus, who continued only a couple of years—and he by others, etc.—down to 1654.

Until the latter date there had been no regularly ordained

clergyman, with a church to preach in, in Brooklyn. It is necessary to state, also, that the Brooklyn of that period did not cluster toward the great ferries as now, but was situated about a mile inland. All these, and also the inhabitants of Midwout (Flatbush) and Amersfort (Flatlands) had to make the journey, on the Sabbath, over to Manhattan Island, to "go to church."

In 1654, Dominie Johannes Theodorus Polhemus landed here, from a visit to South America, and was invited by the settlers in Kings County to stop and preach for them. Upon his acceptance of the call, and the Governor granting the requisite license, a church was built (this was at Flatbush), in the form of a cross, sixty feet the longest way, and twenty-eight the other. It was built by general subscription of all the settlements; and here Dominie Polhemus was duly installed. This may be called the first formal establishment of religion in our settlement. It was the Presbyterian church, of the form above alluded to.

Dominie Polhemus preached every Sunday morning in this new cruciform church, and in the afternoons alternately in Brooklyn (toward the ferry), and at Flatlands. In this condition things remained for six years.

Brooklyn proper had by this time increased to thirty-one families, comprising one hundred and thirty-four souls. In the year last mentioned it is recorded that there were twenty-four specific Brooklyn members of the Flatbush congregation, with one elder and two deacons.

This induced the Brooklynites to set up for themselves, and in 1660, they offered a call to Dominie Selyns, which he accepted; and from that date it was unnecessary to go either to Manhattan island or Flatbush, on the Sabbath.

For a while, the Brooklyn congregation (like the beginning at New York) worshipped in a barn. But the attendance was regular and full, and had many accessions from Flatbush, Gravesend, and from New Amsterdam, across the river. So that but a short time passed before it was determined to build an eligible church.

This was done in 1666. In a former paper we have described this first Brooklyn church, and given some items of its history. For it had quite a history. It stood for over a century—indeed for some hundred and twenty-five or thirty years, and for the greater part of that time was the only church in Brooklyn. It stood on what is now Fulton avenue, near Duffield street, right

in the middle of the road, which passed by it on either side. It was either a round, or octagonal shaped building, and had a conical roof. Some accounts say that it was pulled down in 1791; but an aged Brooklynite, yet living, who came here in the year 1800, tells the writer of these sketches that it was not destroyed till some few years after he came to Brooklyn.

This edifice, however, was, as we said, the beginning of the church in Brooklyn. It was the only religious edifice here at the outset of the Revolutionary War. And though, in 1664, the Dutch power in the New Netherlands was yielded up to the British, it was expressly stipulated by the old authorities that the existing forms of worship, and full liberty of conscience and of church discipline, were to be reserved to the inhabitants.

The classis of Amsterdam, which had been from the first the ecclesiastical superior of all the Dutch churches in the New Netherlands, continued to be so over them all, until 1772, when the American Reformed Dutch Church became independent of all foreign authority, yet continued in friendly correspondence with the mother church, for a long while afterward.

The Reformed Dutch Church, which held this edifice, and formed its congregation, determined, soon after the commencement of the present century, on a new and larger building. The location was changed, and placed where it now is (in Joralemon street, south of the City Hall). Here, in December, 1807, a large new church of dark grey stone was opened for public worship—and here it stood, like the oldest son of the patriarch that had preceded it, till 1834. At that time, it had become both too small and too old-fashioned, and the Consistory determined on still a newer and handsomer building. The result of their determination was the present edifice, (which is copied from the architecture of the celebrated Parthenon, the temple of Minerva at Athens.) It is a handsome edifice; but a comparison, in thought, between it and the old round thatch-roofed church that stood in the middle of the road excites some curious reflections.

Many of our readers will doubtless be interested in knowing that Long Island, in the earlier times, (during the 18th century) furnished several Indian preachers, of good Christian repute. The records of the Presbyterian churches of the Island contain accounts of several such preachers. One in particular, named Samson Occom, was quite celebrated, having gone abroad and preached in London, it is said before the King and Queen. This

Samson was born in 1723, and was thoroughly educated by a New England minister. In 1755 he established a school and church for Indians on the east end of the island. He was regularly ordained, and occasionally travelled to the main land—sometimes visiting Brooklyn and New York, and preaching. It was in 1767 that he visited England. While there he preached in Whitefield's church.

Here on Long Island, to the Indians, he preached in their own dialect—and accounts say that he was a free, strong and graceful orator.

No. 10

Old Stock of Our City.—The Burial Ground in Fulton Ave., above Smith street.—The Dutch Church in the Highway.—Old Family Burying Spots.—The British Officer.—Washington's Headquarters.—Fulton-street grave-yard, opposite Globe Hotel.—Blowing up of the Steamer Fulton in 1829.—The Martyrs of the Prison ships.

THE old graveyards of Brooklyn! What a history is contained in them! Not so much, to be sure, that comes home to the vast proportion of the present two hundred and seventy-five thousand of our inhabitants who have planted themselves among us for the last thirty years—or mostly, indeed, within the last ten years. Not so much to them, we say. But much, ever so much, to all the descendants of the old stock. Much also, in connection with the name of our city, and with its settlement, growth, associations, and with crowds of interesting traditions and venerable facts of our city—giving it a broad mellow light, a retrospective and antiquarian background. Much that, as they read these lines, (as we hope and trust they may, for such things are among the pensive pleasures of advanced age,) will bring up, by their perusal, to the memory of those who are left of every Brooklyn born and Brooklyn raised man and woman, thoughts of other days—of the days of youth, the pleasures, the friends, scenes and persons long faded away—the appearance of Brooklyn when it was a scattered, rural village of a few hundred people. We are at once carried back to the commencement of the present century—to the "last war"—the village charters—the cutting through and paving of the principal thoroughfares—the digging away of hills—the city charter—

and a hundred other of the precedents and preparations which have so rapidly been gone through within the last thirty years, and left for signs of themselves the present advanced condition of this noble, wealthy, intelligent, cultivated, populous, and every way remarkable and to be proud of Brooklyn of ours.

But if we run on in this way we shall gossip up all the time we had devoted, between ourselves and you, gentle reader (we like the old phrase yet,)[1] to a few remarks on one or two of the old graveyards of Brooklyn. We dare say that it is even necessary to say in advance, to a great many of the present inhabitants, that there actually *are* several such old burial places, yet traceable, in our midst.

One of the oldest and roomiest burial-grounds in Brooklyn was that in Fulton avenue, just above Smith street. This was the depository of the dead appertaining to the old Dutch church that stood at the commencement of the present century on a location upon the turnpike road, now Fulton avenue, just above Duffield street. (This is about as near as we can get at it. We have never seen the old meeting-house, known in history as "the Brooklyn church," but there are persons yet living in Brooklyn who have, and can point out the spot, as they have pointed it out accurately to us.) That was a real old Dutch church.[2] It stood right in the middle of the highway, which passed up and down both sides of it. It was a round building or octagon, and had a high conical roof; we think we have been told it was thatched, but we are not certain. This church was dismantled and removed early in the present century—somewhere about the year 1803-8, or perhaps previously. In its stead a massive, square, dark-grey, old-fashioned stone church was built, the location being changed to Joralemon street. The site of this grey stone was the same one now occupied by the Dutch Reformed church in the rear of the City Hall. We have been in that grey stone church often—went to Sunday School there. It was torn down and gave place to the present building some twenty or twenty-five years ago.

As to burial deposits, contemporary with the historical old Dutch Church first mentioned, the said burial deposits were often made, in aboriginal times, irrespective of any regular ground, specifically belonging to any church. Families here, in those times, had their own burial places. On the farms

[1] *Cf.* I, *infra*, p. 168.

[2] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 4, 257–260; *post*, pp. 264, 297.

around Brooklyn, and on ground that is now *in* Brooklyn, far inside of its outer wards, it was not uncommon, half a generation ago, to frequently see these last resting-spots of the passed-away of the original families of this end of the island. We have frequently seen them when a youngster, while rambling about this part of King's County. We recollect one small one, in particular, containing four or five graves, close along Fulton avenue, nearly opposite the residence of Samuel Fleet, Esq. This, no doubt, used to appertain to the old round church, destroyed fifty years ago. The graves were surrounded with a fence of open wood-work, and remained there down to the grading and paving of Fulton avenue, a few years since.

All these fractional burying-spots, in old Brooklyn, although it would be of interest to trace them, and point out the spots, they are now so long obliterated, covered with houses and stores, and the families whose progenitors they hold broken up, that it is next to impossible.

A few families or persons of distinction had vaults belonging to, or under the pavement of, the old historical Brooklyn church. Andrew Demarest, a very aged citizen, now living, was present at the demolition of this church, mentioned as early in the present century. We remember Mr. Demarest, in a talk we once had with him on the subject of the dismantling of this church, telling us the following among the other incidents connected with it. In removing the traces of the church, the workmen came upon a dead body buried there, dressed in the complete uniform of a British officer of rank. The body was in remarkable preservation, in the midst of its showy uniform, buttons, epaulettes, gold lace, cocked hat, sword by its side, &c. It was exhumed one pleasant morning, soon after the men commenced working; and the event making a good deal of talk, before noon a large part of the inhabitants of Brooklyn had collected to take a look at the body before it was removed. Among the rest, it happened there came a lady who distinctly remembered the burial of the officer, many years before. She did not know the name, as she was a little girl when it happened. It was of a British officer killed at the battle of Brooklyn in 1776, and buried there a couple of days afterward, when the royal troops took possession, after Washington retreated. We think Mr. Demarest told us the lady was one of the Duffield family. What a vivid picture the whole occurence serves to bring up before us!

The church we mention, besides its being a sort of central point of old Brooklyn graves, has, in the reminiscences of it, many high and serious historical associations. Washington made it his headquarters during the day and night of his famous retreat after the battle just alluded to. It has much that is worth recording, in connection with that momentous occurence, (the pivot, as it was, of our revolutionary war), and of some other matters still; but for our present purposes we can only consider it in connection with the subject named at the head of our article. We must, indeed, keep more closely to our theme.

In the now obliterated burial place in Fulton avenue, above Smith street, were, but a few seasons since, to be found members of all the old families of this end of the island—from the settlers that came hither from Holland—indeed, the suggestions of a complete history of our city, from the beginning down to the late date when burials in our limits were prohibited by law. What material for reflection in that old place of graves! From it, and also the graveyard in Fulton street, opposite the Globe Hotel (of which more anon), might be made out from the solemn installments there, during the times by-gone, nearly all that relates to the personal history of our city, and, by consequence, suggesting the whole of its material history and progress.

The old grave-yards, we say, would tell it all, from the beginning. Many a family tree—many a once familiar name would be resumed—and, indeed, many a yet familiar Brooklyn name too. The main trunks perhaps are there; at any rate, many of the branches, near and remote, are there. By blood, by marriage, by some or another tie, thousands are yet connected there in those old grave-yards—soon every trace of them, however, to be utterly rubbed out, and strangers busy buying and selling on the location of those memorable grounds.

There are (even while we write it is necessary to substitute *were*) the names of Bergen, Hegeman, Vandewater, Johnson, Garretson, Lefferts, Rapelye, Remsen, Vechte, Boerum, Duffield, Suydam, Doughty, Polhemus, Furman, Mercein, Stanton, Clarke, Joralemon, Moser, Vanderveer, Barkeloo, Sprague, Waring, Rushmore, Pierrepont, Van Nostrand, Leavitt, Walton, Bache, Thorne, Hicks, Prince, Van Wagener, Skillman, Romaine and Willoughby, and many other well-established Brooklyn families besides, in those old collections, the memory

of equally important ones escaping us.[1] It is an almost awful thought that, with all the wealth of many of those grand and powerful families above-named, the ones who have originated and belonged to them, and all the possessions of their descendants, have not been permitted to hold uncontested "the measure of their own graves."

We have alluded to the old graveyard in Fulton street, opposite the Globe Hotel. The work of removing the remains deposited here (including not a few of those whose family appellations are given above,) has been steadily going on for some months behind that tall placarded fence. In three months from now a row of magnificent stores will uprise and be completed on this ground; and then but a few years more and the recollection of the former sacredness of the spot will have entirely passed away. Gorgeous with rich goods, seen through plate glass windows, and splendid with glittering jets of gas at night, and resonant with the hum of the voices of crowds, is, or will be, the spot. A fit illustration of the rapid changes of this kaleidoscope of alteration and death we call life.

Before we pass to another topic, we must give of this yet visible grave yard an episode that comes within our own knowledge. It is of an occurrence that happened in 1829, of a beautiful June day,[2] namely, of the steam-frigate Fulton (the first steam vessel ever built for any government) being blown up by the vengeance of an exasperated sailor, who fired the powder magazine, and caused the death of between forty and fifty persons.[3] The writer of these paragraphs, then a boy of just ten years old, was at the public school, corner of Adams and Concord street. We remember the dull shock that was felt in the building as of something like an earthquake—for the vessel was moored at the Navy Yard. But more distinctly do we remember, two or three days afterwards, the funeral of one of the officers[4] in the grave yard above mentioned. It was a full military and naval funeral—the sailors marching two by two, hand in hand, banners tied up and bound in black crape, the

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 234 note *post*, pp. 295–296.

[2] June 4. See *Long-Island Star*, June 11, 1829. Whether because he had this or some similar newspaper before him as he wrote or because the event impressed itself strongly on the memory of the boy, Whitman is very accurate in the date, which fact is chiefly significant in establishing Whitman's statement that he was attending school at that time, *i. e.*, when he was ten years old.

[3] The *Star* states that forty-three persons were killed or wounded.

[4] The only officer listed by the *Star* as killed is Lieut. S. M. Breckenridge; perhaps Whitman refers to six non-commissioned officers (corporals) who also were killed.

muffled drums beating, the bugles wailing forth the mournful peals of a dead march. We remember it all—remember following the procession, boy-like, from beginning to end. We remember the soldiers firing the salute over the grave. And then how everything changed with the dashing and merry jig played by the same bugles and drums, as they made their exit from the grave-yard and wended rapidly home.

The subject we have opened upon has a volume contained within it;—yet one more passing mention and we have done. A late paper alludes to the dead of the old Prison Ships—yet we must return to the subject again. Deficient would that article be on Brooklyn burial places—lacking one of its most vital points, that did not record, before it yet entirely rots away, the existence among us of a strange, ricketty, mildewed, tumble-down wooden structure on Hudson avenue, (Jackson street) a short half mile above the ferry, with its walls covered by a now almost illegible inscription. This wretched piece of wood-work, (it would not bring three dollars to-day if put up at auction,) is all that in a monumental form tells of the proudest and most precious legacy our city holds, from the past, to pass onward to the patriotism of the future. We allude to the remains, deposited in Brooklyn soil, adjacent to the Wallabout, of those twelve thousand unnamed Revolutionary patriots, "roughs," who were from time to time taken in battle by the British, and incarcerated in the celebrated Prison Ships. These remains are from all the original Thirteen States—who, from 1776 to 1783, died of sickness, starvation, or cruelty, and were, from day to day, brought ashore and dumped in the sand, in careless heaps, uncoffined, uncared for, with just enough dirt thrown over them to prevent the neighboring air from becoming pestilential.

Most of the unknown patriots' remains, of course, are now altogether lost, built over, dug away, etc., and scattered to the elements. But they were strewed so plenteously that a fair portion has been secured and kept. The wooden structure above alluded to was put up to memorize a great and expensive display in 1808, when a portion of the dead relics of the martyrs of the Prison Ships were, as narrated by us the other day, carried through the streets of New York and Brooklyn in a procession, and deposited here—and the aforesaid wooden mausoleum temporarily erected, to mark the spot, by the Tammany Society of New York. It is now an instructive sight. We advise the reader to go visit it. It is probably the

most slatternly and dirtiest object to be seen anywhere in Brooklyn. Likewise it has a valuable moral.

No. 11

Military Surroundings.—Brooklyn in the last war.—Embankments on Fort Greene.—The old Powder Houses.—Potter's Field.—The Old Alms House.—The Marsh and old bridge at the Wallabout.—Financial Public outlay for all Brooklyn in 1831.—A suggestion.

We must not omit, in hastily penning these gossiping chronicles, to make brief mention of some of the localities of Brooklyn, now occupied by public buildings, parks, or rows of elegant private dwellings—alluding to them as they appeared thirty years ago. Carrying our statement farther back, from the words of those who knew them previously, we will also give a few paragraphs of "the last war," and matters of that ilk.

The military reputation which of right belongs to Brooklyn does not cluster merely around our present companies of well-drilled soldiers, nor on what appertains to the Brooklyn Armory in Henry street, or the Arsenal on Portland ave. Yet the latter is more than usually appropriate for a building for military purposes for our city; for it was in this very neighborhood that the lines of fortified posts and entrenchments were made, reaching from Wallabout to Red Hook, that formed the American lines, in the battle of Long Island, in the early part of the Revolutionary War. It was this line of rude fortifications that stopped the progress of the enemy, and secured the safety of the American troops—till Washington made his masterly retreat over to New York Island, which saved the revolutionary cause.

On the same neighborhood were thrown the hasty entrenchments during the last war—the men and boys of New York and Brooklyn turned out voluntarily with "pickaxes, shovels and spade," (as the song hath it) to provide for any emergency that might happen. For several days there were large forces of such volunteers at work, under officers appointed to oversee them—one force duly relieving another. It was feared that the British fleet might make an attempt to land, and cross the river in the same way as in 1776—and the fortified embankments were intended to oppose them. If the reader is curious in the matter, he will find, here and there, an old Brooklynite left (and not a

few New Yorkers also), who took a hand in the dirt-digging and throwing up the embankments of the occasion. The women, as usual, ever forward in good works, assisted by gifts of food, drink, &c., and often enlivened the scene with their presence. Happily, however, the last war passed over without any war-guns having occasion to be fired on these particular shores of ours—the most of that business, as it turned out, transpiring not on land, but on the sea, where America first learned that aboard ship she was as good as the best of 'em.

The above mentioned trenches and embankments, which many of our readers will remember as existing a very few years ago, on the sight of the present Washington Park (Fort Greene), were therefore not, as many supposed, relics of its Revolutionary experience of '76 but of the attempt, just described, to prepare to meet the enemy during the war of 1812, '13, should they seek to land here.

These trenches and embankments, made in 1812, remained, indeed, in pretty much the same condition down to the commencement of the improvement for Washington Park. Some of the highest walls of the present Park are literally the ground thrown up by the patriotic hands of the men and boy volunteers we have spoken of—those banks being very properly left as they were, and included in the plan of the Park.

Then the old Powder-Houses that dotted this section of our city in days of yore. Will there not be some of our readers who will recollect those old wierd-looking, unshaded, unfenced powder-houses? One of them stood in immediate proximity to the site of the present Arsenal, if not on the exact spot. These powder-houses were covered with slate, and were the only edifices in the neighborhood—being placed out there, at a safe distance from the thickly settled parts of the city (or rather village, as it then was), which were around the Old and New Ferries, and up, perhaps, as high as Cranberry or Concord streets. The whole scene, around the grounds of the present Arsenal was, indeed, in those days, a wild hilly, unfenced, open landscape—something far different from its present appearance. It was quite a place for parties of men and boys for a Sunday or holiday jaunt from New York, and offered almost as desert and bleak an appearance as the untenanted wilds on the east end of Long Island do at this day.

No part of the city has made a more utter revolution in its topography than this quarter of Brooklyn. All the old land-

marks, roads, edifices, &c., are obliterated. The only one we noticed standing, in a tour of observation we made not long since, was the old Dutch house, or rather the ruins of it, on the estate of the late venerable Jeremiah Johnson—and formerly, we believe, his own residence. This was on Kent avenue, and nigh the present residence of his son Barnet Johnson. But we believe even the ruins of that old building are now obliterated.

Then the old Potter's Field. During the war times, and down to about twelve or fifteen years ago, the ground on which the present Arsenal is built, and for some distance west of it, (about two acres in the blocks between Myrtle and Park avenues and now partly intersected by Hampden avenue), were appropriated to a free city Burial Yard, or Potter's Field. Many hundreds of people were buried there, and the workmen engaged in excavating for cellars, &c., in that neighborhood, continually come, at the present day, upon the remains of those burials.

In the same neighborhood stood the county Alms House; (the house is yet standing). Then the buildings and grounds (which yet belong to the city) were leased to the Government for Marine Barracks. It is the old yellow wooden shanty on Park avenue, near Raymond street, now all dismantled.

Then the present City Park, at the Wallabout. Very different from its contemporary appearance, with pleasant grass and clover patches, in summer, and shaded with trees, was its appearance when the middle-aged men of the present day were young fellows. All about there, used to be a vast, low, miry, stagnant place, covered with a shallow depth of water, on which, in summer, was spread a sickening yellow scum. Only one or two roads, and a bridge, made this bad spread of a place passable. Part of it was, in due time, filled up by the city, and forms the present City Park, with its northerly front on Flushing avenue. The rest has been, by degrees, filled up by its owners—until the stagnant ponds and black creeks where the little Brooklyn boys of twenty-six or seven years ago used to go Saturday afternoons and catch "killy-fish" with a bent pin and a piece of tow string have altogether disappeared, and left no sign or memento, except in such reminiscences as those of ours.

Perhaps one of the facts which will prove the tremendous *advancement* we have made, and the difference between that era and the present, will be a little bit of the financial exhibit of the Brooklyn of the time. Here, then, is the budget of our city for 1831—and you can see, reader, what strides we have made in

exactly thirty years! It is the sum estimated, raised, and laid out for the expenses of Brooklyn for the then current year:

BROOKLYN EXPENSES, 1831

Police (of those days,)	$3,000
Fire Department,	1,400
Salaries of officers,	1,200 !
Interest on Brooklyn debt	600
Water, Pumps, Cisterns, &c.,	1,200
Contingent expenses,	2,600 !
Grand Total	$10,000 ! !

Which, we think, will be considered very moderate—and especially instructive, in comparison with *these* days. It must be stated, however, that the above sum was the utmost limit of the moneys allowed by law of the Legislature to be raised out of the good people of Brooklyn through the tax-gatherers. Perhaps it would be worth while to try a limit to tax-gathering again—but we suppose we would have to extend the sum a little beyond the "grand total" afore specified.

No. 12

Our County Jail.—The old Edifice at Flatbush—burnt down 80 years ago.—Courts changed to Apprentices Library, Brooklyn.—The Act of 1835.—Hall's Exchange Building.—New Court House Troubles.—The Romance of a Jail building.

The picture that surmounts these lines gives a very fair idea of the outside of our well-known Kings County Jail and Court House in Raymond street. We don't know what school or name of architecture it would come under; but it very well answers, and has answered, the purposes for which it was built—namely, as the place of incarceration for prisoners, and afterwards a place of meeting for the County Courts and Board of Supervisors, and for a residence for the Sheriff, etc.

The old Jail and Court-house for the people of Brooklyn (said people comprising, of course, the main portion of the County of Kings), as is probably known to many of our readers, used to be at Flatbush, and the County Courts were, until a

comparatively late period, required by law to be held there—making it incumbent on our Brooklyn and New York lawyers, with all their witnesses, etc., to pack out there, and, after submitting to the "law's delay,"[1] sometimes to their great inconvenience, await the slow or rapid progress of their trials, and then come home again, perhaps to return the next day, and again the next.

About the year 1826, we believe, a law was procured to be passed by the Legislature that thenceforward the Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace should be held "alternately at the Court-house at Flatbush, and at the Apprentices Library in the city of Brooklyn." Soon after this, things advanced still farther toward a complete change of locality. In 1829 or '30 a law was passed empowering the Board of Supervisors to raise, by tax, a sum of money, to devote the same to "the purchase of lots of land in the village of Brooklyn, and erecting a suitable building thereon, for the accommodation of the courts of the said county, when the same, or any of them, may be held in the said village of Brooklyn." The carrying out of the requirements of this law, however, was delayed, and finally negatived by the influence of Flatbush property owners, etc.

We think it was about the year 1832 the old Jail and Court-house at Flatbush caught fire, and was burned down (Dec. 1st, 1832). So that the next year another law was passed, to the effect that "a Court-house and Jail in and for the county of Kings shall be erected in the village of Brooklyn"; and under this enactment three commissioners were appointed to purchase an appropriate and central site for the building. When the Court-house should be so far completed as to be prepared for the public convenience, a certificate to that effect should be procured from the first Judge of the county, and thereafter all the terms of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace were to be held, and all writs and processes were returnable, at the new Court-house in Brooklyn. In the mean time, as the Flatbush edifice was destroyed, the terms of the County Courts that were to have been held at that place were transferred to the Apprentices Library in Brooklyn. Of course our readers are aware that this edifice was formerly on the site of the present City Armory in Henry street.

Soon after the fire at Flatbush, the present jail in Raymond

[1] "Hamlet," III, pp. 1, 72.

street was authorized and built—as it was imperatively necessary of course that there should be some place for the safe keeping of criminals. Still, however, the project of a specific Court-house hung fire; for we believe that all along, during the period of the years 1835, to '40, '42, etc., the actual Court-house of the county was the Apprentices Library building just alluded to, and that there the judicial proceedings were held, notices posted, etc. There seems to have been a good deal of acrimonious feeling mixed up in the business. The people of Flatbush thought that they had a prescriptive right to the locality there of the county Jail and Court-house, pretty much in the same way that the folks of Philadelphia think that they have a right to the United States Mint, because it has been there a long while. Then there were conflicting opinions, too, about the preference for different sites. We jot these particulars and details, however, more to put the matter on record than because it is of very great importance.

The building whose picture we give above commenced as Court-house in addition to its legitimate purpose as jail about sixteen or seventeen years ago—under authority of an act of the Legislature passed in 1835. As there has been considerable discussion about this act we will give an account of it. By this act, passed in 1835, the Judges and Supervisors of the County of Kings, whenever they should deem "the present Court Room in the Apprentices Library" unsafe or inconvenient for the purpose of holding Courts therein, were authorized, from time to time, to designate such other place in the city of Brooklyn as they should think proper; whereupon a rule of the Court should be made for that purpose, "and such other place shall become from that time for all legal purposes the Court House of the said county until a new Court House shall be completed. But nothing herein contained shall be construed to invalidate notices posted at the Apprentices Library, or any other place in the designated as aforesaid, previous to such rule of the Court for changing the place of holding Courts being made." By the 8th section of this act, the Board of Supervisors was authorized to sell "the lot of land on which the Court House and Jail at Flatbush, lately destroyed by fire, was situated."

In pursuance of this act, the Judges and Supervisors, in March 1845, designated the County Jail in Raymond street as the place of holding the Courts of the County. The resolution adopted on that occasion recites that a room in Hall's

Exchange Building had therefore been legally designated as aforesaid, and was then used for holding Courts in the County. This Exchange building was quite a large edifice at the corner of Fulton and Cranberry streets, and the third story was for some time used as a place of meeting for the Common Council.

Things continued in abeyance till 1853, when we find a legislative act that "the Board of Supervisors of the County of Kings are hereby authorized to borrow a sum not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, and to expend the same in the purchase of a site and erection of a building for the accommodation of such of the county officers of said county as said Board of Supervisors shall determine." By the 2nd and 3d sections the County Treasurer was authorized under the direction of the Board to borrow on the credit of the county the whole or a portion of the sum as the Board might determine, and give his official bond or bonds for the payment of the same with interest; and the Board was directed to levy and collect such sums annually as should be sufficient to pay the interest on the loan, and to reimburse the principal in annual instalments as they should become payable."

Under this enactment, there has since been kept up a succession of turmoils and passages and repeals of resolutions, the history of which is as long as the Trojan war. Half a dozen different sites have been fixed upon. Some of these, we believe, were really purchased; and the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals [were] invoked to settle the conflicting claims of the different parties. The end of all has happily been the selection for a new Court House of the site at the commencement of Fulton Avenue, near the City Hall, where the building is now in progress.

Of course, in connection with the history of the jail, whose picture the engraver presents in this number of the paper, there is a long and varied interior history, full of interest and indeed of romance.

An account of the different Sheriffs' administrations, and of the residences of many of them and their families in the dwelling part of the jail, would alone be full of points of attraction to a large class of citizens of Brooklyn. The administration some years since of Sheriff Daniel Van Voorhies, that of Sheriff Lott, the late administration of Sheriff Remsen, and the rule of the present deservedly popular and judicious Sheriff Campbell, might all come in for a share of such an abstract.

A detailed account of the internal and personal scenes and sights of the jail, with cases of marked interest among the prisoners, and [an] idea of the method of securing, feeding and general treatment of the prisoners, we propose to make, before long, through a visit and personal inspection of affairs at the jail.

No. 13

Original Name of this Island.—Paumanok.—Shall it be resumed?—Future considerations.—One Reminiscence of the Red Men, at least, ought to be preserved here, in their own tongue.—Territorial Statistics of Long Island.—Length, Breadth, and Area.—Its small Islands Adjoining.—Future Population.—State of Paumanok.—Landed Interest Valued.—South Bay.

We have heard it suggested, (and we think the idea worth serious consideration), that the original name of this island ought on many accounts to be resumed, and made the legal and customary name again. That original name was PAUMANOK,[1] the sense of which is, or has been traced to be, as we have heard, "the island with its breast long drawn out, and laid against the sea." This is a beautiful and appropriate signification, as the word itself is a pleasant one to the ear.

It is argued that there are some dozen or twenty Long Islands here and there on the American coast and in the great lakes, and that this important territory ought to have something by which it could be specially known; something belonging to itself, which would by time and association become a sound [source?] of pride and convey the idea of home. It is perhaps best not to change the settled name of a place on frivolous or sentimental reasons; but as the region we are speaking of is going to be made in future times significant as the seat of one of the most beautiful and intelligent of the first class cities of the world, (namely, this Brooklyn of ours), we do not know but we would seriously favor a project for giving us back again, for the island on which it stands, the name of *Paumanok*.

The word occurs in all the aboriginal deeds, and was used by the first Dutch settlers, in speaking or writing of the territory here. It was then spelt in various ways, according to the custom which, until a comparative[ly] modern date, did not ac-

[1] *Cf*, *infra*, I, p. 180 note 2.

quire or indeed allow a uniform standard of orthography, even in some of the commonest every day words. Some of the old deeds spell it *Paumanake*.[1]

By the allusions of the Dutch and English settlers, and from old ecclesiastical records, (to which all historical memoirs are so much indebted), we gather also that there were several other terms by which the island was designated. It was sometimes called *Sewant-hackey*, (the place of the shells), and also *Mattowak* or *Mattawake*. The name of Long Island was given to it by the English at or soon after the period of their finally taking the government.

So upon the whole we think it might be not only a verbal, but a utilitarian, piece of improvement to restore the old name of the island. It would be a kind of poetic justice to the departed tribes of the great nation of the Lenni-Lenape, or Delawares, of which stock the aborigines of this region were a part. Their language has been pronounced by the etymologists to be the most advanced and regular of all the Indian dialects; and both in natural intelligence and in courage they were up to the highest standard known here when the Europeans first landed. Now that they have all forever departed, it seems as if their shades deserve at least the poor recompense of the compliment connected in preserving the old name by which they themselves designated and knew this territory.

But while we are discussing the choice of the best nomenclature for what now passes as Long Island, there will be a very great portion of our readers who have by no means very definite notions of the important physical facts of the island itself. We will therefore devote this and the following paper to an abstract of such information.[2] It will be found of interest, for we do not believe there is an equal extent of territory anywhere which has superior points of advantage in some of the first respects that make a country notable and interesting. In salubrity, Brooklyn is eminent, as has long been acknowledged, almost beyond comparison, and the remainder of the island is not less so. In the aspect it derives from the sea on the one side, and the great Sound on the other, it contains a long and varied panorama of the picturesque in scenery, for the tourist and artist, &c.

Long Island has a length of really about one hundred and

[1] See *infra*, I, p. 180 note 2.

[2] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 118–121, 174–181; II, pp. 13–15.

forty miles, although the common notions, and most of the geographies put it at only one hundred and twenty. The total length, as first mentioned, is of course the distance from the now world-wide celebrated Fort Lafayette, at the Narrows, to the Light House on Turtle Hill, at the extremity of Montauk Point, looking out into the sea. Over this stretch of land, there are all varieties of soil and appearance, from the gradually sloping eminences of the great city of Brooklyn itself, with its noble public edifices, the long line of palaces in its streets, and the commoner dwellings too, representing so many millions and scores of millions of pecuniary value, with the immensely greater interests of three hundred thousand throbbing human lives, on to the wide flat plains of Queens and Suffolk Counties, toward the centre of the Island, where the cattle and sheep used to browse in common, a great privilege for the poor man; and thus and then through the "brushy plains," on eastward among pine and cedar and dwarf oak, to the richer regions of eastern Suffolk county.

The breadth of Long Island is from ten to twenty miles—running broader at its western extremity, and narrower at its eastern. It has also belonging to it a retinue of smaller islands, one of them, however, (east of Peconic Bay) nearly the size of Staten Island. The following are the names of these adjacents of our little continent:

North Brother	Shelter Island
South Brother	Gardiner's Island
Riker's Island	Fisher Island
Plumb Island	Robin's Island
Great Gull Island	&c., &c.
Little " "	

Then there are the long stretching beaches and sand-islands on the south side, adjacent to the ocean.

Upon the whole, the area of our territory would make a very respectable figure among the crowd of smaller principalities, or even the little kingdoms of the continent of Europe; amounting to about 1550 square miles, or 960,000 acres, with a population that in two or three more lustrums will exceed half a million, and in the life time of persons now living will, (in the opinion of the writer hereof) exceed the present population, of either one of about three-fourths of the States of the Union, or of Canada. This seems a daring statement, but it is fully born

out by a sifting of figures, and an estimate, not to say of probabilities, but what amounts to certainties.

The reader will perceive, in view of the foregoing facts, that it is not so very preposterous for our politicians, when they get within control of half-fun and half-whiskey, to draw out grave programmes of the "secession" of Long Island from the good old mother state of New York, and setting her up as a "sovereign," on her own hook. The *State of* PAUMANOK! with our own beauteous Brooklyn for the Capital; and a live Governor of her own, and a whole swarm of legislators and executive personages, and lobby gentlemen, and contractors, &c., &c., &c., &c.! To be sure, there is something very grand in the picture of all this; only, our taxes hereabout being already up to the hideously outrageous rate of *two per cent.*, we do not feel like piling on the agony any higher. Nor is "secession" likely to be popular or profitable in these quarters, these times, or any future times.[1] So we fear we shall have to dismiss the scheme of the independent state of Long Island, or Paumanok, as something that serves very well, it may be, to write a paragraph about, but would not do to try the scheme in the furnace of practical work,—and so let well enough alone.

Of course the *personal* and *financial* interests of Long Island are overwhelmingly concentrated here in Brooklyn. Four fifths of the inhabitants of the whole territory belong in this western corner alone. Of wealth, the proportion is perhaps not as great. For the valuation of the "landed interest" of the island can foot up an immense figure, when an estimate is made by a competent person, including the value of the farm-houses, buildings, stock, products, &c. We should think the farming interest of the three Counties of our island, Kings, Queens, and Suffolk, would represent, at the lowest figure, $100,000,000. There are some farms in this county that represent $2000 an acre, and plenty of them that represent $1000 an acre, and are good for the annual interest on that amount to their owners.

Then the fishing, eeling, clamming and fowling interests of the island, for over a hundred miles along the south bays, from Gravesend to Easthampton, stand for a large and solid value, affording a good living to hundreds and thousands of families, and an unfailing supply to the city markets.

The Great South Bay, as it is called, affords of itself a capital

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 156; II, p. 57.

theme for one of these papers, which we shall take an early opportunity to furnish. How few of the million of inhabitants of New York and Brooklyn know anything about that inexhaustible sea-mine, full of treasures, that are really worth as much as the mines of California. There it stretches along, affording a safe and sheltered navigation for many a smack and sloop and village "packet." There, too, is Rockaway beach, so white and silvery, calm and pleasant, enough, perhaps, with its long-rolling waves in summer, sounding musically soft against the hard sand; yet how many a ship has met her death-wreck, driven on those sands, in the storms of winter.

No. 14

Brooklyn Fire Department—its origin, 1772.—Names of the first firemen.—Interruption of the war of '76.—Meeting in 1785 to re-form the Department.—The first engine—appearance, etc.—Washington Company No. 1.—Honorable position of firemen.—New Engine of 1794.—First fire-bell, and where erected.—1788–93—number of buildings in Brooklyn, etc.—Account of a disastrous fire in 1806.—Primitive accommodations for putting out fires, in those days.—A new machine and larger bell decided on.—Aid from New York firemen.

We intend to devote this paper of our series to a statement of the origin of the Brooklyn Fire Department, which dates back to a period before the time of the Revolutionary War—was interrupted by that event—and then, immediately after peace, was resumed again, and has been prosperously carried on ever since. We shall give some valuable reminiscences, and an account of the earliest large fire in Brooklyn.

To those interested in our Fire Department (and who is not?) it will be curious to note the following, in which is recorded the first attempt, or nucleus, from which has been formed what is now one of the noblest and most effective departments in the United States.

It appears that the origin of the Fire Department of Brooklyn dates as far back as the year 1772, previous to the Revolutionary War. The following is one of the memoranda, for which we are indebted to the late Jeremiah Johnson:

At a town meeting held at Brookland on the 7th day of April, Anno Domini 1772, being the first Tuesday of said month, and then and there chose six firemen, according to audit of the Governor, Council, and General Assembly; an act for the more effectual extinguishment of fires near the ferry in the township of Brooklyn, in Kings County, passed the 31st December, 1768

The persons chosen for firemen are as follows:

Joseph Sharpe, John Crawley, Matthew Gleaves, Joseph Prior, John Middagh, Wm. Boerum.

We think the members of our Department, in their beautiful hall in Henry street, ought to preserve some enduring memorial of these six original Brooklyn firemen. They commenced a work which is more to their credit, humble as it is, than many a more talked-of class of persons.

The next year we hear of anything being done is after the war. For we suppose that during the Revolution men's minds were engaged in such momentous questions, and everything was so unsettled, that they gave little attention to safety from lesser dangers. In 1785, after the close of the war, there was a meeting of the villagers of Brooklyn, at the house of Mrs. Moser, at which an effective beginning was again made (probably the whole attempt had been suffered to go to decay during the war), for continuing the organization of a Fire Department. A Fire Company was formed, consisting of seven members, for one year; namely, Henry Stanton, captain; Abram Stoothoff, John Doughty, jun.; Thos. Havens, J. Van Cott, and Martin Woodward.

The meeting just alluded to seems to have had official standing, as a regular meeting of freeholders; for they voted to raise a hundred and fifty pounds to purchase a fire engine—which vote was duly carried out.

This engine, if it were only now in existence, entire, would be almost as great a curiosity as anything in Barnum's Museum—especially to our fire laddies. It was manufactured in New York (up to this time fire engines had been imported from England), by Jacob Boome; and was one of the first, if not the first, made in the United States.

The above engine stood about three feet in height, was eight feet in length, three in width, and two and a half in depth. It was what is termed a long-stroke engine, and worked easy, throwing a stream 60 feet, through a pipe of three-quarter inch nozzle, of six feet length. Neither hose nor suctions were used,

the supply of water being furnished in buckets, by hand, poured into the box. The box held 180 gallons. The arms were placed fore and aft. Eight men were sufficient to man this machine, which, like the venerable simile of the singed cat, was a good deal better than it looked.

With the above described engine, and the names as before given, commenced, or rather was resumed, the formal outset of the Brooklyn Fire Department, under the name of "Washington Company No. 1," which is the same identical No. 1 that has descended to the present day (Prospect street), by being continued and passed along—few of the members of the present company, we dare say, having a correct idea of the antiquity and respectability of their beginning so far back as 1785. We have to add that the original house was located in Front street, near Fulton. It is now in Prospect street, near Main.

Nor must we forget to record that for many years there was dignity and prestige about the position of fireman that made a membership in the company carefully scanned, and duly weighed, before it was bestowed. Membership was an elective office. The firemen were chosen annually in town meeting; and the choice was considered something to be proud of.[1]

At the town meeting in 1788, the number of firemen was increased to eleven, and the following were elected members: Stephen Baldwin, Captain; Benj. Baldwin, Silas Betts, Thomas Havens, Joseph Stevens, Gilbert Van Mater, John Doughty, Jr., and John Van Cott. These members continued with little or no variation for the three succeeding years.

[In] 1794, it was resolved, in town meeting, to purchase a new engine, and a hundred and ninety pounds were voted for that purpose. With this, a much improved engine was procured, made in New York by Hardenbrook. The same year, the offices of clerk and treasurer of the Fire Department were instituted, and John Hicks unanimously chosen to perform the duties of both.

In 1795, the number of firemen was increased to thirty. By law each dwelling-house in Brooklyn was required to be provided with two fire-buckets, at the expense of the householders, and kept always ready for use, under a penalty.

Soon after this the villagers resolved to procure a fire-bell. Fifty pounds was raised for that purpose, and the bell, being

[1] *Cf.* "Leaves of Grass," 1855, p. 46; 1917, I, p. 91.

bought and brought over to Brooklyn, was raised on top of a stone house belonging to Jacob Remsen, at the corner of what is now Fulton and Front streets, (now Long Island Insurance Company's premises). Here, the bell being placed, Mr. Remsen agreed to see that it was duly rung on occasion of fires, and for his liberality, he was elected a member of the Fire Department, without being expected to do any other service.

We should like to trace out the present location of this bell; for we have a strong suspicion that it is yet in existence here in Brooklyn. When the old stone house was torn down, (about the year 1818), the bell was removed to Middagh, near Henry street; and then afterwards to the building called the "Eastern Market" in Sands street, between Bridge and Gold—which building was afterwards converted into a church, and the bell used for that. Who is there that can give us any reliable information of this first old fire-bell used to alarm the villagers of Brooklyn?

All this while, by virtue of the statute passed by the Legislature in 1788, although a Brooklyn fireman received no pay, yet not only his position as we have intimated was considered a most honorable one, but he was exempted from "serving on the highways," (mending and repairing the roads,) and from jury and inquest duty, and also from militia duty, except, as now, in case of invasion or other imminent danger.

In 1793, there were about seventy-five buildings within the fire-district of Brooklyn. These were, the majority of them, so near the Old Ferry, that water was relied upon to be obtained from the river.

We are unable to give minute details of the continuation of the growth of the Department in our town. We will transcribe, however, an account of one of the largest fires[1] that occurred in Brooklyn in the earliest part of the present century—probably the largest and most destructive that ever occurred here up to its date, or during a number of years afterward. It occurred on the 16th of November, 1806. We are indebted to the only paper published in Brooklyn at the time, the *Long Island Intelligencer* (a weekly paper before described in this series)[2] for a brief account of the cause of the fire, and the destruction caused by it. Then, just the same as now, incendiarism was rife. For the origin of the fire is given as follows:

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 154–156.

[2] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 246.

The most uncommon hardihood and depravity was exhibited by two boys, named Wm. Cornwell and Martin Hill (neither of them exceeding the age of fifteen), who wilfully and deliberately caused the conflagration. The candle went out three times before they accomplished their diabolical intent, and was as often renewed. During the fire they robbed an adjoining store of a considerable sum of money; and intended, when the wind answered their purpose, to set fire to a large barn, the property of Mr. Abiel Titus. They are committed for trial at the April session.

The amount of loss incurred by this fire is not stated in money but it must have been considerable, according to the following list destroyed:

Two stables, a granary and several outhouses belonging to Mr. Suydam, who also lost a horse and a quantity of grain, salt and hay.

One large house (in which several families resided, who nearly lost their all) belonging to the estate of J. Van Nostrand, deceased.

One house belonging to Mr. Foster.

One house belonging to J. Garrison, Esq., torn down to prevent the extension of the flames.

One barn and out-house, the property of Mr. G. Hicks.

One stable belonging to B. Cornwell.

One barn belonging to Mrs. Carpenter.

One barn and soap works, the property of Mr. Burdett Stryker, much damaged.

This excessive fire (for those days) caused of course a good deal of excitement and dissatisfaction with the existing condition of the fire apparatus.—For although the organization of the Department is alluded to as taking place more than thirty years previously, the reader must not imagine anything like the systematic provisions made now-a-days for extinguishing fires. In those times they had only the two fire-engines before mentioned. But the main reliance consisted simply in buckets, passed along a string of people, from hand to hand! Perhaps in addition, they had a few axes and a couple of ladders. Of course, this will seem almost ridiculous to our modern Brooklyn fire laddies, with their costly and beautiful machines. But the just-mentioned fire aroused the villagers of Brooklyn to procure another engine and additional safeguards. The *Intelligencer* of a week or two after has the following local paragraph of proceedings at a meeting called:

Messrs. B. Birdsall, J. Doughty, J. Patchen, W. Clark and B. Clark, were appointed a committee to inquire into the probable cost of a large fire engine and bell, and such implements as they may conceive to be useful for the purpose of extinguishing fires in the village of Brooklyn, and to report thereon to a meeting of the inhabitants to be called by them for that purpose.

This engine, according to all accounts, was duly procured, and was the third fire-engine owned and possessed by the good people of Brooklyn. We may as well add that we notice in the proceedings at the meeting after the fire (as reported in the *Intelligencer*) a resolution of thanks to the firemen of New York, who came over and rendered valuable assistance in subduing the Brooklyn conflagration.

We may have more to say of the history of the Brooklyn Fire Department, bringing it down to the present day, in another number.

No. 15

THE Apprentices' Library.—Its origin—corner stone laid in 1825, by Lafayette.—The Day and the Scene—the Public Ceremonies—the Veterans.—Lafayette assisting the children.—Unearthing of the Corner Stone, and the old documents.—Brooklyn Officials of former Days.—Pastors of Churches, etc.—The old Corner Stone relaid in the present Armory, and the Documents deposited again. —The hands of Lafayette have consecrated this edifice.

THE premises at the corner of Henry and Cranberry streets, now the City Armory Building, resounding these times to the clash of arms, and the nightly orders of the drill-officers, are probably more rich with historical interest than the hundreds of young men who congregate there to learn soldiering have any idea of. This was the spot occupied, until 1858, by the three-story edifice known as the Apprentices' Library. Clustering around the last-named establishment, and forming part of its authentic records, are so many points of importance in the past of Brooklyn that we have determined to make it the subject of one of our papers.

The Apprentices' Library Building was for many years the Municipal Hall of Brooklyn. It was here the City Fathers met, and transacted the business of the public. Here, too, was the Post Office of Brooklyn. The County Clerk's apartments were in the same edifice, and in the upper story the Judges of several Courts from time to time held their sessions. The reason of its being called the Apprentices' Library was that a few benevolent gentlemen, some forty years since, had combined together to establish a Free Library for youths and mechanics; and the enterprize led to their contributing money to put up the edifice which afterwards went by that name. It was intended, (so we have been informed by old citizens) that the whole building, when completed, should gradually be devoted to purposes akin with that of the free library, such as educational improvement, lectures, studies appropriate for mechanics, &c. But this was never carried out, for some reason or another; probably because it was found that the building turned out to be a very handsome pecuniary investment, and returned to its owners, eventually, almost cent. per cent. from its increased value and central position.

The corner stone of the building was laid in 1825. The writer of these sketches, who was at that time a lad in his seventh year, remembers the occasion perfectly well, having been present at it. It was on the 4th of July. The famous Lafayette[1] was then on his last visit to America—the fourth, we believe. It was a historical event, that last visit, full of solemnity, as most of the old soldiers were dead. A few old veterans still remained, and gathered around Lafayette, here in Brooklyn and New York, at this last visit. Well do we, casting our mind back as we write, remember the scene, now more than thirty-five years ago—the group of bent, thin-faced, white-haired, old-fashioned fellows that were drawn together here in Brooklyn, on that occasion, and who met Lafayette when he came over the ferry. It was early in the forenoon. The weather was very fine. All the school and Sunday school children of Brooklyn were congregated at the lower end of Fulton street, and marshalled into two lines, facing inward, with a wide space between them. Lafayette landed from the boat, in an old-fashioned yellow coach, and passed through these lines of little children, (of which the present writer was one).

All the principal persons and officers of Brooklyn of course,

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. xxv notes 7, 9.

with Joshua Sands, the President of the Board of Trustees, had gathered at Fulton, then better known as Old, Ferry—the Revolutionary veterans, if we remember right, being entertained in the meantime at Coe. S. Downing's inn, then a well-known public-house on the east side of the street, between Front street and the ferry.

Lafayette, with his hat off, rode slowly through the lines of children and the crowd that was gathered on the walks, and that looked at him and cheered him, from the houses, all the way up. After he had passed along ahead, to where Market street now is, the carriage stopt, and the children, officers, citizens, &c., formed behind in procession, and followed him up to the corner of Henry and Cranberry streets, where the operation of laying the corner stone was to be performed by Lafayette himself; he, having been invited, obligingly consented to execute the work. When arrived there, he alighted from his carriage, and, in the centre of a group of veterans and some of the functionaries of Brooklyn, he awaited the arrival, and getting in order, of the children and the rest of the procession. The excavation, &c., for the foundation walls and basement of the proposed building was quite rough, and there were heaps of stone and earth around, as was to be expected in such cases. Everything was more informal than it would be now, and as the children arrived, there was a little delay in getting them into safe and eligible places—whereupon many of the citizens volunteered to lift the smaller fry down the banks of the cellar, and place them on safe positions, &c., so that they might have a fair share in the view and hearing of the exercises. As most of the group around Lafayette were assisting in this work, the old companion of Washington, while waiting the signal to begin, pleasantly took it into his head to aid the same work himself, as he was in a place where there were a number of lads and lassies, waiting their turn to be lifted down. As good luck would have it, the writer of this series was one of those whom Lafayette took in his arms, and lifted down to be provided with a standing place; and proud enough as he was of it at the time, it may well be imagined with what feelings the venerable gentleman recollects it now.

There was quite an amount of speechifying, and, we suppose interchange of compliments of the usual nature; after which they took Lafayette riding out on the heights and round the city. This was the last time Lafayette ever saw these shores—

being, we believe, his fourth visit.[1] Twice he came during the Revolutionary war, once a few years after the close of the war, and the establishment of independence. Of course, we repeat, it is one of the dearest of the boyish memories of the writer that he not only saw, but was touched by the hands, and taken a moment to the breast of the immortal old Frenchman.

The corner-stone then and there laid was a slab about thirty inches long, eighteen broad, and eight inches thick, enclosing and covering a small cavity or chest formed of brick, stone and mortar, in which were deposited various local memoranda and items that the child, in his seventh year, after seeing them thus deposited in '25, was singularly permitted to behold again when a man in his fortieth year: for in '58 the old Apprentices Library was taken down to make room for the present City Armory and the relics and current memoranda of the period of the first building, and of the visit of Lafayette, were unearthed again, and, after lying so long in darkness, once more, for a brief period, revisited the glimpses of the moon.

It will be well worth while to make a few minutes of these documents, which may perhaps one day become a precious record for antiquarians. There was a village Manual and Directory among the relics (printed at the office of Alden Spooner) from which we glean the names of the following officers, chosen at the just preceding election in May, 1825:

President of the Board of Trustees—Joshua Sands.

Trustees—John Doughty, John Moser, David Anderson, Joseph Sprague.

Assessors—Wm. A. Sale, Jeremiah Mills, Benjamin Meeker.

Clerk to Board—John Dikeman.

State Commissioner—J. D. Conklin.

Health Physician—J. G. T. Hunt.

Weighers—G. P. Pease, John Titus, Andrew Tombs, R. W. Doughty.

Measurer—Henry Van Brunt.

Measurer of Lime—W. A. Sale.

The above officers were not elected, but appointed by the Board of Trustees.

We now come to the Fire Department of thirty-six years ago, in Brooklyn, as recorded in these relics:

Chief Engineer—John Doughty.

[1] Whitman is right; Lafayette came to America in 1777, in 1779, in 1784, and in 1824–25.

Vice President of Incorporated Firemen—Joshua Sutton.
Secretary—Richard Cornell.
Collector—Michael Trappel.

The names of a number of other officers at the time are also given, among which are the following, civil, military, naval, &c.:
Post Master of Brooklyn—Thomas Kirk.
Commander at the Navy Yard—Commodore Chauncey.
President L. I. Bank—Leffert Lefferts.
Cashier of the same—Daniel Embury.

The militia seems to have consisted of but one regiment, the 64th Infantry, of Kings County, with the following officers:
Colonel—Robert Nichols, of Brooklyn.
Lt. Col.—John Lott, Jr., of Flatlands.
Major—Wm. R. Dean, of Brooklyn.
Adjutant—James W. Smith, Brooklyn.
Quarter Master—Barnet Johnson, Wallabout.
Paymaster—Samuel Garrison, Gravesend.
Surgeon—Cornelius Dubois, New Utrecht.
Surgeon's Mate—Adrian Vanderveer, Flatbush.
Serjeant Major—Wm. Jenkins.

Among those connected with the local institutions are the following head men:
Pres't Brooklyn Fire Insurance Co.—Wm. Furman.
Secretary—Freeman Hopkins.
Pres't Medical Society—Joseph G. T. Hunt.
Pres't Bible Society—Joshua Sands.
Pres't Brooklyn Gas Light Co.—Fanning C. Tucker.

Among the church statistics we find the following:
Pastor Ref. Dutch Church—Rev. Selah Woodhull.
Rector St. Ann's—Rev. H. U. Onderdonk.
Sands St. Methodist—Rev. Thomas Burch.
First Presbyterian—Rev. Joseph Sandford. (This is the same church and premises, now occupied by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Society.)
Jay St. R. C. Church—Rev. John Farnham.
African M. E. Church—Rev. William Quinn.

We dare say that in looking over these names, our few remaining elder citizens will have their memories carried back very

easily to those times, and will without difficulty call up the personal appearance and manners of many of the above mentioned ministers and official functionaries. We can almost see some of them as we write. Old Josey Moser, for instance, dressed in drab clothes, goes along with his peculiar gait, round-shouldered, clean-shaved, or sits in his place in the Methodist church, from which he is never absent of a Sunday, rain or shine.

The old Apprentices Library being torn down to make room for the present Armory (which we suppose will in its day in the future have to fall to make room for something else,) the stone which capped and held safe the above relics was carefully preserved, and in 1858, when the Armory foundation was laid, it was duly put in its new corner, and now forms a part of the existing building. It is a valuable memento, and our citizens should be more generally aware of its history, as identified with the foregoing narrative. That stone has been touched by the almost sacred hands of Lafayette,[1] and is therefore hallowed by associations that, as time rolls on, will every year become more and more precious.

Of the above mentioned records and memoranda in the old cavity, and in a glass bottle inclosed in it, we believe they were all of them in sufficient preservation to be added to the deposits in the cavity under the corner stone of the present Armory building.

No. 16

Brooklyn City Hospital in Raymond Street.—First Hospital Building in Hudson Avenue.—Princely Liberality of Augustus Graham.—Corner Stone laid 1851.—Another Wing Added 1855.—Description of the Edifice.—Cases, &c., During the year 1861.

The picture above represented puts before the eyes of the reader the local habitation of one of the most useful and humane of all the institutions of our city, namely the Hospital in Raymond street. This establishment receives within its benevolent walls about thirteen hundred persons in the course of a year, and though it preserves the character, in the main, of a pay hospital, it has also the character, in proper cases, of a free institution,

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 77.

as far as possible. We understand that the embarrassments in the way of making it entirely free are such that the existing plan has been found necessary, for many important reasons.

The first attempt at a regular public hospital, within the limits of Brooklyn, was about the year 1844. Many of our readers will remember the building [at] that time used for the purpose. It was a large old mansion, appropriately of a light yellow color, in Hudson avenue, (then Jackson street), and had been the residence of Clarence D. Sackett, Esq. It was situated on elevated ground, a little back from the street, and was surrounded by a roomy garden. This was used for two or three years, (1844, '5 &c.).

It is to be mentioned, however, that on the breaking out of cholera, or any violent epidemic, at intervals, for a great many years previous, temporary hospitals were always provided. The last of this kind was during the cholera season of some thirteen years ago, and was in a large frame building adjacent to the northwest corner of Lafayette and Raymond streets.

But it was soon found that the ordinary house accomodations in Hudson avenue were going to be altogether insufficient for what was required; and an attempt was made to do something worthy of the city. Gatherings were called in the churches, and subscriptions sought in every direction. But Brooklyn had not the wealth and public spirit it has now; and the subscriptions were very slack. To urge on matters Augustus Graham, continuing the princely liberality that has made his name venerated in so many directions among us, engaged to give for a new Hospital the sum of $30,000, on condition that a like sum should be raised among other parties. In the meantime a charter of incorporation had been obtained (1845) from the Legislature.

As there appeared, after trial, very little prospect of obtaining from the public the outside $30,000, as required by Mr. Graham, the Directors and a few warm friends of the project put their hands in their own pockets and raised a great part of the needed sum. Mr. Graham also revoked the conditions. Upon that the work was considered secure.

Grounds being purchased, (those at present occupied), west of Washington Park, and a plan having been settled on, the cornerstone of the Brooklyn City Hospital was laid in the summer of 1851, and the edifice sufficiently advanced for occupancy and use in the following April, when it was formally opened. Only

one wing was completed; the other was left to be built when wanted.

Since then the remaining wing has been added, (in 1855), and many other improvements made. The building now presents, from its elevated and beautiful site, a noble appearance, on Raymond street, a little north of De Kalb Avenue.[1]

Those who have had to do with the establishment of this Hospital may well be satisfied with its present (1862) state of completeness. The entire structure consists of a main or central building, with extensions on the north and south side and presents a front of two hundred feet in length, by fifty-five feet in depth, and is capable of accommodating three hundred patients. The position of the Hospital is one of the finest, and best adapted to the purpose for which it was erected, that could probably be selected. The court-yard is of ample dimensions, and is laid out in walks and ornamented with trees and shrubbery, while the whole is surrounded with an iron railing. In the rear is Washington Park.

The first floor of the main building contains the Trustees' room, office, dining-room and store room, the latter provided with every requisite, and everything arranged and kept in a neat and systematic manner. The second floor contains two rooms for the Superintendent's family, one room for the house surgeon, one ward Dispensary, &c. On the third floor are three private rooms for lady and gentleman patients, with another apartment for the house Physician. The fourth floor contains two wards. In the rear of the central building is the kitchen, divided from the other portion of the house by a wide entry. It contains two ranges, and is neat and tidy in appearance, notwithstanding the cooking for the whole establishment is done here.

The north wing is divided off into wards, both medical and surgical. The extreme northern part is allotted to colored persons.

The south wing is four stories in height. The first floor is divided off into four wards each, about 35 feet square, with a ceiling 14 feet in the clear. These are intended for private patients. At the extreme end is a large corridor, provided with bath rooms, &c. A hall 9 feet wide divides the wards from an apartment in the rear, which is fitted up for a laundry and is heated by two large furnaces. The other floors are similarly

[1]This is still the site of the Brooklyn Hospital.

divided, and the whole is capable of accommodating about 200 patients.

The entire building is heated by means of hot-air furnaces, is well ventilated, and every apartment is kept scrupulously neat and clean.

The whole of the establishment remains under charge of Dr. Nichols, well known for some years past as the Superintendant. We take this opportunity of acknowledging the genuine courtesy of Dr. Nichols toward us, and cheerfully showing us around the wards, &c., during our visits in time past.[1]

It may be as well to mention, in this place, that no case of small-pox, or other infectuous diseases, are received at this Hospital—there being special provision made for them by the county authorities, at Flatbush.

As our readers will no doubt be pleased to hear the exact statistics of the Brooklyn City Hospital, we subjoin them for the year lately closed, 1861:

Whole number who have received the benefits of the Hospital for the year		1256
Of whom were cured	672	
Relieved	220	
Discharged at their own request	50	
Disorderly or eloped	120	
Died	70	
Remaining 1st of January, 1862	124	
		1256
The number who paid in whole or in part is	1038	
Wholly charity	218	
		1256
There were males	1177	
Females	70	
		1256[2]

Of the 70 deaths, 37 were Coroner's cases from accidents, leaving the actual number from disease, &c., 33.

Out of those who paid on entering, 26 became charity and remained such on an average 57 days each.

Of the charity patients, 173 were accidents sent by the city. The average time of each accident was 57 days, making for those sent by the city to [a total of] 1409 weeks, which at $3 per week is $4,227.

[1] Whitman's interest in hospitals, prisons, asylums, etc., thus clearly antedates his connection with the army hospitals in Washington.

[2] This bad arithmetic is probably to be charged to the hospital records or to the typesetter.

The whole number of rations issued during the year is 59,591. The nativity is as follows:

United States	520	Prussia	5
Ireland	344	Austria	4
England and Scotland	145	Italy	3
Germany	87	China	3
Sweden & Norway	80	Finland	2
France & Spain	33	Mexico	1
Denmark & Portugal	22		
Indies, East & West	6		1256[1]

No. 17

Our City 25 years ahead.—The same 25 years ago.—Fulton street near the old ferry.—Sands st. Methodist Church.—Well known stores, &c.—The old Log Cabin.—Well known old Settlers and Families—a running list of their names.—A reflection.

THE child is already born, and is now living, stout and hearty, who will see Brooklyn numbering one million inhabitants![2] Its situation for grandeur, beauty and salubrity is unsurpassed probably on the whole surface of the globe; and its destiny is to be among the most famed and choice of the half dozen of the leading cities of the world. And all this, doubtless, before the close of the present century.

And while we thus give a prospective glance twenty-five or thirty years ahead, to a period which will "take care of itself," we will occupy this paper of our series with a retrospective glance at certain matters, little or large, (as the reader may choose to consider them,) which involve the condition of Brooklyn twenty-five and thirty years ago. Our city grows so fast that there is some danger of the events and incidents of more than ten years gone being totally forgotten. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, who would have expected such a mighty increase as has already come upon us—with the prospect, nay, the certainty of the million population just alluded to?

Around the ferries, thirty years ago, the scene presented was of course a very different one, from now. There were only three, the Old Ferry, (the present Fulton,) the New Ferry, (at

[1] *Cf. infra* p 291 note 2.

[2] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 263, II, p. 252. The census of 1920 gives 2,018,356 inhabitants.

the foot of Main street,) and the remaining one at the foot of Jackson street, (now Hudson avenue.)[1]

Fulton street below Henry street was considerably narrower than it is now. It was widened to its present size somewhere about the year 1835. Previous to that period, it presented much the appearance of a bustling country town—and partially "alive," most of the time, with market and fish wagons, and their proprietors, come in from miles up the island, with their produce, intended for the New York or Brooklyn markets. But we must reserve a more particular description of this lower and important portion of our city, at that time clustering around the Old Ferry, for another article of our series.

Ascending to Sands street, the upper corner on Fulton was occupied for ever so many years by a venerable and stately drug-store, the principal one in the village. Where the present roomy and handsome, though plain, brick church for the Methodists stands, was then a wooden church,—the most crowded place of worship in the place, and the scene of Rev. John N. Maffit's greatest triumphs and excitements. The Washington street church was not built then. The wooden church in Sands street was, as we have said, very crowded, every Sunday—and indeed almost every night during the week. That was the time of "Revivals." A third of the young men in Brooklyn, particularly the mechanics and apprentices, and young women of the same class in life, (and O, what pretty girls some of them were!) "experienced religion," as it is still called. In many cases it was no doubt a reality; but in many, alas! it was an ebullition of the moment; and as such soon became "backsliders." The hearty old Methodist tunes that are now sung so generally had then "just come out," and they were given with enormous fervor. The galleries of the church were often sprinkled with the mischievous ones who came to ridicule and make sport; but even here the arrows of prayer and pleading sometimes took effect. Many who came to scoff were irresistibly drawn up to the altar, and spent the night in tears and mental wrestling. How many of our readers will recollect that old wooden church? How many will remember being present in it, and witnessing the scenes above described?

Just on the turn of the west side of Fulton street, thirty years since, was the most frequented drug-store in Brooklyn, kept by Mr. Vanderhoef. Dr. Ball, (father of the late Police Phy-

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 168–171.

sician,) had his office there; and Dr. Wendell, too, we believe. Those two were the court physicians then; more omnipotent than eastern Pachas. Can any body who reads this call to mind of having a tooth drawn, or any surgical operation performed, in Vanderhoef's back room? It makes the writer shudder, even now, to think of the diabolical array of cold steel that room presented! Over the way was one of the few dry goods stores in the place, kept by Mr. C. E. Bill.

On the lower corner of Cranberry street and Fulton was Terence Riley's grocery—a famous resort for the buyers of butter and sugar by the pound, and potatoes by the small measure. On the opposite side above, third door below Nassau street, stood one of the oldest buildings in the country. The tradition was that it had been occupied by General Putnam, before the battle of Long Island. (But then every old house has some tradition.)[1] Samuel E. Clements[2] occupied it as the post office, and as the printing establishment of the *Long Island Patriot*,[3] the Democratic organ. On the second floor, old Mr. Hartshorne had a little stationery store, and a case where he set up types for the *Patriot*. Mr. Hartshorne died in December, 1859, at a very advanced age. He was every way a remarkable man, and a credit to the craft. We have spoken of him in a previous number of this series.[4]

On the upper corner of Orange and Fulton was a comfortable but old fashioned wooden dwelling, occupied by a well-known Brooklynite, Losee Van Nostrand. From that, up to where the Presbyterian church at the commencement of Clinton street now is, the grounds were open, and shaded in front by magnificent elm trees. James B. Clarke had an ample house and grounds where Pineapple now cuts in. On the opposite side, between Oakes and Parson's cabinet store and the corner of Concord street, was a large wooden building, erected for a Theatre and Circus.[5] Plays and equestrian performances of a second-rate character were given there at intervals for about a year, but then discontinued. The building was then altered into dwellings—and subsequently into stores also. All were swept away by the great fire of '48.

But we must not forget the old one-story house on the east

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 93–97. [2] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 3–4, 248. [3] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 2–4, 248–249.

[4] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 245–249. Doubtless Whitman also had his old printing master in mind when he wrote the line ("Song of Myself," Section 15, "Leaves of Grass," 1917, I, p. 49): "The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case."

[5] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 254–255.

upper corner of Nassau street, with the tough mulberry trees in front. That was a quaint old house indeed. What boy of those days but remembers the pleasant-faced and lady-like females, and the air of domestic comfort and hospitality that marked that old house? Then the mulberrys, which the good natured occupants allowed all the idle children to get; and in the getting, how many brickbats and stones fell in dangerous proximity to passengers' heads.

On the upper corner of Cranberry and Fulton, was an ancient edifice occupied as a grocery store by Mr. Conover, and Mr. Barkaloo. That was where Hall's buildings stood before the fire of '48. Mrs. Hayes, over the way, kept a confectionary shop, first at the second door below Nassau street. She died not long since, at an advanced age.

The old Log Cabin, famous in the days of '40, was the fourth door above Orange street, on the west side of Fulton.

Thirty years! what changes have indeed come over Brooklyn in that time! How comparatively few who were then active and ambitious here, still remain among us. Many have died and many have moved away. The population of Brooklyn was then but eighteen or twenty thousand. Now it is more than twelve times that number.

Then the old and well-known citizens of Brooklyn—let us see if we can't call up the names of some of those old "stand by's"—though we dare say we shall forget many. Not many are now living. Hardly a place in the United States, not even the oldest and most "moral" settlements of New England, can boast a better list of these citizens of integrity and general worth. We have mentioned the names of many of these, in a former paper of our series,[1] but it will do no harm to go over it again, and increase the list. We have to specify Gen. Johnson, Rev. E. M. Johnson, Joseph Sprague, Alden Spooner, Judge Murphy, Henry Waring, Lossee Van Nostrand, Dr. Wendell, Messrs. Adrian Hegeman, Gabriel Furman, Joseph Moser, and Mr. Browne, Mr. S. Carman, (the watch-maker,) Mr. Pelletrau, Edward (Mayor) Copeland, Messrs. John Dikeman, Wm. M. Udall, Conklin Brush, (Mayor,) James Walters, Samuel Smith, (Mayor,) Mr. Eastabrook, Joshua Rogers, R. V. W. Thorne, Samuel Fleet, ex-Mayors Smith and Hall, (not then ex-Mayors, however,) D. Coope, Colonel Manning, Gen. Underhill, and J. W. Lawrence. Then there were the Garrisons, Bergens, Doughtys,

[1] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 264.

Barbarins, Sandses, Sacketts, Polhemuses, Rushmores, Engles, Cornells, Merceins, Stantons, Suydams, Baches, Tredwells, Carters, Hickses, Schencks, Schoonmakers, Smiths, Storys, Degraws, Willoughbys, Princes, Romaines, Grahams, Packers, Bartows, Howlands, Lows, Arculariuses, Van Brunts, Lotts, Martenses, Wyckoffs, Conselyeas, Vanderbilts, Jacksons, Debevoises, Coleses, Thornes, Nichollses, Cortelyous, and so forth. Children or descendants of these [are] still flourishing among us. Mr. Thomas Kirk, Fanning C. Tucker, Jonathan Trotter, (Mayor,) Ralph Malbone, Samuel Boughton, D. Anderson, and Mr. Birch, (the former editor,) are additional names recalled to us in the hurry of writing.

Who remembers old Mr. Langdon and his wheeled chair, which he used to sit on in front of the Franklin house, (at the ferry) guarding his gouty foot from harm? Who of our readers will recollect "the last of the Leather-breeches," old Mr. Patchen? or those other respectable citizens, Zachariah Lewis, Abm. Vanderveer, Mr. Moon, the lumber dealer, Mr. Hadden, Coe. S. Downing, Jas. B. Clarke, Tunis Joralemon, H. E. Pierrepont, Mr. Phillips, (the baker,) old Mr. Worthington, (the Postmaster,[1]) Dr. Hunt, and Leffert Lefferts?

We have thus run over, at random, some of the reminiscences of persons, localities and events in the Brooklyn of twenty-five or thirty years ago.

Ah, if these occurrences, and the foregoing names are perused by any of the remaining old folks, their contemporaries, we (then a boy of twelve years,) have jotted down, above, they will surely have some curious, perhaps melancholy reflections.

No. 18

The New Court House.—Reminiscences of the neighborhood.—The farms, orchards, &c.—Land speculations.—Parmentier's garden.—The Hessian Hospital.—Military and other public gardens of old times.—A political meeting of 40 years ago.—Local magnates formerly.

We will devote this paper of our series to some incidents connected with the locality of our New County Court House and

[1]If this be the same Worthington as that mentioned on p. 86(II), then in the summer of 1832 Whitman worked for the postmaster, a fact hitherto unknown; but possibly Worthington, like Clements, was both postmaster and newspaper proprietor. I have been unable to discover that any city directories were published in the years 1827–1835; but Spooner's *Directory* for 1826 gives "Worthington, Erastus, jun., printer."

Supervisors' Building, opposite the City Hall, on the site occupied and known during the earlier sixty years of this century as the Military Gardens.

We ought to premise that the region surrounding our City Hall, and this new building being put up for the Courts of the County, Supervisors, &c., is not only of deep interest to the inhabitants of Brooklyn, from its political connexions, but from hundreds of old local historical associations.

The line of Fulton street up to this point, and so on to the junction of Fulton and Flatbush avenues is the original road, pretty much the same now as it has been from the settlement of Brooklyn over two hundred years ago.

The neighborhood of our City Hall was, even in old times, a sort of central spot, where the people of Brooklyn, and the county, met to transact business, or, on the Sabbath, for religious worship.

The original old Brooklyn Church, under the Dutch Settlement,[1] was in this section, on Fulton avenue, right in the middle of the road, near where Duffield st. now comes out. Here, for two or three ages, the settlers of Brooklyn and of Flatlands, Flatbush, and New Utrecht, as well as from the Old Ferry, and from the Wallabout, came on Sunday, to listen to sermons in Dutch. It is the same society, passed on by regular succession, that now worships in the Church in Joralemon st., adjoining Court.

There are plenty of people now living in Brooklyn who remember all this part of the city, as it was laid out in farms, orchards, gardens, &c. It used to help to supply the New York market with garden vegetables, just as Flatbush and the other outer towns do now.

Here too, and branching off from here, have been the localities of some of the biggest land speculations ever known in our city.[2] Just above here, at the spot long known as Parmentier's Garden, during the great speculation times of 1833, some shrewd fellows gave $57,000 for a small tract of ground, and immediately cut it up into "lots," and sold it off for nearly $100,000. It is probable it would not bring much more than that sum at this day. Brooklyn, however, has been full of similar speculations.

Among other points of interest in the neighborhood we are speaking of was an ancient two-story house, painted yellow

[1] *Cf. infra*, II, pp. 4, 257–260, 262, 264.

[2] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 175; *post*, 310.

in modern times, that stood on the west side of Fulton street, nearly opposite the point now occupied by the Central Bank. This old house was of a date coeval with the Revolutionary war, and was principally noted as having been occupied, during many years of the war, by the British troops as a hospital. It went by the name of the "Hessian Hospital," within the recollection of the writer. It was on the site now occupied by the handsome stores just below the Mechanics' Bank.

But we promised to say something about the premises now being substantially built upon for the new Court House. The original Military Garden was not the large edifice as our citizens have seen it, but the smaller building on the part of the premises to the west. This, we believe, was the identical framework of the edifice occupied there early in the present century, by an eccentric old landlord called Col. Greene, who had fought in the Revolution.

But old Col. Greene passed away, and other landlords, one after another, succeeded him. The large edifice, the eastern part of [the] Military Garden, was put up about 1826 or '7, by Mr. Duflon, a Swiss, who had come to Brooklyn and hired the premises on a long lease for a public house. The upper part of the new edifice, which was convenient and roomy, was used as a Masonic Lodge, for Masonry in those days occupied the same place in the public favor that Odd Fellowship and kindred institutions have since. The premises still continued to be used for political purposes and for balls, public dinners, and had quite an handsome garden attached, with little summer houses.

These gardens, let us here remark, were a conspicuous feature in Brooklyn during the earlier part of the present century. Besides the one we are mentioning, there were some four or five others, all well known and well patronised, many of the visitors coming from New York, especially on holidays and Sundays. There was Brower's Garden, between what are now Pierrepont and Montague streets; part of its handsome trees and shrubbery remained until the spring of a year ago, but it is now all obliterated and covered with stores. However, Brooklyn had such a rural character that it was almost one huge farm and garden in comparison with its present appearance.

Off the west of the places we have alluded to, and adjacent to them, stretched the valuable properties in which, though unthought of at the time, lay treasures of speculation (as they have

proved since) richer than a California gold mine. We allude to the Pierrepont estate and to the Joralemon and Remsen farms. Those stretched away down to the river, from the upper part of Fulton street. In those days sales out of this property were made by the acre, and forty years ago, goodly portions of this valuable region might have been purchased at the rate of fifty dollars an acre! When we contrast this with the present price of from three to ten thousand dollars a city lot, it gives one some idea of Brooklyn progress.

The same premises in the neighborhood of our City Hall, and indeed the very ones where the Court House is going up, were used, in old times, for the political conventions, and town meetings of the people of Brooklyn, and for the general meetings of the County.

We will, in imagination, resume one of these old county meetings of 40 years ago. On the very ground of this Court House there would be a general gathering of villagers. One man, for instance, would be present whom everybody seemed to know, and to be friendly with. He was a man of good medium stature and size, with an unmistakable Dutch physiognomy, rather sharp nose, florid complexion, and robust form, dressed like a well-to-do farmer, and with an air of benevolence and good sense in all he said or did. That was Gen. Jeremiah Johnson, a legitimate representative and type of the true and original Hollandic stock that laid the foundation of Brooklyn and Kings County. Then among the crowd you would see the tall stout shoulders of Joseph Sprague, with his white head; and such citizens as Losee Van Nostrand, Abraham Vanderveer, and old Alden Spooner.

Here too from the earliest times, were "the polls" for election. Somewhat different were they from the elections of our day, in many respects, especially in the number of votes given. Fifty years ago the whole of Kings county gave less than 700 votes. Still there was the same eagerness, the same party rivalry—indeed we have heard old men say that the strife was far bitterer then than in these days. When a national or State election was held, however, it was a long time, sometimes several weeks, before the result was known with certainty.

So our readers will perceive that the future political associations of our new Court House, for all its newness, will be invested with an atmosphere of as much antiquity and of the personnel of primitive old Dutch Brooklyn character,—(which

gives a good smack to the breed,) as the limited chronology of the American continent affords.

[Here is reprinted, entire, in eighteen numbers, Gabriel Furman's "Notes, Geographical and Historical, relating to the Town of Brooklyn on Long Island" (see *infra*, II, p. 222, *note*) "by request"; afterwards the original Whitman sketches are continued.]

No. 35 [1]

Domestic Life of the early settlers of Brooklyn.—Scarcity of time pieces. —The houses and their interior arrangements.

THE Dutch foundations of Brooklyn and of the towns of Kings County were laid so strongly and deeply by the first immigrants from Holland, and by the course of events during the period from 1620 to the close of the century, that they will without doubt continue to have a profound influence on the character of our region for ages and ages to come.

It will probably be better understood a long while hence that these Dutch foundations have been of equal importance with the English constituents of our national stock; although the latter, so far, are much the most talked of.

Long Island, though settled at this Western end by the Dutch aforesaid, was always an object of envy to the English. In 1635, the latter, under the protection of Lord Stirling, attempted to make a settlement a ways down on the Island, but Governor Kieft sent a force from New Amsterdam and drove them away.

Upon the English finally taking possession, there was no great change in the political status of the country here, beyond the formal wielding of power in the name of the British Monarch, instead of that of the Dutch Stadtholder. And as to any social or domestic change, it was positively unknown. And it is with reference to the latter, the social life of the colony, that we now make a few remarks.

The reader must not suppose, either, that the domestic life of the colony of New Amsterdam was concentrated mainly on Manhattan Island, as it is at present. On the contrary, there

[1] I have preserved Whitman's erroneous numbering (this should be 37), to facilitate reference to the original; but I have substituted Arabic numerals for the Roman, which began with this chapter.

were for many years considerably more actual inhabitants here in Brooklyn, Wallabout, Flatbush, New Utrecht and Bushwick than in all the rest of the colony of New York Island on the main land put together.[1] So that a sketch of the peculiarities of the early domestic life of the Dutch settlers applies emphatically to this region of ours hereabout.

Nor is it so very long ago since the domestic habits of the people and families have changed to what is now the fashion. Up to a comparatively late date, you could here and there meet with old families that, in many respects, preserved the usages, furniture, simplicity, &c., of former times.

At the very first, the houses were mostly one story huts of logs. "But as the forests became cleared away, and the colony increased, the style of living experienced a material change, and the settlers commenced to build their houses of brick and stone. For some time (we are indebted for this and the following paragraphs to Mary L. Booth's excellent "History of the City of New York,"[2]) the bricks were imported from Holland; in the administration of Stuyvesant, however, some enterprising citizens established a brick-yard on New York island; and the material became henceforth popular in the colony. The northern part of the island furnished abundance of stone. Many of the wooden houses had checker-work fronts, or rather gable ends of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, with the date of their erection inserted in iron figures, facing the street. Most of the houses, indeed, fronted the same way; the roofs were tiled or shingled, and invariably surmounted with a weather-cock. The windows were small and the doors large; the latter were divided horizontally, so that, the upper half being swung open, the burgher could lean on the lower and smoke his pipe in peaceful occupation. Not less comfortable were the social

[1] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 223.

[2] "History of the City of New York from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time," New York, 1860 (copyright, 1859), pp. 176–186. Whatever was the real reason for the reprinting of Furman's history of Brooklyn as a part of the "Brooklyniana" series, it probably prompted likewise the present rather lengthy excerpt from the Booth narrative of New York. Obviously Whitman's determination to avoid all quotations and literary allusions affected only his verse, a fact which emphasizes the distinction he made between his two forms of expression, prose and poetry.

The present quotation is made with less careful exactness than we could wish, even in a newspaper. I have supplied quotation marks and series of points to indicate with precision the limits and the hiatuses of the quotation, and have indicated in brackets all variations in spelling, diction, and capitalization. The first sentence within the quotation marks has been somewhat compressed and altered by Whitman, but the others are as given above.

'stoops,' and the low projecting eaves, beneath which the friendly neighbors congregated at twilight to smoke their long pipes and discuss the price of beaver-skins. These institutions have come down to our own time, and are still known and appreciated in the suburbs of the city.

"Every house was surrounded by a garden, varying in size according to the locality, but usually large enough to furnish accommodations for a horse, a cow, a couple of pigs, a score of barn-door fowls, a patch of cabbages, and a bed of tulips. . . .

"Carpets, too, were almost unknown in the Colony up to the period of the Revolution. Now and then a piece of drugget ostentatiously dignified by the name of carpet, and made to serve for the purpose of a crumb-cloth, was found in the houses of the wealthiest burghers, but even these were not in general use. The snow-white floor was sprinkled with fine sand, which was curiously stroked with a broom into fantastic curves and angles. This adornment pertained especially to the parlor; a room that was only used upon state occasions. The first carpet said to have been introduced into the colony was found in the house of the pirate, Kidd, this was merely a good-sized Turkey rug, worth about twenty-five dollars.

"The most ornamental piece of furniture was usually the bed, with its heavy curtains and valance of camlet and killeminster. Matresses were as yet unheard of; in their stead was used a substantial bed of live geese feathers, with a lighter one of down for a covering. These beds were the pride of the notable Dutch matrons; in these and the well-filled chests of home-made linen lay their claims to skill in housewifery.

"The beds and pillows were encased in check coverings; the sheets were of home-spun linen, and over the whole was thrown a patch-work bed-quilt, made of bits of calico cut in every conceivable shape, and tortured into the most grotesque patterns that could possibly be invented by human ingenuity.

"In a corner of the room stood a huge oaken, iron-bound chest, filled to overflowing with household linen, spun by the feminine part of the family, which they always delighted in displaying before visitors. At a later date, this gave place to the 'chest of drawers' of our grandmothers' times—huge piles of drawers, placed one upon the other, and reaching to the ceiling, with brass rings over the key-holes to serve as knobs.— The escrito[i]re, too, with its combination of writing desk, drawers and mysterious pigeon-holes, came into use about the same

time; but both of these were unknown to the genuine Knickerbockers.

". . . . Glass-ware was almost unknown; punch was drank[1] in turns by the company, from a huge bowl, and beer from a tankard of silver. Sideboards were not introduced until after the Revolution, and were exclusively of English origin.

"Sofas, couches, lounges, and that peculiarly American institution, the rocking-chair, were things unknown to our Dutch ancestors. The [Their] best chairs were of Russia leather, profusely ornamented with double and triple rows of brass nails, and so straight and high-backed as to preclude the possibility of a moment's repose. Besides these, the parlor was commonly decorated with one or two chairs with embroidered back[s] and seats, the work of the daughters of the family. . . .

[No ¶] "Mahogany had not yet come into use; nearly all the furniture was made of oak, maple or nutwood. . . . [¶] Some half-dozen clocks were to be found in the settlement, with about the same number of silver watches; but as these were scarcely ever known to go, their existence was of very little practical consequence. No watchmaker had yet found it to his interest to emigrate, and the science of horology was at a low ebb in the colony. The flight of time long continued to be marked by sun-dials and hour-glasses; indeed, it is only since the revolution [Revolution] that clocks have become to be in [come into] general use. . . .

". . . . Pictures were plentiful, if we may believe the catalogues of household furniture of the olden times; but these pictures were wretched engravings of Dutch cities and naval engagements, with family portraits at five shillings a head, which were hung at regular intervals upon the parlor walls. The window curtains were generally of flowered chintz, of inferior quality, simply run upon a string. . . .

"Stoves were never dreamed of by the worthy Knickerbockers, but in their stead they had the cheerful fireplace—sometimes in the corner, sometimes extending almost across the length of the room—with [its] huge back-logs [back-log,] and glowing fire of hickory wood. The shovel and tongs stood [,one] in each corner, keeping guard over the brass-mounted andirons which supported the blazing pile. In front was the brass fender, with its elaborate ornaments; and a curiously wrought fire-screen stood in the corner. Marble mantels had never yet been thought of, but

[1]*Sic* in Booth and in Whitman.

the chimney pieces were inlaid with parti-colored Dutch tiles, representing all sorts of scriptural and apocryphal stories. The kitchen fire-places were less pretentious, and of [an] immense size, so large that they would almost have sufficed to roast an ox whole. Over the fire swung the hooks and trammels, designed for the reception of immense iron cooking pots, long since superseded by the modern stoves and ranges. The children and negroes grouped in the spacious chimney corners, cracking nuts and telling stories by the light of the blazing pine knots, while the 'vrouws' turned the spinning-wheel, and the burghers smoked their long pipes and silently watched the wreaths of smoke as they curled above their heads. At nine they regularly said their prayers, commended themselves to the protection of the good Saint Nicholas, and went to bed to rise with the dawn.

No. 35.—*Continued.*

Scarcity of time pieces.—Tea Parties and Women's Visits.—Dress and Ornament.—Spinning Wheels.—Wealth and Intelligence of the Brooklyn Dutch.

"So REGULAR were [was] their lives that the lack of time-pieces made little difference. The model citizens rose at cock-crowing,—breakfasted with the dawn, and went about their usual avocations. When the sun reached the 'noon-mark,' dinner was on the table. This was a strictly family meal; dinner parties were unheard of, and the neighbor who should have dropped in without ceremony would have been likely to have met with an indifferent welcome. But this apparent want of sociality was amply atoned for by the numerous tea-parties. After dinner the worthy Dutch matrons would array themselves in their best lindsey-jackets [linsey-jackets] and petticoats, of their own spinning, and, putting a half-finished worsted stocking into the capacious pocket which hung down from their girdles [girdle] with their scissors, pin-cushion and keys, outside their dress, sallied [sally] forth to a neighbor's house to 'take tea.' Here they plied their knitting needles and their tongues at the same time, discussed the village gossip, settled their neighbors' affairs to their own satisfaction, and finished their stockenings in time for tea, which was on the table at six o'clock pre-

cisely. This was the occasion for the display of family plate and the Lilliputian cups of rare old china, out of which the guests sipped the fragrant bohea, sweetening it by an occasional bite from the large lump of loaf sugar, which was laid invariably by the side of each plate, while they discussed the hostess' apple-pies, doughnuts, and waffles. Tea over, the party donned their cloaks and hoods, for bonnets were not, and set out straightway for home, in order to be in time to superintend the milking and look after their household affairs before bedtime.

"As we have already said, the Dutch ladies wore no bonnets, but brushed their hair back from their foreheads and covered it with a close-fitting cap of muslin or calico; over this they wore, in the open air, hoods of silk or taffeta, elaborately quilted. Their dress consisted of a jacket of cloth or silk, and a number of short petticoats of every conceivable hue and material, quilted in fanciful figures. If the pride of the Dutch matrons lay in their beds and linen, the pride of the Dutch maidens lay equally in their elaborately wrought petticoats, which were their own handiwork, and usually constituted their only dowry. The wardrobe of a fashionable lady usually contrived [contained] from ten to twenty of these, of silk, camlet, cloth, drugget, India stuff, and a variety of other materials, all closely quilted, and usually costing from five to thirty dollars each. They wore blue, red, and green worsted stockings of their own knitting, with parti-colored clocks, together with high-heeled leather shoes. No finer material was used until after the Revolution. Considerable jewelry was in use among them in the shape of rings and brooches. Gold neck and fob chains were unknown; the few who owned watches attached them to chains of silver or steel; though girdle-chains of gold and silver were much in vogue among the most fashionable belles. These were attached to the richly bound Bibles and Hymn-books and suspended from the belt inside the dress, thus forming an ostentatious Sunday decoration. For necklaces they wore numerous strings of gold beads; the poorer classes, in humble imitation, encircled their throats with steel and glass beads, and strings of Job's tears, fruit of a plant which was famed to possess some medicinal virtues. . . .

". . . . Every household had from two to six spinning[-] wheels, for wool and flax, whereon the women of the family expended every leisure moment. Looms, too, were in common use, and piles of home-spun cloth and snow-white linen attested

the industry of the active Dutch maidens. Hoards of home-made stuffs were thus accumulated in the settlement, [sufficient] to last till a distant generation."

Such were some of the peculiarities of domestic life in the Dutch settlement here on both sides of the river during the latter years of the 17th, and the whole of the 18th century.

The houses of the inhabitants of Brooklyn, Wallabout, Bedford, Gowanus, &c., and all through the line of what is now Fulton Street and Avenue, gradually assumed better and better proportions, and about a hundred years ago were of a character which would have been creditable to an old European rural town of the first class. There was a good deal of wealth and intelligence here, and the necessities of their occupations did not prevent them from devoting a part of their time to mental, social and religious matters.

If there be any who, in looking back to the periods and persons we are sketching, feel a sort of compassion for their supposed inferior chances and lower development, we advise them to spare their benevolence, and apply it where it would be more truly needed. For the comparison of merit between the inhabitants here during the last century, or of the years previous, with the present time, and all its vaunted educational and fashionable advantages, is not a whit in favor of our own day in all the important respects that make manly and womanly excellence.

No. 36

The old railroad tunnel at South Ferry.—Picture of the train starting in former days.—East New York and Bedford.—Jamaica and its Importance.

We alluded in the last paper to the fact that though the inhabitants and wealth of Long Island were mostly concentrated in Brooklyn, there were still other sections, forming the vast remainder of the island, that were well worthy of record and of further investigation than has yet been afforded them by our local newspapers,[1] or by any of the literary class hereabouts.

The old tunnel, that used to lie there under ground, a passage

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 118–121, 174–181; II, pp. 13–15.

of Acheron-like solemnity and darkness, now all closed and filled up, and soon to be utterly forgotten, with all its reminiscences; of which, however, there will, for a few years yet be many dear ones, to not a few Brooklynites, New Yorkers, and promiscuous crowds besides. For it was here you started to go down the island, in summer. For years, it was confidently counted on that this spot, and the railroad of which it was the terminus, were going to prove the permanent seat of the business and wealth that belong to such enterprises. But its glory, after enduring in great splendor for a season, has now vanished—at least its old Long Island Railroad glory has. We were along there a few days since, and could not help stopping, and giving the reins for a few moments to an imagination of the period when the daily eastern train, with a long string of cars, filled with summer passengers, was about starting for Greenport, after touching at all the intermediate villages and depôts. We are, (our fancy will have it so,) in that train of cars, ready to start. The bell rings, and winds off with that sort of a twirl or gulp, (if you can imagine a bell gulping), which expresses the last call, and no more afterwards; then off we go. Every person attached to the road jumps on from the ground or some of the various platforms, after the train starts—which, (so imitative an animal is man) sets a fine example for greenhorns or careless people at some future time to fix themselves off with broken legs or perhaps mangled bodies. The orange women, the newsboys, and the limping young man with long-lived cakes, look in at the windows with an expression that says very plainly, "We'll run along-side, and risk all the danger, while you find the change." The smoke with a greasy smell comes drifting along, and you whisk into the tunnel.

The tunnel: dark as the grave, cold, damp, and silent. How beautiful look Earth and Heaven again, as we emerge from the gloom! It might not be unprofitable, now and then, to send us mortals—the dissatisfied ones, at least, and that's a large proportion—into some tunnel of several days journey. We'd perhaps grumble less, afterward, at God's handiwork.

Even rattling along after the steam-engine, people get a consciousness of the unrivalled beauties of Brooklyn's situation. We see the line of the Fifth avenue, and the hills of Greenwood, and the swelling slopes that rise up from the shore, Gowanusward. Also the little cove that makes in by Freek's mill, and the meadows to the south of Penny Bridge, and the green knolls

and the sedgy places below the aforesaid Fifth avenue, and toward Bergen Hill.

But all the foregoing, (except the last paragraph) is only a flight of fancy—that took us back five or more years into the midst of the past. We put it down for the benefit of future readers, (if we ever get them,) who will not be aware that such a scene was of daily occurrence there at the South Ferry before the terminus was changed and the old tunnel filled up. Now the western extremity of the Long Island route is at Hunter's Point, just beyond Greenpoint—a handsome and thriving settlement that grows apace year after year, but does not exhibit the bustling and crowded aspect that for so many years marked the depôt at South Ferry.

Still there is a horse railroad running from the latter place to East New York, where passengers proceed onward to Jamaica, and so connect with the regular Long Island route. As we have had so much to say of the old depôt of the just mentioned road, we may as well continue the theme by going down the line, and giving a brief mention of the places along it.

We will not stop any length of time at Bedford, except to tell our readers that the name it now goes by is the same name that was given it nearly a hundred years ago, by some English settlers there, and that it is one of the most ancient and charming sections of the consolidated city of Brooklyn. Some of the substantial old families of [the] city have their residences here, surrounded by ample grounds and choice shrubbery. Mr. Brevoort, the Lefferts, Mr. Betts, Mr. Redding, and others, are established here.

Proceeding to East New York, we find a flat and expanded tract, which is not only going to be a populous and wealthy settlement, but has already assumed that position. The writer of these various chronicles made the journey through this place, and down the whole length of Long Island, last autumn, and found East New York to have improved immensely from [what it was] a few seasons since. From all accounts, it affords superior inducements to families who desire to be just out of the city, and yet within an hour's reach of it.

And so on to the village of Jamaica, which is composed mostly of one long street, which is nothing else than the turnpike. It is lined closely by trees, which again have an inner lining of the same, sprinkled with shrubbery. As you enter the village you pass a pretty place some years since owned and occupied by

Hackett[1] the actor; more lately by Mr. Judd, a retired New Yorker. Then there is Gov. John A. King's residence, unseeable from the road, through the impervious trees. We saw Mr. K., just returned from an agricultural fair, somewhere east. He holds his years well.

As you walk through the streets of Jamaica, every house seems either a store or a tavern. There are two newspapers, one by Mr. Brenton,[2] otherwise "Dr. Franklin," a good soul; and the *Long Island Farmer*. Jamaica has a large, old established Academy for boys, "Union Hall," and also an Academy for Girls; the former having been in charge, in previous years, of Henry Onderdonk,[3] an accomplished man of letters, whose interesting work on the "Revolutionary Incidents of Long Island" will hold a standard place in all our complete local libraries. The infinitude of Jamaica stores and public houses allows an inference which is the truth, viz.: that farmers, travellers, marketmen, and other passengers on the turnpike through the village give it all its trade and retail business. It has no manufactories, and has not been what is called a "growing place" for many years, and probably will not be.

No. 36.—*Continued.*

The Branch and Hempstead.—The great Plains of Long Island.—Hicksville and surroundings.— Farmingdale and "the brush."—The valuable tracts thro' this region of the Island.

We now come to an extensive and most interesting section of Long Island, and one which might have more reference to Brooklyn and its inhabitants than has hitherto been supposed. It is astonishing that immense quantities of good land lie yet untilled, within two hours reach of this great city and New York. For after leaving Jamaica and Brushville, which is three miles east, we stretch out pretty soon upon "the Plains,"

[1] James H. Hackett (1800–1871), a prominent Shakespearean actor both in New York and in London; manager of Chatham Garden, the Bowery, and other theatres; author of "Notes and Comments on Shakespeare" (1863); grandfather of the present James K. Hackett. See also "Complete Prose," p. 516.

[2] See Biographical Introduction, pp. xxxii-xxxiv.

[3] Henry Onderdonck, Jr. (1804–1886), author of various books on Long Island history, such as "Documents and letters intended to illustrate the revolutionary incidents of Queens Co.," New York, 1846.

that prairie-like and comparatively profitless expanse of land. The character of the country now becomes flat, and bare of trees; the houses are far from each other, and there is an uncomfortably naked and shrubless look about them. As the locomotive whisks us along, we see to a great distance on both sides, north and south—and see, mostly, large square fields, a great portion of which is devoted to pasturage.

The "Branch," or turning off place for Hempstead, is about eighteen miles from Brooklyn. A cluster of houses has been built up here, in the midst of the wide expanse, and a tolerable degree of traffic is carried on; of course nearly all derives its life-blood from the Railroad.— Hempstead, otherwise "Clamtown," otherwise "Old Blue," is some two miles to the south; which two miles you pass over on a railway, in cars drawn by horses that the crows, as they fly overhead, must feel astonished at not having got some time before. The village is rather a pleasant one, of perhaps 1400 inhabitants. It hath a Presbyterian tinge, of the deepest cerulean; and in one of its graveyards is buried Henry Eckford,[1] the naval architect, who once held the office of chief constructor at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and built that noble piece of sea-craft, the ship of the line *Ohio*. Branching out from Hempstead, in a southeasterly direction, is the fine south turnpike, that leads along through (among other places,) Merrick, Babylon, Patchogue, Speonk, Good-Ground, away east to the Hamptons.

For some miles east of "the Branch" there is little but a mighty stretch of these uncultivated Plains. True, there are some patches inclosed, alongside of the railroad, here and there. Around Hicksville, there is quite a group of these settlings. Hicksville! that place of vanished greatness! O, what a cutting up of lots and selling them off at high prices there was here in "the time of the great speculation," years ago![2] An immense city *was sure* to be that same Hicksville; *now* its sovereign sway enfolds a large unoccupied tavern, a few pig-pens, a very few scattered houses, and the aforesaid little enclosures. But joking not, we shouldn't wonder to see Hicksville gradually pick up and be a tidy little hamlet in the course of a few years.

The great obstacle to improvement, all about here, is the monopoly of most of this immense tract of plains, by the town

[1] Henry Eckford (1775–1832), a Scottish naval architect who built the United States lake fleets in the War of 1812, and who built a Turkish navy yard in 1832.

[2] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 175; II, p. 297.

of Hempstead, the people whereof will not sell, nor divide it among themselves even, as was proposed a few years ago. If they *would* consent to sell, the town treasury would be prodigiously the gainer; and, cut up in strips, the land would be cultivated, adding to the looks of that region, to productiveness and human comfort, to the wealth of the town of Hempstead, and consequently decreasing the rate of taxes. Some portions of the plains, belonging to the town of Oysterbay, have been sold; and are taken up and settled on immediately.

Land monopoly shows one of its beauties most pointedly in this matter. We don't know, indeed, where one could go for a more glaring and unanswerable argument of its evils. Here is good land, capable of administering to the existence and happiness of thousands upon thousands of human beings, all lying unproductive, *within thirty miles of New York city*, because it is monopolized by one principal owner! We know the people save the right of pasturing their cattle, horses and sheep, on the plains—but that privilege, however widely used, does not develop one-twentieth of the resources of the land. Thousands of acres of it are covered with nothing but "kill-calf," and other thousands, where nothing grows, could be redeemed by two or three seasons' cultivation and manuring.

At Farmingdale, anciently known under the appellation of "Hardscrabble," you begin to come among the more popular specimens of humanity which good old Long Island produces. (Though we ought not to have overlooked the goodly village of Jericho, two miles north of Hicksville—a quaker place, with stiff old farmers, and the native spot of Elias Hicks.[1]) Farmingdale rears its towers in the midst of "the brush," and is one of the numerous offspring of the Railroad, deriving no considerable portion of its importance from the fact that the train stops here for the passengers to get pie, coffee and sandwiches.

We are now in the midst of the aforementioned "brush," a growth of pine and scrub-oak, mostly, though interspersed with birch, sumac, and other modest-sized trees. But at this time, (late in the autumn) it is beautiful exceedingly! We can sit and gaze admiringly for miles and miles, at those colors that the chemistry of autumn has profusely dyed every leaf with. Deep and pale red, the green of the pines, the bright yellow of the hickory, are the prevailing hues, in numberless lovely combinations. We have often thought that those who make de-

[1]*Cf. infra*, II, pp. 3–4.

signs for carpets could get most excellent hints from these autumn garnishings. How pleasing and grateful would be a carpet pattern, richly covered with figures and colors, closely imitated from what one sees here—how much better than the tasteless, meaningless, and every way unartistical diagrams that we walk over, now, in the most fashionably carpeted parlors.[1]

But our subject expands upon us, and we find it will be necessary to devote a special paper to some of the peculiarities of East Long Island. A very large portion of the inhabitants of Brooklyn are natives of the section, and will be able to test the truth of our remarks.

After leaving Farmingdale the railroad runs for about forty miles through a comparatively barren region, with stations every few miles, for the passengers for Babylon, Islip, Patchogue, &c., on the south side, and for Comac, Smithtown, and divers other villages, toward the north. We arrive at Riverhead, which is the county seat of Suffolk, and quite a handsome village—pass on through Southold, and one or two other settlements, and whisk into Greenport, looking out upon Peconic bay, of which more in our next.

No. 37

Ties between Brooklyn and the East end of the island.—Notes of a voyage out of Greenport.—The start—the company.—Gardiner's Island—its history.

Since we have roamed down the island, in the last two papers, and since there are such ties of connection between the eastern counties and this city of ours, we think it not at all amiss that our Brooklyniana sketches should extend themselves a little further on this occasion, and give some points of interest relating to the other extremity of Long Island; especially as there is no chance of their being chronicled by any body on the continental regions. We will therefore give some notes of an exploration journey, made by us last autumn, from Greenport out into the lands and waters thereunto adjoining. We suppose most of our readers are aware that Greenport is the terminus of the Long Island Railroad. It is a fine, half-rural, half-marine village, quite a summer and fall resort for sportsmen and fishermen.

[1] *Cf.* Bucke, *loc. cit.*, p. 31. Whitman's idea has, of course, been realized by later carpet manufacturers.

But to the account of my adventures (for it is now necessary to drop the editorial "we,") last fall, out of Greenport.

The black-fish were biting famously, and I stood at the end of the dock, quite proud of a big fellow I had just hauled up; and baited my hook again with "fiddlers," while the fish floundered at a great rate around my feet.

Just then a party of lively girls, conveyed by a clerical looking personage, and one or two younger fellows, came down the wharf, and betook themselves on board a taught [taut] and tidy sloop fastened there. Some large baskets also made their appearance. It was evidently a party off for a pleasure sail.

"Ease away your lines for a moment," said the young sailor who was working the sloop, to me and my companions, "till we shove along the pier."

I obeyed, and asked him where he was bound [for].

"To Montauk Point," he answered—adding, with sailor-like frankness, "Won't you go along?"

Upon the word, accoutred as I was, I plunged—the fish—into an old tin kettle, and gave them, with sixpence and my direction, to a young sea-dog who was in the predicament of the celebrated Dicky Doubt,[1] and jumped aboard, the sailor good-naturedly holding fast to the wharf with a boat-hook, and offering his shoulder for me to step on—though, as he was about half my size, I thought it prudential to decline.

As we pushed our sloop off from the pier's sheltering bulwarks, the wind struck her, bellying out her sails and tilting her down on one side in a decided and beautiful style, quite to the water. I expected a few little screams, at least, from the young ladies, but these East Long Island girls are terraqueous, like the men; long before our jaunt was over, I discovered that they could give me head-start and beat me all hollow in matters connected with sailing.

It was a very pleasant and sensible party; the girls were unaffected and knew a hawk from a hernshaw,[2] and the minister laughed and told stories and ate luncheons, just like a common man, which is quite remarkable for a country clergyman. I found him one of the pleasantest acquaintances I had yet made on the island.

[1] An allusion, apparently, to the popular ballad on an individual who had neglected to tuck his shirt in his trousers.

[2] *Cf.* "I know a hawk from a handsaw," "Hamlet," II, 2, 370.

We sailed along at a stiff rate—told anecdotes and riddles, and chatted and joked, and made merry. As for me, I blessed my lucky stars; for merely to sail—to bend over and look at the ripples as the prow divided the water—to lie on my back and gaze by the half-hour at the passing clouds overhead—merely *to breathe and live* in that sweet air and clear sunlight—to hear the musical chatter of the girls, as they pursued their own glee—was happiness enough for one day. You may laugh at me, if you like, but there is an ecstatic satisfaction in such *lazy philosophy*,[1] such passive yielding up of one's self to the pure emanations of Nature, better than the most exciting pleasures.

Rounding and leaving to the south "Hay-Beach" and "Ram Head," two little capes of Shelter Island, we continued on our way rejoicing. The wind was stiff, while the day was a warm one, which brought the temperature to just the right point.

Some miles ahead of us lay Gardiner's Island, like a big heart, with a bit of one of its edges sliced out. This fertile and "retired" little place, (the Indian name, *Monchonock*) contains about 3000 acres, mostly excellent land, and was originally purchased at the following price, according to the records:

> One large black dog, one gun, a quantity (?) of powder and shot, *some rum*, and a few Dutch blankets.

This was in 1630; it is now worth seventy thousand dollars.

Gardiner's Island is historical in its association, to a more important pitch than is generally known, even on Long Island. It was the first English settlement ever made in the present limits of the state of New York. At first (1640, and forty years afterwards,) it remained an independent little sovereignty of itself. Lion Gardiner, the purchaser and settler, seems to have been one of those massive old characters of the English commonwealth—belonging to the republican party of the early portion of the 17th century, with Hampden, Cromwell, and other hearts of oak. He was a civil engineer, and was sent over in "a small Norsey-Barque of 25 tons," to begin a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut river, (Saybrook, I suppose, of course). He was an independent, God-worshipping man, and exercised great influence for good over both whites and Indians. The latter

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. xxxiii, note, 44–46.

seem to have had unbounded confidence in him. Tradition relates that Wyandance,[1] the great chief of East Long Island, loved and obeyed Mr. Gardiner in a remarkable manner, and, when he died, left to the honest Englishman the guardianship of his son, and desired him to be the advisor of his widow. By Mr. Gardiner, also, the daughter of Wyandance, and thirteen other females who had been captured by Ninicraft, Chief of a hostile tribe, and kept for a long time in durance, were restored to their parents and friends.

Imagination loves to trace (mine does, any how,) the settlement and patriarchal happiness of this fine old English gentleman on his island there all by himself, with his large farm-house, his servants and family, his crops on a great scale, his sheep, horses, and cows. His wife was a Dutch woman—for thus it is written by his own hand in the old family Bible, which the Gardiners yet possess:

> In the year of our Lord 1635, July the 10, came I, Lion Gardiner, and Mary my wife, from Woreden, a town in Holland, where my wife was born, being the daughter of one Derike Williamson, derocant, &c., &c.

Imagine the Arcadian simplicity and plenty of the situation, and of those times. Doubtless, among his work-people, Mr. Gardiner had Indians, both men and women. Imagine the picturesqueness of the groups, at night in the large hall, or the kitchen—the mighty fire, the supper, the dignity and yet good humor of the heads of the family, and the stalwart health of the brownfaced crowd around them. Imagine their simple pleasures, their interests, their occupations—how different from ours! And yet in all the deeper features of humanity—love, work, and death—they were the same.

We passed Gardiner's Island far to our left, and sped onward, hugging the shore of the peninsula of Montauk, and keeping a sharp lookout for shallow places, where we might risk the running on a sand bar. The long peninsula contains many thousands [of] acres, lying comparatively waste. And it makes one think better of humanity when he doth discover such a fact as I did in my travels, that this valuable tract of land is kept thus unseized and unsold by the town of Easthampton, principally because the few remaining Indians hold in it a usufructuary

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 180.

interest, or right of enjoying and using it, though without any property in its soil.

The Peninsula is nearly altogether used for pasturage, in shares, and is thus occupied by thousands of horses, sheep, &c., turned out to graze and grow fat. There is quite a peculiar race of fellows here, who live in huts by themselves, at large distances from each other, and act as horse-herds. You may be surprised, perhaps, to hear that occasionally these horses have a regular stampede, forming in solid bodies, charging along the open grounds at a tremendous rate, shaking the earth like thunder. The horse-herds have curious instruments, exactly on the principle of the toys vulgarly called "horse-fiddles"—and when these stampedes get under way, they rush out, and try to break the integrity of the enemy by whirling said instruments in a manner fast and furious.

Nigh one of the coves where our vessel passed, they showed me the cave of an old Indian hermit, who lived there. He was probably absent from home, as we saw nothing of him; though a young man, who formed one of our party, knew him very well, and on sporting expeditions had sometimes cooked a meal in his cave. From the young man's description, the old fellow must have been a pretty fair counterpart of Chingachgook, one of Cooper's Indian characters.[1]

Montauk contains historical ground. It was the sacred burial place of the East Long Island Indians—their Mecca, and also their political centre. Wyandance lived there. The remains of the rude citadel occupied by this Chieftain are yet to be seen, surrounded by innumerable Indian grave hollows. It was called *Duan-no-to-wouk.*

No. 38

Montauk and its present condition.—The Indians now there.—Description of the point.—Our party in gay spirits.

Perhaps you would like to hear something about the present state of the Indian remnants on East Long Island. There are —so I am told—a few Indians more toward the western part of Easthampton, who live nearer to rational comfort and decorum;

[1] In the Leatherstocking Tales, particularly "The Last of the Mohicans."

but the several specimens of men, women and children whom I saw were quite enough to take poetry out of one's aboriginal ideas. They are degraded, shiftless and intemperate—very much after the lowest class of blacks. They glean a sort of living out of their free range of the peninsula before mentioned, and by working for the farmers in harvest time, and selling baskets, mats and wooden ware, in making which they are very handy. The best thing connected with these poor devils [is] that they are not *very* thievish—perhaps, considering their poverty, less so than any known race of people. And Mr. Eels, of Brooklyn, who resided among the red men at the Northwest for many years, tells me that it is even to this day the same there. But I must keep on to Montauk Point, where we now arrive, and camp, our male and female party, myself and all.

Montauk Point! how few Americans there are who have not heard of thee—although there are equally few who have seen thee with their bodily eyes, or trodden on thy green-sward. Most people possess an idea, (if they think at all about the matter,) that Montauk Point is a low stretch of land, poking its barren nose out toward the east, and hailing the sea-wearied mariner, as he approaches our republican shores, with a sort of dry and sterile countenance. Not so is the fact. To its very extreme verge, Montauk is fertile and verdant. The soil is rich, the grass is green and plentiful; the best patches of Indian corn and vegetables I saw last autumn are within gun shot of the salt waves of the Atlantic, being just five deg. east longitude from Washington, and the very extremest terra firma of the good state of New York.

Nor is the land low in situation. It binds the shore generally in bluffs and elevations. The point where the light house stands—and it is the extreme point—is quite a high hill; it was called by the Indians *Wamponomon*—by modern folks Turtle-hill. The light-house here is a very substantial one of an old-fashioned sort, built in 1795; the lights are two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Sheltered in a little vale, near by, is the dwelling of the keeper and his family, the only comfortable residence for many miles. It is a tolerably roomy cottage—a sort of public house; and some inveterate sportsmen and lovers of nature in her wild aspects come here during the summer and fall, and board awhile and have fun.

As every man was master of his time between our arrival and the period of dinner, I, with the rest of the party, took a good

long ramble for several miles to and fro. To a mineralogist, I fancy Montauk Point must be a perpetual feast. Even to my unscientific eyes there were innumerable wonders and beauties all along the shore, and edges of the cliffs. There were earths of all colors, and stones of every conceivable shape, hue, and destiny, with shells, large boulders of a pure white substance, and layers of those smooth round pebbles called "milk-stones" by the country children. There were some of them tinged with pale green, blue or yellow—some streaked with various colors and so on.

We rambled up the hills to the top of the highest, we ran races down, we scampered along the shore, jumping from rock to rock we declaimed all the violent appeals and defiances we could remember, commencing with

"Celestial states, immortal powers, give ear!"

away on to the ending which announced that Richard had almost lost his wind by dint of calling Richmond to arms.[1] I doubt whether these astonished echoes ever before vibrated with such terrible ado. Then we pranced forth again, like mad kine, we threw our hats in the air, aimed stones at the shrieking sea-gulls, mocked the wind, and imitated the cries of various animals in a style that beat nature all out!

We challenged each other to the most deadly combats—we tore various past passions into tatters[2]—made love to the girls in the divine words of Shakespeare and other poets, whereat the said girls had the rudeness to laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks in great torrents. We indulged in some impromptu quadrills, of which the "chassez"[3] took each participant couple so far away from the other that they were like never to get back. We hopped like crows; we pivoted [pirouetted?] like Indian dervishes; we went through the trial dance of *La Bayadere*[4] with wonderful vigor; and some one of our party came nigh dislocating his neck through volunteering to turn sumersaults like a circus fellow. Every body caught the contagion, and there was not a sensible behaved creature among us, to rebuke our mad antics by comparison.

[1] This suggests "Richard III," but the line does not there appear.

[2] *Cf.* "Hamlet," III, 2, 9.

[3] *Chasse*, a dancing movement across, or to right and left.

[4] A ballet opera by Scribe and Auber, in which Céline Céleste starred. Whitman probably saw it at Niblo's Garden during the latter part of May, 1859.

No. 39

Difficulty of a dinner.—A night scene on the bay.—Return the next morning.—A good spot to go to.

Most appaling news met us on the return from this nice exercise! *Our master of the revels had utterly failed to negotiate a dinner for us at the cottage!*— Three several parties had been in advance of ours, that day, and had eaten up the last crumb in the house! Wasn't this enough to make Rome howl?

But it was no time to howl any more—we had already sharpened our appetites quite enough by that sort of sport. Something must be done, and quickly. A very fat, tender, plump-looking young woman was already trying to hide herself from the ravenous looks of two or three of the most alimentarily developed of our party, when we luckily spied a flock of well-grown chickens feeding near the cottage door. We had still lots of bread and butter aboard the sloop. Moreover, were there not the freshest and finest fish to be bought within stone-throw? And couldn't we get potatoes from that garden, and onions likewise? And what was better than *chowder*?

Our almost collapsed hearts now bounded up again like young colts. We proceeded in solid phalanx to the landlady—the Mrs. Light-house Keeper—and with an air which showed we were not going to stand on trifles, gave voice to our ultimatum. The landlady attempted to demur, but the major domo loudly proposed that if all else failed, we should eat the landlady herself; and this motion being passed by acclamation, the good woman gave in.

Six fat pullets had their heads off in as many minutes, and shortly afterwards we made a solemn procession down to the water, each man carrying a part of the provender, in its raw state. For we determined to cook our meal on board the sloop, and owe no thanks to those inhospitable shores. Our faithful major, at the head, carried a large sea-bass; next followed the young sailor with the six headless chickens, whose necks, (like Pompey's statue,) all the while ran blood; next the fat girl with a splendid head of cabbage, behind whom marched the continuation of us, each furnished with something to make up

the feast. Toward the rear came I, possessed of a stew-pan, purchased at a great price, and borne by me, I hope, with appropriate dignity.

All worked to a charm. Amid laughter, glee, and much good sport, (though I and the fat girl cried bitterly, peeling onions,) we cooked that dinner. And O ye Heavens, and O thou sun, that looked'st upon that dinner with a glow just as thou wast dipping thy red face below the western horizon—didn't we enjoy it? The very waters were as quiet as a stone floor, and we made a table by placing three boards on some barrels, and seats by other boards on half barrels. But the strangest part of all is that when we got through there were fragments enough to rival the miraculous remains of the feast of five loaves and two fishes. I shall remember that dinner to my dying day.

We pulled up stakes, and put for home. But we had overstaid our time, and the tide too. Night came on. It was calm, clear and beautiful. The stars sparkled, and the delicate figure of the new moon moved down the west like a timid bride. I spread a huge bear-skin on the deck, and lay flat on it, and spoke not a word, but looked at the sky and listened to the talk around me. They told love stories, and ghost stories, and sang country ditties; but the night and the scene mellowed all, and it came to my ears through a sort of moral distillation; for I fear, under other circumstances, 'twould have appeared stale and flippant to me. But it did not then; indeed quite the contrary.

I made my bed in the furled sail, watching the stars as they twinkled, and falling asleep so. A stately and solemn night, that, to me, for I was awake much, and saw the countless armies of heaven marching stilly in the space up there, marching stilly and slowly on, and others coming up out of the east to take their places. Not a sound, not an insect, interrupted the exquisite silence, nothing but the ripple of the water against the sides of the vessel.

Sunrise found us alive and stirring. We he-creatures departed for an island near by, on whose sedgy creeks there was the look of wild birds. Over the sand, here, we issued a second edition of the proceedings on the hills and shores of Montauk. But, owing to the absence of the terraqueous girls, we didn't have as good a time. After all, what a wretched place this earth would be without the petticoats!

A plentiful breakfast was ready when we returned; the Lord only knows whence came all the viands, for they appeared to

rise, like Venus, from the froth of the sea. However, I asked no questions, but ate thankfully.

Up sails, then, and away!—a clear sky still overhead, and a dry, mild wind to carry us before it. I was astonished at the amount of vitality that resides in man, and woman too. One would have thought the exertions and outpourings we had performed within the last twenty hours should have left us cooled down a little. Angels bless you, sir! 'twas no such thing. Fast and loud rose the voices again, the clear upper notes of the girls, and laughter and singing. We knew we should soon be home—down amid the clouds and commonplaces—and we determined to make the most of it. And we *did*.

Ah, I despair of putting upon paper any true description of that condensed Babel. Our shouts transpierced the wounded air. Even the dullest of us seemed filled with mental quicksilver which rose higher and higher, until there seemed some chance of not enough being left in our heels to anchor us fast upon earth. Truly those were wonderful hours!

We hove in sight of the steeples and white paint of home, and soon after, the spirits we had served deserted us. (There was no brandy aboard, mind, and hadn't been.) We landed at the dock, and went up to the village, and felt the tameness of respectable society setting around us again. Doubtless it was all right; but as for me, I fancied I felt the mercury dwindling down, down, down into the very calves of my legs.

In conclusion, it must be confessed that the east end of Long Island, for a summer journey, affords better sport, greater economy, and a relief from the trammels of fashion, beyond any of the fashionable resorts or watering places, and is emphatically a good spot to go to, as many of our Brooklynites have long since discovered.[1]

[1] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 248.

THE END

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